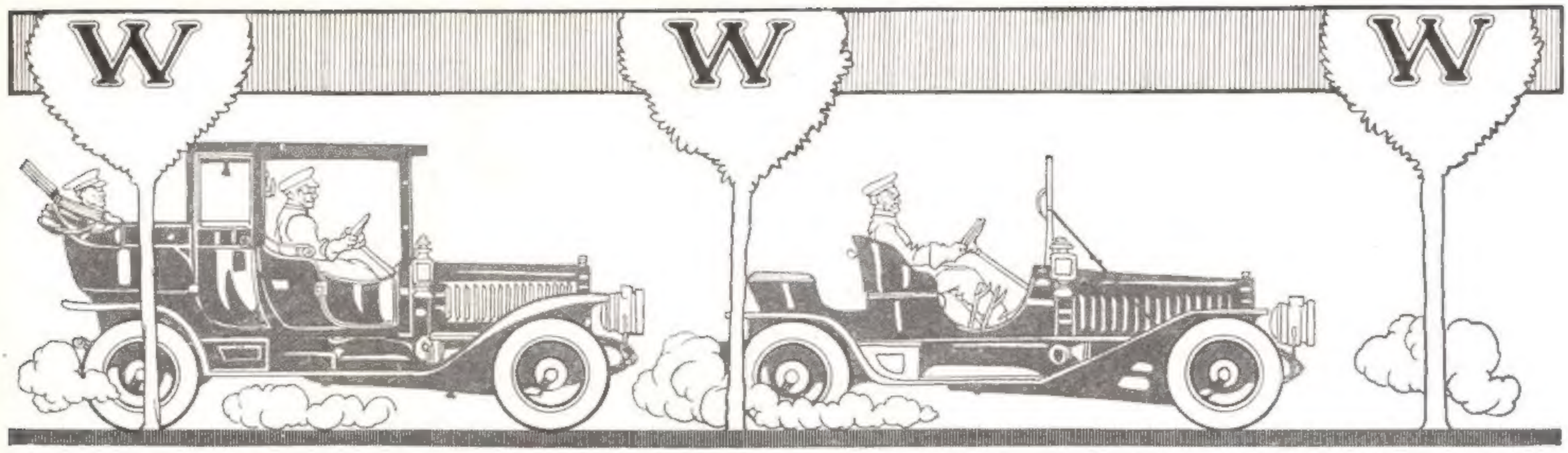
# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° [illegible] Benj. Franklin

APRIL 10, 1909 FIVE CE[illegible] COPY

EASTER



# What's the Truth About Sixes vs. Fours?

Many an automobile owner and prospective buyer asks this question; and here is the best answer we can give:

Theoretically the six so far outshines the four that the four hardly casts a shadow.

"Four" makers do not advertise the superiority of the four—they wait until their salesmen reach you personally, and then they say that the six is great in theory, "but—."

That "but—" is meant to get you to buy a four. Its true import is, that most of the makers who have experimented with sixes (probably the maker whose salesman sees you, is one of them) have *not* reached success.

But (and here's a "but" that is positive, not negative) know this: The

# WINTON SIX

reached success nearly two years ago. So great has been its success that the Winton Company has not produced a four-cylinder car since June, 1907. We could not in good conscience try to sell you a four in competition with the Winton Six.

We are in business to sell cars. Do you suppose for a minute that if our sixes were not better than fours (and by the way, the old Winton Model M of 1907 is today as good a four as you are likely to find anywhere), we would have put our factory, our investment, our faith and our future into *sixes exclusively?*

Not likely. No, just give us credit for ordinary business judgment; and, as a precaution against being influenced to buy a four on misinformation or misleading suggestion, get the facts about the Winton Six.

Clip out this reminder and mail it today.

**THE WINTON M. C. CO., Cleveland, O.**

You may send me

- ☐ Winton Six Catalog
- ☐ Twelve Rules
- ☐ Price and Value

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

.....

Two sizes—$3000 and $4500. Our literature is fully explanatory. "Twelve Rules to Help Buyers" and "The Difference Between Price and Value" are especially helpful. Write today.

**The Winton Motor Carriage Co.**

Member Association Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

**111 BEREA ROAD, CLEVELAND, OHIO**

Winton Branch Houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco

Copyright, 1909, The House of Kuppenheimer, Chicago

No man is above dressing well; certainly no man of self-esteem is beneath it.

Kuppenheimer Clothes appeal to the right class—men who appreciate good appearance: who do not yearn to pay extravagant prices just for spending's sake.

They show in the highest perfection the modern way of attaining true style and lasting satisfaction. But be sure you see the Kuppenheimer mark. It is your safeguard—always.

Our Book Styles for Men Sent upon Request

# The House of Kuppenheimer

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

# Improve Your Lawn

The closer the lawn is clipped and the oftener it is done, the thicker and stronger it becomes.

You *can't* develop your lawn properly with a mower that does not cut close and clean.

You *won't* cut the grass any oftener than you can help, with a noisy, heavy machine.

But you *can* develop your lawn and *will* be glad to cut it often, if you have the best—the smoothest running, the most noiseless, the closest cutting machine—The Keen Kutter Lawn Mower.

E. C. SIMMONS
KEEN KUTTER
TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

*"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."—*
E. C. Simmons

Trademark Registered

## The KEEN KUTTER Lawn Mower

is the easiest, lightest running, because it is ball-bearing throughout; because its high wheels run steadily and evenly over bumps and depressions in the ground. The four blades of shear steel possess the perfect quality and temper that distinguish all Keen Kutter Tools.

Easily adjustable to cut as close as you please. Skeleton frame, light and strong. All bearings in dust-proof cases. Nothing to clog or choke up. And, best of all, it bears the regular Keen Kutter guarantee.

If *for any reason* it is not satisfactory, send it back and the purchase price will be returned without question. If not at your dealer's write us.

***SIMMONS HARDWARE CO. (Inc.),***
***St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.***

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1909, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY. in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 181 PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 10, 1909 Number 41


# PUTTING ON THE SCREWS

## By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"Yes," Said He; "and Your Sister Dolly is an Excellent Tennis-Playeress; and Your Mother is a Good Walkeress; and You are a Promising Writeress"

COLES was very tired. The six to seven-thirty P. M. commuter's struggle with his kind had almost broken his temper. He had stood, first on one foot and then on the other, from Chatham Square to New Rochelle.

Now he lay at ease upon his back in the cool bed, his eyes closed. His left hand lay where his wife could find it, when she had said her prayers and come in her turn to bed. When, at last, she was beside him and had taken the expectant hand and folded it upon her breast with both hers, he spoke.

"Ellery," he said, "I had a letter this morning from my mother's sister—from my Aunt Margaret."

Mrs. Coles pressed his hand closer to her breast. "She writes," he said, "that she is down and out. That she cannot get an engagement, because of her age and her infirmity. That she has no money; and no one in the world to turn to except her sister's son. Her letter was from Denver."

"Yes," said Mrs. Coles.

Coles was silent for a minute.

"She says," he went on, "that for her it must be us—or the poorhouse. It was a very sad letter."

Mrs. Coles sighed.

"We are so many," she said.

"I'm a selfish pig," said Coles. "Do you know what my first thought was when I read the letter?"

Mrs. Coles said no, that she did not.

"I thought," he said, "that Harry wouldn't be able to drop in for the night whenever he wanted to. It made me feel mighty bad."

"Some day," said Mrs. Coles, "when we have saved up, we will build an addition."

As he did not answer, she pressed his hand still tighter.

"I don't see," he said, "how we are ever to save anything."

"It's curious," said Mrs. Coles, "how a man can be ever so clever and work all day long, and not get rich."

"There are thousands," said Coles. "But that doesn't worry me. The children have had or will have, every one of them, a sound education. And there will be the life insurance for you, and the home. Besides, I am not clever. I can work three hundred days in the year. But work alone doesn't make men rich—unless they can save."

"Couldn't we save?" asked Mrs. Coles.

"We're almost mean as it is, Ellery," said her husband. "No, dear heart. We can't save. Our family has increased just as fast as my salary."

"At least," said she, "I thank God for that."

"You're just crazy about the kids, aren't you?" said he. "But I tell you, lots of women think they're crazy about kids, but they don't insistywistywist on having them." When her husband employed that long and curious word Mrs. Coles knew that he was feeling less tired and more cheerful.

"It's years," she said, "isn't it, since you heard from Aunt Margaret?"

"Years." And he added with some bitterness: "When one's relatives are prosperous they don't write to one much, but when they are broke and have no place to go——"

"I thought," said Mrs. Coles, "that one of our rules was never to say things like that. 'Don't talk bitter and things won't taste bitter.' Didn't you write that in the Rule Book yourself? One penny, please."

One rule in the Rule Book provided for the fine that must be paid by any member of the family upon the infringement of any of the other rules, and whoever made, or was heard to make, a bitter remark was fined one cent. It cost more to break other rules; only one cost less. If one of the Misses Coles was heard to wish that she was a boy, it cost her just half a cent. At the end of the year the grand total collected became the personal property of that member of the family who had contributed the least to it. The system had prevailed for eighteen years; and each of the nine children had won exactly twice. And this, because it was held that no child under two years of age *could* do wrong. Now, however, the contest was really and truly open to all. Ferdinand, the baby, had just enjoyed his second birthday and his last moment of total immunity. He had already been fined twice (at one cent) for scratching his nurse, and five times (at one cent) for incorrigible gluttony. And it was known, to the father and mother at least, that there were to be no more babies. For after Ferdinand's birth the doctor had said that there must not be any more. And Mrs. Coles had wept, because she was ill and disappointed. She had always hoped for a round dozen. For expressing dissatisfaction she was fined one cent; Rule 79 stating explicitly:

"Those who express dissatisfaction often enough will soon alienate every vestige of that sympathy which they may really deserve. Fine for expressing dissatisfaction, one cent. For incorrigible dissatisfaction, twenty-five cents and a whipping." This last fine and punishment had never been inflicted in the family.

"Remind me in the morning," said Coles, "and I will put my penny in the till. Seriously, though, it is a terrible imposition—my aunt, I mean, not the penny. If she had ever given us a thought until she needed us, if she had ever written when you and I were engaged or when Dolly was born, if she had ever taken the least trouble about us or the least thought for us, why, I'd feel as if I could put up with the burden of taking care of her cheerfully. But as it is—well, I'm not a man to be imposed upon!" Mrs. Coles smiled secretly in the dark.

"Of course," she said casually (but still smiling to herself), "you wrote her that it was impossible."

"What?" said Coles.

"Wrote her that you had a wife and nine children and that it's absolutely impossible for you to carry any more weight than that. I know you did it tactfully and kindly."

"I didn't."

"What, you didn't do it tactfully and kindly?"

"No, I mean I didn't do what you said I did. I wrote to her—you see at first glance her letter affected me very much. It is so pitiful when a woman has nothing and

nobody, and says so, and throws herself upon your mercy—that, without thinking, while I was still upset, I—I wrote her to come. Then," he went on hastily, "I began to think, and I got perfectly furious—yes, I did, furious—and first thing tomorrow morning——"

"Don't you suppose," said Mrs. Coles, pressing his hand very tightly, "that I knew all along that you had written to her to come?"

They were both silent for a little while. Then Coles said:

"I'm afraid I've broken a serious rule, my darling."

"Yes?" she said, smiling.

"I have lied," said Coles impressively; "and it will cost me a nickel."

"What have you lied about, for mercy's sake?" asked Mrs. Coles.

Thin, Distinguished, Unhappy Face

"Why," said her husband, "I didn't write to the wretched woman at all."

"You didn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Coles.

"No, I didn't," said he; "I telegraphed."

There was a little choky break in Mrs. Coles' voice.

"Extravagance," she said. "One cent."

"I am getting it," said Mr. Coles cheerfully, "in the neck, all around."

They talked on for some time but with less and less energy, until, presently, Mrs. Coles began to breathe with great regularity. She nearly let go of her husband's hand, recovered it with a start, and was heard to mutter something about "My precious darling." A sense of great peace and happiness stole upon Coles. He even thought of his aunt's coming with pleasure. They would make much of her. It is a great thing to make others happy. So thinking, or, rather, feeling, he fell asleep.

The moment he was awake the next morning Mrs. Coles had a question for him.

"You said something," she said, "about Aunt Margaret's *infirmity*. Is it something particular—or just general?"

"I don't know," said Coles. "You see, I know so little about her—but she's pretty well on, and, I suppose, she's beginning to fail—why, Elly, it's nine o'clock——"

"I know it is," said she. "It is also Sunday."

"Oh!" said Coles. "Why, so it is. Well, I never did!"

His face broke into many wrinkles of relief and pleasure.

"And, by the way," he said, "I've another sin to confess. I sent Aunt Margaret the money for her ticket to New York. How's that for naughty?"

He was in high spirits, as always after a night's rest, when once he was thoroughly wide awake.

"If I remember rightly," said Mrs. Coles, "in this family there is a fine of two cents for evasion. The Book of Rules says:

"'All those who have evaded a sufficient number of issues are at present residing either in the poorhouse or in jail.'"

"All except Aunt Margaret," said Coles.

"Poor soul," said his wife.

*II*

"WHEN you've all done stuffing," said Coles to his united family at breakfast, "I want you to come into the big room" (it was about sixteen feet square) "for a family conclave—all except Ferdinand, who, since it is a bright morning, will go day-day with Jemima."

"Sorry, Father," said Dolly, who was the firstborn and eighteen, "but I've a date with Jim." She always talked perfectly frankly about "Jim," and, at the same time, she always colored charmingly.

"We'll let Jim in on it," said Coles. "After all, he's almost one of the family." If Coles had not been a cheerful man he would have groaned inwardly. He loved Dolly and Jim very dearly, but he did not see how in the dickens they were ever to be married.

Jim was a good, honest, sweet-tempered, amusing soul, but he did not get on very well. He was a jack of all trades, and only faithful to Dolly. As for Dolly, on her marriage she would, if very exemplary, have for dower, perhaps, the grand total of fines for broken rules, and that would be about all.

"All right," said Dolly. "And if you're in doubt about anything, Father, I'm sure Jim will advise you." She and her father laughed at each other.

When Coles had left the room, after lighting his pipe, all eyes were turned on Mrs. Coles; she smiled around the circle of rosy, chewing faces, and looked arch and mysterious. Bobby was the first to speak. He was the financier of the family. He had once peddled a new kind of puzzle about the station for a manufacturer who was a friend of his, and had made quite a large sum of money, the most of it, of course, belonging to Mr. Bierstadt. Whenever Bobby made a sale he put Mr. Bierstadt's money in his right-hand trousers' pocket, and his own commission in his left. But as the left had a hole in it (caused by the spontaneous explosion of a box of safety-matches a month before—never confessed—never mended—and momentarily forgotten), Bobby finished up his day as poor as he had begun it.

"Has Father struck it rich?" he asked.

"Oh," said Mrs. Coles, "it isn't that kind of a conclave. I'll just say one thing. I think your father is going to tell you a story—a real story."

"'Bout what?" chimed Mary, aged four.

"'Bout a member of the family," said Mrs. Coles.

"Heavens!" said Dolly, "what has one of us been and gone and done? Peter—no, Peter's here safe and sound—I thought maybe he'd run away to ship on the Reliance."

Peter was eight. In his mind the name Reliance stood for the glory of the world, and the name Iselin for the greatness thereof. He knew the history of all past Cup Races and the only possible issue of all Cup Races to come. As for Benjamin Franklin—there was a great man—if you like—the Herreshoff of his time. Peter had a goat named Reliance, a pair of Reliance overalls, a Reliance nickel-plated watch, and, best of all, a boat named Reliance, and this he sailed in a bathtub filled with water from the Iselin water-works, let in by a Reliance faucet. But, to go on to the bitter end, Peter was the most unreliable member of the family, liable only to upset lamps, to break windows, to run away from home, to bring strange and savage and muddy dogs into the house, to engage in street fights, to fling his cap under the wheels of passing automobiles, and to make terrible scenes when obliged to enter bodily into the aforementioned tub of water from the Iselin water-works. Ellery, aged six, was just like him. They had just missed being twins, everybody said, by a mere matter of two years.

"No," said Mrs. Coles, "Peter has not run away once today—it's now half-past nine. But the best way to find out what your father has to say to you is to finish your breakfasts——"

"I tell you, Mother," said Sam—he was the eldest of the boys—"give us leave to bolt our food just this once."

"Indeed I *will* not," said Mrs. Coles.

Sam sighed.

"The first thing I'm going to do when I'm independent is to swallow something whole. All our friends think," he went on scornfully, "that you allow us to chew gum. We've all got such well-developed jaw muscles."

"You're the healthiest lot of children *I* ever saw," said Mrs. Coles. "That's all I care about."

"But, Mother, *dear*," said Sam, "you can't really want *all* the girls to grow up with lopsided faces."

Dolly, at whom this was mischievously aimed, smiled. To the one person that mattered, hers was the most beautiful face in the world, and that was all she cared about.

"I admit," said Mrs. Coles, "that one of Dolly's eyebrows is a trifle higher than the other. Do you attribute that to the fact that she chews her food?"

"Dolly," said Alice solemnly (she was fourteen, awkward and imaginative), "always looks to me as if she had listened to a great deal of nonsense in her life."

Sam, Dolly and their mother roared.

"Ask Jim," said Sam.

"It's her eyebrow," Alice persisted. "It has a kind of patient, physical look."

"Physical!" said Mrs. Coles. "What do you mean?"

"When grown people ask little children their names," said Alice explanatorily, "they wear a kind of playful, questioning look—that is, they look physical."

"Quizzical?" suggested Dolly, looking very quizzical.

"Yes," said Alice with a little gasp, "I think that must be what I mean——"

"Oh, please, Mrs. Coles, may I come in?"

The speaker was a young man with a very brown face, and a pair of very blue eyes, so deep set that the whites hardly showed. But, as if to make up for this, his teeth were as white as rice. Mrs. Coles hastily bolted the food that was in her mouth (making a mental note to fine herself one cent for so doing) and smiled upon the newcomer.

"Have you had your breakfast?" she asked.

"Yes," said he.

"Then, Jim," she said, "you can't come in here. We've all finished, and we're all going to pay a visit to Mr. Coles in the big room, and you've been specially invited."

Alice, suddenly filled with a thought, uttered it aloud.

"Do you know, Mother," she said, "I think you and Jim have the whitest teeth in the world."

"You've all got nice teeth," said Mrs. Coles. "It runs in the family, thank fortune!"

The family began to file out of the dining-room. Dolly and Jim were the last to leave it. This was a stratagem which provided Jim with the opportunity of kissing the back of Dolly's golden head "Good-morning."

Only Alice saw. And she made a mental note of the incident for her "Tragedy."

It was all in blank verse, and the blanks occurred whenever the hero kissed the heroine, and whenever the unrighteous villain said—blank!

*III*

AS MANY of the Coles family as could found chairs to sit on. The rest sat on the floor. Coles knocked on the mantelpiece with the bowl of his pipe for order.

"Once upon a time," he began, "there was a man and his wife, and they had two daughters—hum—Joan and Jane. They lived in a New England village and they were very poor. The mother was an invalid, and Jane, the younger daughter, did the housework, the cooking and the washing and the plain sewing. Joan did a little fancy sewing when she felt like it, and made her father and mother laugh by the odd things she said and the odd way she said them. But she was a thoughtless girl, very self-centered, if she wasn't downright selfish; and though she wasn't pretty like Jane, she had a face that interested people the moment they saw it, and which they never forgot. They were both clever girls; but the housework and drudgery kept Jane down. She had no time for books or accomplishments. Joan taught herself to play the piano, to sing, and to recite quite wonderfully. She could take old scraps of things and make charming costumes for herself. And she studied, too, in the school of experience. Even in a New England village human nature is large. All the young men were in love with Joan—or thought they were—and she encouraged them all. She loved to be admired and to be made much of. People said she was like a goldfish in a carp pond. Where every one was sober-colored and methodic, she was a flash of brilliancy; variable, not to be depended on, but always shining.

"One winter the young people of the village got up amateur theatricals. Joan made a sensation; and she was so flattered by her success that she determined, in her secret heart, to go on the stage——"

Here Alice sighed very deeply.

"But she knew that her father would oppose it with all his might and all his New England training, and she hadn't the courage to speak to him about it. She grew sullen and discontented—and brooded on her father's poverty and the narrowness of the village and the stupidity of other people.

"Then one of Joan's particular young men really fell in love with Jane and married her, and Joan was in such a temper about it that the morning of the wedding she disappeared and did not return until after the ceremony.

"Her father was furiously angry with his favorite, and if they had been two men they would have come to blows. Joan

"She Can't Hear a Word," Said Mrs. Coles

borrowed a few dollars from one of her admirers and left the village. Her father burned everything that had belonged to her, everything that especially reminded him of her—her favorite chair, her Shakespeare, her music books. He never allowed her name to be mentioned; and a year later he had a stroke of paralysis and died. People said it was sorrowing that killed him. The mother went to live with Jane and her husband, and, although they were terribly poor and soon had a large family of their own, they were always good to her and made her welcome, and went without things so that she should have them.

"For a number of years nothing was heard of Joan. The truth was she had changed her name and had gone on the stage, and was having a very hard time of it. I can't tell you much about her early struggles to get on, because I have never heard that story in detail. I don't know any of the people she knew or the kind of life she led. But I know she made a little success in a little part here, and a complete failure in a bigger part there. I know that she starved and worked as she had never worked before—when she had no money. When she had a little money she rested until she had thrown it away. And she had a long illness; and she married her manager; and he deserted her because she was so ill; and she managed to divorce him. And then she married a man who wrote plays. Everybody thought he was a genius except the public. And they starved for a year or two, and, presently, he died. And then Joan's luck took a turn for the better. If she came on slowly, she came surely. You see she had real talents to work with, and she mastered them. The public began to think that nobody could play certain parts as she could; and her reputation grew. She made large sums of money and spent them, and larger sums and spent those. But she wasn't young any longer—and all of a sudden she broke down, as poor at the end of her career as she had been at the beginning of it—too sick and infirm to begin again, with no home, no family, no nothing, but heartaches, perhaps, and disappointment.

"Have any of you ever heard of Margaret Peale?"

Dolly, Jim, Sam and Alice held up their hands.

"That was the name Joan took when she went on the stage," said Coles. "Her sister Jane was my mother."

This announcement threw the whole family into a turmoil of excitement, and it was some moments before Coles could restore order.

"So she is you children's great-aunt," he said; "and, beginning tomorrow, she is going to live in the spare room." He held up his hand for silence. "She has had a mighty hard life," he said; "if she had faults it is not the time to remember them. It is only time to remember that blood is thicker than water. . . . If," he said, "we make a difficulty of having her, if we begrudge her the service and tolerance due to her age and infirmity, we shall make a dismal failure of our efforts to do the right thing. I rely upon you," he said, "to make this poor woman happy and contented in this house."

He began to refill his pipe.

"Just to think," exclaimed Alice ecstatically, "that my great-aunt is a great actress."

Her father looked down upon her with a quizzical smile.

"Yes," said he; "and your sister Dolly is an excellent tennis-playeress; and your mother is a good walkeress; and you are a promising writeress."

Alice blinked solemnly and turned from her father.

*IV*

THE hack-drivers of a small city like New Rochelle are not merely nuts and bolts in a machine, but well-known characters, householders often, and citizens. It was an event to be driven by Corner-House Jim, Paul St. Pierre, or "Good Old Brady." And the Coles children, momentarily expecting their great-aunt's arrival with their father, were watching for one of these to turn the far corner into Neptune Place.

She came, however, from the opposite direction, alone and in a great red touring-car—alone—unless you consider the chauffeur to have been a human being. Perhaps he was, for his padded, oily gauntlet closed feelingly upon the oblong of dark-green paper which Great-Aunt Margaret Peale handed him after she had alighted. And as he set the great machine once more in motion he touched his hat to her. She watched him for half a block; gave a very French shrug with her thin shoulders, and, lifting several thicknesses of black veils and putting them back over her hat out of the way, she turned toward the house, and her thin, distinguished, unhappy face smiled into a sudden radiance at sight of all the children in the open door.

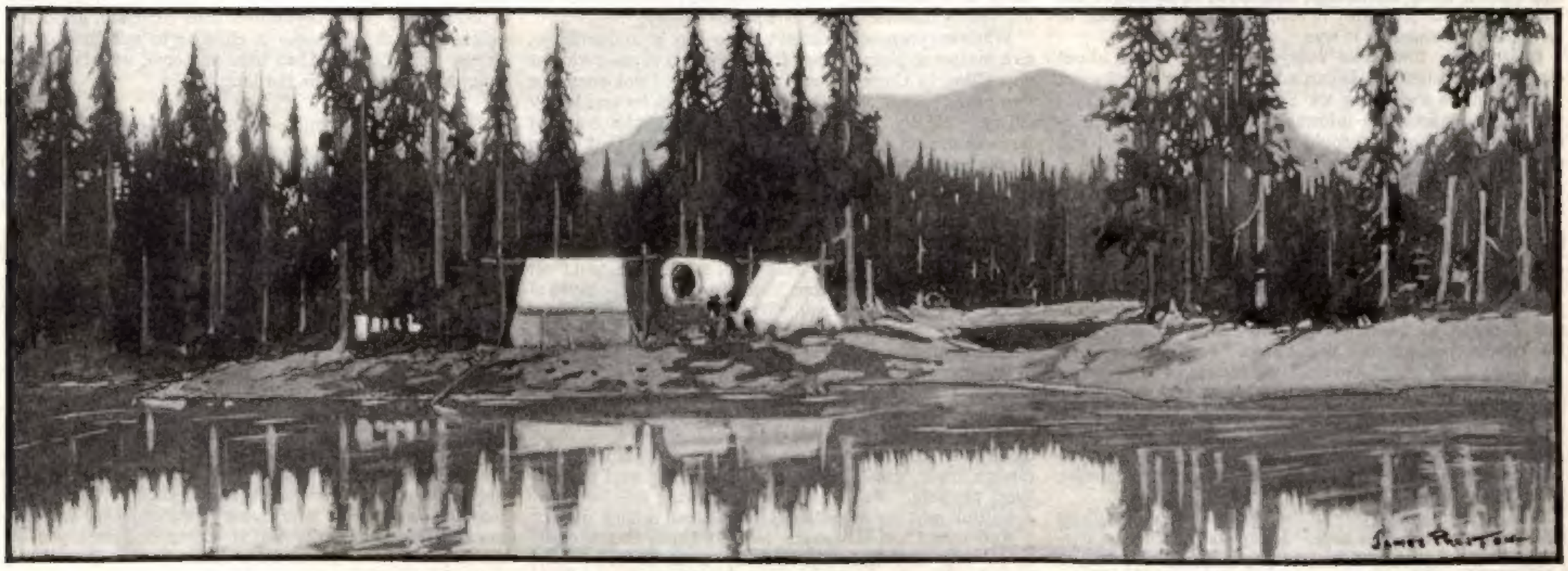
A hurry call had brought Mrs. Coles running from the depths of the house, and she pushed the children right and left to make a passage for herself to the guest. Up till now Great-Aunt Margaret Peale may have doubted of her welcome. But Mrs. Coles was not the woman to leave the shy, the diffident and the hesitant in doubt. She sailed down the front steps, embraced Miss Peale, kissed her on both cheeks, slipped her strong arm around her waist, and so drew her affectionately up the steps and in among the children. Both had spoken phrases of greeting, but, so far, neither had listened to the other. Now, however, when all the children had been kissed and praised for bright eyes and rosy cheeks, Miss Peale spoke and the rest listened, and, as you may have seen bees circling about the queen, apparently in one spot, but in reality drifting to another, so the whole group at the door passed into the hall, through it, and into the big room.

*(Continued on Page 44)*

# THE NEW CANADA

**By James H. Collins**

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON



## Heavy, Heavy Hangs Over Our Heads

FOR some years the publishers of the United States had been grumbling about the cost of white paper. When our panic came, bringing its economies, this growl burst suddenly into an organized protest. Paper had riz—riz—riz!

"There can be only one cause," said the publishers. "It is a vile conspiracy on the part of the Paper Trust."

The protest reached Washington. Immediately a score or more bills were hurriedly introduced by Congressmen, each anxious to remove this sinful "tax on knowledge" in his own way. President Roosevelt was interested. A matter peculiarly close to his own heart! hinted one free-trade editorialist—the President being such a lavish consumer of white paper himself.

Paper manufacturers had a logical defense. The reason paper cost more, they said, was that our pulp-wood forests are being exhausted. If anybody could show them how to get pulp-wood at less cost it would be a mere formality to lower the price of paper.

This drew attention to still other matters. Practically no countries in the world except the United States and Canada make more news paper than they consume at home. Canada still has millions upon millions of acres of pulp-wood. We have tariff duties on paper and ground pulp, but none on pulp-wood logs. The Paper Trust owns hundreds of square miles of forest in Canada, and makes most of its paper from Canadian logs, ground to pulp in this country.

Take off the duty on wood-pulp, let in supplies freely to independent manufacturers, and we should have cheap print paper again. The President recommended this in a message, and then, just as we had nicely settled the problem, up rose the Canadians.

"If you Yankees take off the duty on pulp," they said, "we might as well put an export duty on logs and pulp, making these raw materials as costly to you as at present. That will bring some of your Yankee paper mills into Canada. Instead of stripping our forests of raw material, getting back paper to compete with our own mills, we can bring a fine industry over the line bodily. Last year we sent away a million cords of pulp-wood, getting only three or four million dollars. If made into print paper it would have brought at least twenty-five million dollars, or double that for better grade. We have hewn wood for Uncle Sam long enough. Let's make paper for him instead."

And today in Canada it looks very much as though this course would be followed. Naturally, as in all such questions, there is a Canadian opposition. Lumbermen in the seaboard provinces protest that there is not power enough there to run paper mills, and export duties would kill part of the lumbering industry in a section already suffering under handicaps of situation and climate. But the Province of Ontario has already put a tax on logs from its Crown lands, Quebec is being urged to follow, and it is likely that the General Government will, in the end, impose an export duty covering the whole Dominion. For Canada is a high-protection country, and her manufacturers one of the strongest elements in politics.

If Canada does this it will merely be in line with her general policy toward the United States. Already, through her post-office, she has put a heavy handicap on the circulation of our periodicals, and as we need her lumber, wheat and other raw materials, from time to time, in the future—which we certainly shall—she can deftly adjust her own laws to make a punishment that will fit the crime. It will seem a grievous, spiteful punishment to anybody in the paper business, furniture and woodenware, lumber, flour-milling or whatever industries the blows may fall upon. But let a Yankee go to Canada with broad sympathies instead of special interests. Let him be the sort who has been taught to take care of himself in a bargain. Let him listen to the Canadian side of

the matter, and look from Canada at our own policies toward that country in the past. He will find it difficult to feel sorry for himself or his suffering country.

In Canada, Uncle Sam has a neighbor to whom he has paid scant attention the past generation, despite the fact that she is a lady, and a mighty good customer. With less population than Pennsylvania she takes about as much of our products as all Asia and South America together. She stands third in our export trade, coming after Great Britain and Germany.

Yet Uncle Sam doesn't really know her. From time to time, in building up his own share of the continent, he has stepped on her skirt, trod on her tenderest toe, snubbed her, elbowed her out of the way. His neglect has, however, been an excellent stimulant in the end. More than anything else it has made Miss Canada what she is today. He has given her a truly Spartan training—but she isn't grateful to him. The best thing that ever happened to Canada was your Uncle Sam—but she didn't think so at the time. Now, having left his hard school, she is in position to give a few lessons in return, and is unquestionably going to do it.

Thousands of Americans do business, hunt, fish, travel or maintain summer homes in the Dominion. Hundreds of thousands of Canadians work and live in the United States. The two countries are, perhaps, more closely joined by trade, marriage and friendships than were our North and South before the war. Yet Canada is still to us a strangely unknown country. Formerly we looked to her for Scotch and French-Canadian labor, along with Hudson Bay stories and a few minor magazine poets. Then Kipling's Our Lady of the Snows confirmed a general impression that the country was chilly, though Mr. Kipling did not write about climate at all—what inspired him was the poetic aspect of a thirty-three per cent preferential tariff. Yankees, as a whole, became interested enough to ask "Mack," at the office, who came from Toronto, if it was true that they kept the ice palace in Montreal right through the summer. Doctor Drummond's *habitant* poems made the French-Canadians known to us. A boundary dispute or two was arbitrated, stirring up bitter feeling north of the St. Lawrence, but touching us in no vital way—we had gained some advantage, somehow, somewhere, but were satisfied to let it stay in cold storage up in Alaska, or Labrador, or wherever it was.

Really, the first time every American heard about Canada was when she began advertising her Northwest. Advertising is something we Yankees understand. This was good advertising—information wisely spread, information upon which one could act. The Yankee read and went for a free wheat farm in Manitoba.

### Where Good Money Goes Begging

TO THIS day virtually all that all of us know about Canada is that part of her which has been advertised. It astonishes the Canadian to be told this. He follows our politics, bulletining a Presidential election in Montreal and Toronto, and assumes that we follow his also. Ask him who is the Canadian best known "on the other side."

"Why, Laurier, of course," he replies, and is dumfounded when told that comparatively few Americans know Canada's able Premier, or what he stands for, or has done, and that the Canadian we know most widely is Professor Goldwin Smith, through his writings, his connection with Cornell, and his love of scholarly newspaper controversy.

Our money passes freely in the Dominion, so Canadians assume that theirs does here. Many took their own currency to St. Louis, and had to pay a discount for ours before they could see the exposition. When this happens the visiting Canadian wants to argue that his currency is as sound as any in the world—as it is. It takes time for him to learn that we don't distrust his money, but seldom see it. For the same reason one of our own silver dollars is viewed with suspicion on New York's East Side.

"What do the Yankees think of us?" the visiting American is asked, and it surprises Canadians to be told: "We don't think of you at all." An American recently in Canada had a little story to make this point clear.

"Ten miles from New York," he explained, "is a city as large as Toronto, and between them another nearly as large—Newark and Jersey City. Two typical New York office girls were riding down in an elevator the other day. 'Gee! I sent a letter to Newark this morning,' said one, 'an' fergot the number, so I says Clinton Street near the engine house—t'ink they'll git it awright?' And the other replied: 'Newark? Aw, sure—everybody knows everybody else in Newark.' Now, how often can you expect us to think of Canada?"

"I see," admits the Canadian.

We now realize that the Canadian Northwest is destined to be, as headline men put it, the "bread basket of the world." But we do not know the real Canada in those older Eastern provinces right over our heads. There live six-sevenths of her population. There her political destinies are being worked out—with all admiration for the Northwest, it may not count politically for a generation, whereas in Quebec sits the sociable French brother, outnumbered two to one by the census, yet Canada's ruling minority when it comes to voting. There her manufactures are being built up, and mining, and transportation, and the foundations for an interesting world-trade laid down. There, too, is where Uncle Sam's shoe pressed most heavily, and this is the quarter from which he may get what seems to be due him in return.

Before our McKinley tariff went into effect Canada had somewhat the commercial position of another State. She not only dealt with us direct, depending upon us as a market, but we were also her middlemen. Very often a prime Canadian delicacy landed on John Bull's table bearing the label "From Your Uncle Sam." Outside capital came slowly into the Dominion. We had the carrying and trading machinery, and she used them because that was easier and cheaper than building her own trade direct.

### Our Nearest Customer Our Best

THEN came our highest tariff, cutting her off in a day. At that moment we were holding a congress of South American republics to assure them that Uncle Sam would not permit the use of guns in collecting debts. But little attention was given to Canada. She bought from us then more than all South America, while we traded even for her products, dollar on dollar. Today we spend with her less than fifty cents for every dollar she spends with us.

Canada is to Uncle Sam, perhaps, the best foreign customer any nation has anywhere, not excluding colonies. What England's colonies buy from her is mere huckstering in comparison. In gross totals Canada stands third among our customers. But foreign trade ought to be reckoned on a per capita basis. Figuring that way, John Bull buys from us about fourteen dollars a year per capita, each German takes about four dollars' worth, and Argentine, our best customer in South America, buys five dollars per capita. Canada, however, took nearly twenty-eight dollars' worth from us last year for each person in her population, while each Yankee took from her—just about eighty cents' worth.

Tariffs may be right or wrong, wise or foolish. One thing is certain—they make indifferent instruments for expressing international goodwill and equity.

When we proposed to admit Porto Rico's products free, as a matter of plain justice, the measure met most violent opposition in Congress, and free trade did not come for two years. That opposition was organized by one lonely editor. All by himself he worked upon the fears of farmers raising sugar-beets, persuading them that Porto Rico's sugar would kill the industry. They swamped Congress with letters of protest. This seems to be the way Canada was dealt with. We cut her off, not designedly, but without knowing she was there.

It made her fortune. For ten or twelve desperate years she nearly starved. Her West was little known, and frost caught the first wheat crops in Manitoba then, because of the very richness of its soil. Water-power hadn't become fashionable, transportation and mining were backward, British capital went to Argentine, and we drained Canada of its enterprising youngsters. Factories had to be developed, a tariff fought through Ottawa, and direct trade established with other countries. But she held on, lived through it, worked, saved and became hard as nails. Today she has growing industries, an aggressive young foreign trade, great transportation, mining and agricultural projects. British capital is flowing in—last year John Bull sent her more than two hundred million dollars.

And now Canada, having learned Uncle Sam's close-fisted way of bargaining, is ready to strike some hard bargains in return. We passed the McKinley tariff to build up our own industries. Canada has always believed we did it solely to starve her into the Union. Annexation is, with us, just a topic for mild editorials when there are no big murder trials. But over the line it has been almost an issue, and is still a fine political bugaboo; while to loosen the purse-strings in London it is enough to shout: "Help! The Yankees are annexing us!" But now, Canada really believes in only one form of annexation. She is going to annex Uncle Sam, without malice, on a business basis, and has several ways to do it. If he comes quietly it can be made pleasant and profitable. If he prefers to make a *fuss*, there are the billy and handcuffs.

### American Enterprises in Canada

FIRST, her raw materials. We are running short of big things like wheat and timber, and she has them. Canada has also many little things like asbestos, of which she produces ninety per cent of the world's supply. As our industries grow, our supplies shrink and our prices rise, Canada can be mistress of certain situations with a little legislation. That is what she means when she declares that reciprocity must be discussed in Ottawa instead of Washington.

But her other resources are such that it may never be necessary to use the big stick. Some time ago our harvester interests established a Canadian factory in Ontario, and have since enlarged it, employing seven thousand people, so that obviously it pays. Canada's home demand for farm machinery is large, and this factory has a seventeen per cent tariff advantage over our home manufacturers. But the trade of Canada is by no means the only consideration. There are numerous export advantages for an industry of this character.

In the first place, all such products bear marks of origin in the British Empire. That label is counted upon to stir the love of the Britisher all over the world, and will undoubtedly do so if quality, prices and terms are right. In this connection, though, Canada might paste into her scrapbook the story of the Hindu merchant who heard that Thomas Edison had invented a machine which would bring the dead to life, and wrote that he might be able to use one of those machines in Calcutta, if the discount were large enough.

Canada is arranging for the right discount. Thrown on her own resources for direct trade, she has established subsidized steamship lines to Great Britain and Europe, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, South America, Mexico and the West Indies. These shipping subsidies are moderate, being little more than payment for carrying the mails. Altogether they run not greatly over a million and a half dollars yearly, and Canada's ability to take care of herself today is shown by the fact that we furnish half of this indirectly. Our laws exclude Chinese laborers. Canada admits them on payment of five hundred dollars apiece, and collects three-quarters of a million yearly in that way. But it is said that her statistics show no trace of the Chinese who come in. It is assumed that they cross the border. Canada considers that Uncle Sam is big enough to take care of himself in the matter. She gets the five hundred dollars, and we get the Chinaman.

Besides this skeleton of world trade already laid down (in a few years it has given the Dominion ten per cent of the Atlantic shipping where she had practically nothing), she is arranging preferential tariff deals with British colonies and foreign countries. Already there is a treaty with France whereby lower duties are given Canada's foodstuffs, machinery, furniture, musical instruments, wagons and carriages. Germany is talking of a similar arrangement—to the horror of London. Preferential schedules are being negotiated with Australia and other colonies which will make it cheaper to sell them many things from Canada than here at home, and tempt our manufacturers over the border.

### The Collar Business Across the Border

OF COURSE, these various arrangements may have chiefly a paper value in competition with our greater experience in manufacturing. Even the negotiations do not run smoothly. For instance, Australian politics are feverish. Parties rise to power and fall almost over night. The Canadians wrote to Australia proposing a trade deal. The Australian Minister replied favorably. Before the Canadians could accept, another Ministry came in, and as it was of opposite policy the deal was dropped. Presently, the first Minister's party boosted him back into power again, and he wrote indignantly asking why the Canadians hadn't answered his letter.

But, in time, it is certain that many of these schemes will be worked out in actual schedules, and then some of our big manufacturers may find it easiest to build up foreign trade from Toronto, Hamilton and other growing industrial centers over the border. Canada offers them free hides and wool. Her riches in water-power are enormous. It costs twenty-five to thirty dollars a year to develop one horse-power by steam, whereas Ontario can now deliver water-power electricity at about sixteen dollars. There is an electrical-product plant in Ontario that is said to save one thousand dollars a day by running at night, taking its current on the "low peak."

In smaller manufacturing, too, our enterprising neighbor can exert pressure.

Consider that article of wear indispensable to every man—his collar. We make it in Troy, of good cotton cloth, to retail at twelve and a half cents. In London this will buy a linen collar such as we can make to sell only at twenty-five cents, because our tariff keeps out John Bull's collars and makes linen costly. Thus, our cotton collar from Troy carries an indirect tariff tax.

Now, Canada is determined never to wear the Yankee yoke—never!

But the Canadian wears our collars. English makers bid for his trade with feeble cotton copies of Troy styles of five years ago, at ten cents upward. The Canadians have a small collar industry, putting good linen into a fairly well-made article at fifteen cents. The Austrians are in that market, too. But the collar that brings the best retail price in Canada comes from Troy. It is cotton, but Canadians pay twenty cents for it because of the better cut and style and fit. Twenty cents is a high price for a twelve-cent collar. Virtually, Canadians are paying our tariff tax as well as their own. This curious double tariff applies to many of the things we sell across the border,

*(Concluded on Page 48)*

# MUSICAL COMEDY

## By George M. Cohan

THE working out of a great amusement scheme on musical lines means mental and physical drudgery from the time it is conceived until the curtain rises. It is not a pastime—a recreation to be enjoyed between dinner and bedtime after a day at the desk. It is a business, pure and simple, in which experience is more essential than inspiration. Genius is not to be deprecated, but in this field spontaneity and technic combined count for more than that exalted quality.

The musical comedy is intended to entertain, not to educate. Instead of trying to teach the public something the author must feel its pulse, find out what it wants, and contribute to its requirements in as novel a way as possible. No matter how uninterrupted his success may have been he is always haunted by the fear of losing his ability to feel the public pulse, because he knows such a loss will inevitably visit him. While the hope of a new success stimulates him to the greatest action, discretion stands at his elbow and sees to it that he fortifies his inspiration with the most effective details of technic and stage-craft of which he is master.

Above all, the author must have the common-sense gift of presenting good material in alluring form. The question as to material and form brings us around again to the ability to feel the public pulse. This power is rare and fleeting. Whether it comes of experience, inheritance, or "just naturally" comes to one, it is sure to go, and when it does go it rarely returns.

The author must select a theme which particularly lends itself to good-humored satire or burlesque. Under no circumstances must he allow acrimony to enter into his scheme, even in the smallest degree, since it is the purpose of this kind of play to make friends, not enemies, and to cause even those it satirizes to laugh.

A combination of such themes as avarice and vanity is good when conveyed in a vehicle like the international marriage habit. This practice is extravagantly portrayed, burlesqued if you like, but it is in this way that great questions are often carried over the footlights more effectively than by the legitimate play. The absurdity of the thing is set forth in contrasts: the beautiful American girl, the anæmic, mincing nobleman, and the broad-shouldered, clean-faced Yankee lad. These themes have been available to the comic-opera man since time was young, and are available still, because the best one can do is to treat old things in a novel way. I particularly satirized a feature of the foreign marriage habit in The American Idea, namely: the theory of ambitious fathers and mothers that the quickest way to get a title into the family was to go abroad and buy one. I showed that there is a danger in the transaction analogous to the one that confronts the man who buys oil paintings by the square yard, by palming off in my play a bundle carrier as a count. I had in mind a young Englishman who presented forged letters of introduction to a prominent banker here. He was introduced to the daughters of the family, paid assiduous attentions to the youngest, and the engagement was on the point of being announced when an exchange of cablegrams developed the fact that he was a valet, rather than a nobleman, and he beat a quick retreat. But counts in Europe are as common as haberdashers, and there is as small need for counterfeiting them as there is for adulterating pumpkin pies in the corn belt.

### To Keep the Audience Going

ONE must use a theme for his comedy that is based on some eternal human quality, rather than a fad, since the latter is liable to pass away, even before the curtain rises, and to leave him barren of any excuse for ringing up at all. The reason for this is clear when one knows that the most successful musical shows rarely do more than "break even" the first season, and must run for at least two seasons in order to make any money at all. The fad, however, is valuable as an incident, and may be burlesqued in song, costume or manner.

The plot which carries the theme may be of the flimsiest sort, a kind of flexible backbone to which may be attached anything entertaining which relates to it even in the remotest way. In this way it is like the scheme of the ordinary man's life—so many things touching it that really have nothing to do with it.

A good musical setting or atmosphere is one of the hardest things to invent or to discover. One must keep in mind whom and what he is writing around—must have plenty of room and color. An out-of-door scene—mountain effects, woodlands, castle grounds, and the like—lends itself better to music and romance than does an interior. Or, if the story requires the scene to be laid indoors, it should be some hotel corridor with winding stairs and balconies and an opportunity for colored lights—above all, bigness.

PHOTO. BY HALL'S STUDIO, NEW YORK

Fay Templeton in Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway

Therefore, after one has outlined his idea he must discover a way of getting his curtain up on a good, roomy stage. Let him keep in mind that musical comedy audiences do not care to listen to a story. Just a thread is suggested at the start, then the people must have something hot right off the reel. There must be no long speeches—they won't stand for that sort of thing. I write them long and condense them to almost nothing. Again, one must study to relieve the eye of any one person, must get his characters on and off as quickly as possible, always remembering that action is the thing that holds.

The first musical number handed over the footlights must be novel, gripping, unique if possible. When this is finished it's an awful job to return to the thread of your play again, since your audience will think of nothing but the song; and the only thing to do is to get back at them with a big laugh.

When a man sets a high pace at the beginning of his act he is putting a great strain upon himself, because the musical finale must be the best thing in the act. So, you have introduced your play and given the thread and the musical numbers inside of forty-five minutes. Your second act is like a new play—you must start off with a rush and not worry your people about the story at all.

Another thing to be kept in mind all the time is that the audience must either laugh or applaud constantly—they will not stand for quiet dialogue; that sort of thing will kill any musical show and is largely responsible for many failures in this line. But no matter how much laughter or applause an author gets, if he hasn't some dance, some song, or some other particular feature that compels comment, the public will say his show is rotten. Nothing but the lightest, most frivolous sort of thing must be allowed to occur. The lyrics must be intelligent, never draggy, and always a part of the story. To get the best results an author should create five times as much material as he expects to use, since this, condensed, crowded together, means quick action. One should have material enough for two plays when his curtain goes up, and then he may cut and cut during three or four performances until he gets the piece about right.

So much for the mental effort of the author: now for the tax on his endurance. Bear in mind that the wear and tear on the heart never ceases from the inception of the scheme until the curtain drops on the first performance.

The scenery of a musical comedy must be built big, so that the people will have plenty of room to move about. Then the producer must find out what kind of costumes are being worn in other shows and make his as different from these as possible—yet pleasing to the eye. An exceptionally good play does not require to be supplemented by extraordinarily varied costumes and scenery.

As a matter of fact, one of the biggest successes I ever made, Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway, cost me only forty-four hundred dollars to produce, while other managers were spending from forty to fifty thousand dollars on their shows. The costumes for this play consisted of eight gingham frocks and eight traveling dresses. Fay Templeton's outfit—one calico dress—cost four dollars. That show ran fifty-two weeks the first year and made a hundred and seventy-seven thousand dollars. We played three one-night stands, then went to Chicago. By the time we got there our production was paid for. Just think of it!—we had but eight chorus girls, eight chorus boys, and four songs. Musical comedy men who went up to Columbus to see it said it would never do at all. We went to the Iroquois Theater, where, on account of the fire, nobody would play before that, played there six months and made Chicago a "run" city. I had the thing planned, knew that the time was ripe, sprung it and got away with it. That sort of thing is done every now and then. Just now if a fellow had a unique idea for a little musical show he could hit the public right between the eyes with it.

### Trying Out the Chorus

ONE usually starts a first-class musical show with rehearsals by the chorus, which originally consists of about one hundred and twenty-five women and seventy-five men. These people go to work a week ahead of the cast—the persons with speaking parts. All the songs are gone over the first three times. From day to day poor singers are weeded out. The first day the number is reduced to one hundred, the second to about seventy-five. The process of elimination, which grows constantly more painstaking, lasts about four days, leaving the director the necessary thirty-five girls and sixteen men.

By this time your chorus knows all the songs. The producer now begins with his opening number. Elimination continues. He finds that ten of his thirty-five girls may sing well enough, but cannot carry off the business—that they do not get high enough in the air. These are weeded out and new ones put in their places.

A week is put in on the new recruits, and then rehearsals of the play are started. It is my custom to put them through their paces all day Saturday with the opening number, and Sunday morning to take up two other numbers. Three numbers are perfected, and then I bring in the cast and give it its parts.

And here new troubles await the producer—the player's vanity must be reckoned with. About the first thing the actor does is to throw up his part. The producer must make up his mind that out of ten of his cast engaged only three will remain. Monday morning finds all of them eager to go, and if the manager believes any one of them indispensable he has fairly to "talk his head off" in order to get him to stay.

Very good. You get your new actors in and work on your first act all the week. Then more trouble. When you bring in your second act the fellow who has a good part in the first isn't satisfied with his part in the next. He quits. The man who takes his place is a week behind the others. To make matters more strenuous you rehearse your chorus and your cast at different hours—the former from eleven till one, the latter from one till three, and the former again from three till five.

In three weeks, what with getting new actors and new chorus people, you have your rehearsals well under way. Now you train your people night and day, or as long as they can stand it. At this stage there can be no let up. The minute the director gives his chorus a rest it loses what it had. For my own part I remain on the stage in a sweater and eat my meals there. During the last ten days I don't allow the people to leave the theater at all—I send for their sandwiches and coffee and spend my time in fighting them and everything else. So one can see when

(Continued on Page 66)

# The Wooing of Monkey Gilstrap

## By Elmore Elliott Peake

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

THE Widow Gilstrap sat on the threshold of her cabin, placidly sucking a clay pipe. She was thinking of her boy—now visiting his Uncle Skipwith's family down at Bethesda—and wondering what grand sights he might be seeing. For Bethesda, be it known, is a metropolis of five hundred inhabitants, and this was the first time in all his twenty-five years that "Monkey" Gilstrap—as the mountain had dubbed him, for his antic ways—had come in contact with an urban splendor exceeding that of the settlement with its ten cabins and combination post-office and store.

In the midst of her reflections a familiar halloo from below gave the old woman a start. The next moment a tall, incredibly slender figure, laden with bundles, rounded a bend in the road and mounted upward with yard-long strides. He was dressed in his "Sunday" suit, as was only proper for a visit. But the wrinkled, bob-tailed, butternut coat seemed to pinch the wearer's sloping shoulders into a still smaller compass; the sleeves inclosed but half the length of his lean forearms, and a six-inch gap between trousers and shoes displayed a thick roll of woolen sock.

The shoes were new, however, and after relieving himself of his load Monkey lifted a rag from the crown of his hat and carefully wiped the dust from them. Then he gayly threw his arms about his mother's neck and kissed her.

"What on airth brung you home so soon, sonny?" she asked anxiously. "Your week ain't out till Sat'ay."

"Business! I got sunthin' hyar, mother, that'll make your eyes bug out like a pizened rat's. You jest wait!"

The corners of his big, elastic mouth receded toward his lop ears in an exultant grin. With a wriggle he freed himself of his coat and attacked the packages with a dexterity that one would scarcely have accredited to his big, bony hands. From one gunnysack he extracted a phonograph; from another, its horn; from a third, a box of records. He assembled the parts with the ease of the born mechanic, spun the crank around and then laid his forefinger on the release.

"Now, mother, prepare to bust!"

The next instant the whining, fiddled strains of Arkansaw Traveler burst from the instrument's brazen throat. The old woman, turning pale, recoiled from the assault, and when her pipe shattered upon the stone step her son's hoarse hee-haws echoed through the coniferous aisles of the mountainside.

"What devil's contraption air that?" she demanded half angrily.

"Funnygraft," answered Monk pompously.

"Uncle Skip give it to yer?"

"Not much. Worked fur it. Passed handbills, scrubbed floors and washed winders fur the feller that give the show and had 'em fur sale. You know what I got it fur, mother?" His blue eyes flashed. "I got it fur to 'lect Green Fetters constable! Nothin' less. Rook Cottondean thinks he's got Green skinned, jest 'cause Green shot Cal Bloom stidder lettin' him git away. But I'll show Rook. I ain't furgot the time he wouldn't let me have no tea on tick, when you was sick."

"How'll you do it, sonny?" asked his mother fondly. In spite of his weak head he possessed a streak of genius, and she had faith that he would make his boast good.

"Campaign with Green, of co'se. I'll play and he'll speak. This hyar cute little fixin' will turn the mounting upside down. Ev'ybody'll come out to hyear it. And after Green's 'lected I'm a-goin' to"—his big eyes grew suddenly tender—"I'm a-goin' to give the funnygraft to Janey. She loves music and she ain't got nothin' fer to play on. An' then, mother, if you don't keer, I'm a-goin'—I'm a-goin' to ask her to marry me. 'Cause I love her, mother. I have for a long time, mother, and I cyarn't git along without her no more. But I won't leave you, mother. I'll bring her hyar to live. 'Cause I know you love her, too."

His lips quivered an instant; then, with the easy transition of Nature's children from one emotion to another, he laughed, began to whistle and entered the cabin to change his clothes—for a Sunday suit is not to be worn a moment longer than is necessary.

The withered old woman lifted her checked apron and wiped a scanty tear from her eye. The hour which she had dreaded for years was at hand. Her son had lost his heart to the very flower of mountain maidenhood—to a beautiful and ambitious girl who had been Below to school, and who would, doubtless, with the unconscious cruelty of youth, spurn the youth's humble suit. But, with a wisdom as instinctive as her mother-love, Mrs. Gilstrap decided to hold her peace.

After supper Monk, in spite of his seventeen-mile tramp from Bethesda, set out for Greenleaf Fetters' with his phonographic outfit under his arms. Far above the grassy cove in which Greenleaf's grandfather had built his loopholed fortress-home, shortly after the battle of King's Mountain, there crops out from the shoulder of the ridge a huge rock known as Injun Nose. At this rock Monk, seized with a sudden whim, paused in his descent, set up his instrument and played Annie Laurie.

The effect below was fully as dramatic as he had hoped to make it. Janey Fetters and Luke Bonfile, sitting in a shadowy nook of the porch, behind a curtain of Cherokee roses, exchanged glances. The girl was familiar with a phonograph; in fact, her roommate at Franklin Academy had owned one. But at the distance from which the music was now heard all mechanical blemishes were obliterated. The weird strains floated forth upon the vast

Magically Transforming Him From a Poor and Dusty Worm Into a Glorious Demi-God

"What Devil's Contraption Air That?" She Demanded

quietude of the mountain night as pure and undefiled as if issuing from a thrush's throat, and, caught up by the aërial tide which set through the cove, now sank away, as if the singer were receding into the starry depths of Heaven, now swiftly swelled into a mellifluous diapason, until they finally ceased.

Their source remained a mystery to the lovers, but neither of them was easily frightened, and when Luke, who had simply dropped in on his way home, mounted his pony a moment later, Janey accompanied him a little distance down the moonlit road, her hand resting on his stirrup-strap. When they parted Luke kissed her; then, with a touch of the spur, melted away in the mist.

Janey held her statuesque attitude for a moment, her face still upturned, her lips parted in a dreamy smile, her shining eyes fixed upon the gibbous beacon in the sky.

She had chanced to halt just where the trail from Sander's Cone, the Gilstraps' home, debouches into the road, and not fifteen feet away, in the cavernous gloom of the pines, stood Monkey Gilstrap—a frozen spectator of the tender parting. No ancient Hebrew witnessing the desecration of the sacred ark of shittim-wood could have been struck more dumb. To the simple fellow Janey Fetters was as inviolate as an angel, and that any man not yet shriven and purified by the solemn rites of marriage should dare to lay his hands, much less his lips, upon her was an astounding and incredible thing.

His revulsion of soul was followed by one of the fierce, blind seizures of passion to which he was subject. Cursing and grinding his teeth he turned and passed back up the trail and threw himself upon his cornshuck pallet without kissing his mother good-night.

Six o'clock the next morning found him in the settlement at the store of Rook Cottondean, the other candidate for the constableship.

"What you got thar, Monk?" queried Rook, tilting back in his chair and ejecting a shaft of tobacco-juice with the precision of a squirt-gun.

"Gimme a drink and a chaw of terbacker and I'll show you," answered Monk astutely.

In the exaltation induced by the prospect of marrying Janey Fetters he had for a week past resisted the voice of his old tempter, but now he threw his good resolutions to the winds.

The storekeeper hesitated, for Monk was as full of tricks as the animal from which he had borrowed his sobriquet. But after a second glance at the odd-shaped gunnysacks he drew half a cup of moonshine whisky and cut off a cube of tobacco. It was an astonishing chew, quite an inch each way; yet it was not so large a piece, Rook well knew, as Monk's yellow incisors would have snipped off had he been intrusted with the plug, and the young man, after gulping his liquor, tossed the chunk into his mouth as if it were a sugar-plum.

"Shet the door!" he then said mysteriously.

This was done, for otherwise the first bars of music would have brought the settlement out as one man.

Monk unwrapped his instrument, deliberately set it up without a word to the mystified merchant and played a tune.

The grizzled Cottondean was amazed and delighted.

"What you call her, Monk?" he crowed.

"Funnygraft."

"She's shore funny," assented Cottondean. "What you goin' to do with her?"

Monk explained, making the storekeeper the proposition he had intended for Green Fetters, except that he now stipulated that he should receive fifty cents a day for his services and be kept in liquor and tobacco. Rook, though commonly accounted a thick-headed fellow, quickly perceived the advantages of such a unique campaign, and after beating the youth down to twenty-five cents a day he accepted the offer.

The store was left in Mrs. Cottondean's hands, and that very afternoon the pair, one on a horse, the other on a mule, like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, began the circuit of the mountain. Panther Creek, Rattle Run, Pawpaw Cove, North Prong, Big Mound and Seven-Mile—neighborhood designations merely, not settlements—were duly visited. The meetings were held in the open air, in blacksmith shops, country stores, the single big room of a cabin or, on a few occasions, in remote stillhouses. Distances are great in the mountains and the audiences were small—sometimes as few as half a dozen being present, and seldom more than a score, except when a gander-pulling, cock-fight or turkey-shoot provided a crowd.

Nevertheless, the phonograph made a great hit—though not one mountaineer in ten would have touched the uncanny thing for a piece of gold—and Monk became the hero of the hour. His expansive, tipsy grin and the clog dances with which he varied the program elicited squeals of delight. In some religious localities the dance, for prudential reasons, was omitted—on which occasions Rook also curtailed his assistant's supply of liquor and craftily altered the tenor of his own speeches.

Yet the youth was not happy, and the brighter Cottondean's prospects of election grew, the unhappier he became. It was not only his love for Janey which he could not forget; recollections of the many favors he and his mother had received from the hands of the Fetterses also gave his conscience many a prod. Moreover, drowning these memories in liquor was not wholly a success, partly because of his enormous capacity for drink, partly because drunkenness with him was only an uplifting of his spirits, a sharpening of all his sensibilities.

He never became stupid or helpless; he handled his machine as dexterously as when perfectly sober, and often after the evening's performance, when even as hardened a veteran as Rook Cottondean would tumble boozily into bed, Monk would slip out into the dewy night, climb the forested flank of some peak or ridge and play to himself for hours. More than one superstitious night-rider on the lonely road below applied hasty spurs to his beast at the sound of the mysterious, elfin strains, and afterward entertained a wide-eyed fireside circle with his tale.

His dozen wax records never palled on Monk. For him music was a conjuror, magically transforming him from a poor and dusty worm into a glorious demi-god, and giving him power to commune with a divine Something whose presence he could never otherwise have approached. During these nocturnal trysts with his beloved instrument his long, thin face would grow almost beautiful in its rapt abstraction. His eyes, fixed upon the blazing stars, would grow misty with an inexpressible joy; his scrawny throat would swell, and when the mountain, breathing deep, would move its multitudinous leaves in a fluttering sigh, whispering of eternity and other mysteries of life, an answering sigh would escape from Monk's contracted chest.

At these times Janey might or might not be in his mind. Often she was like a dream half forgot, or a dimly remembered denizen of a nether sphere which he had passed in his upward flight through space. But in other moods she enveloped him like a cloud. He traced the shadowy outlines of her face in the Milky Way; he smelt in the balsamic essence of the forest the delicate attar of her hair; he felt the breath of her nostrils in the zephyr against his cheek.

On one of his frequent trips home for the purpose of replenishing his mother's supply of stove-wood and getting up fodder for their ox, he passed the Fetters' double log cabin. It was the first time he had ventured near since his desertion to the enemy, and he looked to neither right nor left. But he had scarcely come abreast of the gate when a boyish tenor voice, dulcet but commanding, called out: "Hey, Monk!" He stopped, and his pulse quickened as out of the corner of his eye he saw the girl, with her comely face framed in a jetty mass of hair, leap from the porch to the ground. Lithely as a leopard she came down the path, meanwhile coolly folding into smaller compass the muslin garment upon which she had been sewing

"Monk, what has dad or me done to make you mad?" asked Janey sharply, with her arms across the gate.

Monk hung his head and plucked at the mule's stiff mane.

"Why should you help elect Rook Cottondean 'stead of dad?" she continued. "Has Rook ever sent you up cawn to feed your hogs when your crop failed? Did he ever lend you a mule at plowin' time when old Bright's leg was hurt? Did he ever give you money to buy medicine with? Or come up and nuss your mother when she was sick?" Her bold eyes glowed indignantly—too indignantly for Monk to meet them.

"No'm." The words were barely audible. "I—I holped Rook," he choked out, "'cause you let Luke Bonfile kiss yer."

A rose-red suffused Janey's cheek for an instant, then a subtle, roguish smile passed over her face.

"Kiss *me!* Luke Bonfile!" Her tone was arch.

"Yep. No use in denyin' it. I seen him the night I played my funnygraft on Injun Nose."

"Well," protested the girl with her pretty drawl, "Luke's been cotein' me some time now."

"I got more right to cote you'n he has. I live nearder."

"I never said you couldn't, Monk. Lots of the boys come cotein' me."

"I wouldn't cote no gyurl what's pledged," answered Monk with spirt.

Janey's nostrils twitched, but the laugh within was quelled before Monk raised his reproachful eyes.

"Who said I was pledged?" she asked.

"I reckon you wouldn't a let Luke smack you if you hadn't been."

The girl did not reply at once. She glanced instead at the white garment tucked under her arm; she thought of the fifteen dollars her father had given her a week before to buy her wedding gown. But she also thought of the now practically certain defeat of that father at the polls, thanks to Monk's clever treachery, and the consequent loss of the two or three hundred dollars a year which the office paid in fees. Greenleaf Fetters was accounted prosperous as prosperity is reckoned in the mountains, but his daughter knew that he had mortgaged his home to give her the two years at Franklin Academy.

The coquette was strong in Janey. Her beauty and her blandishments had won her many a little favor, and just now she had conceived, as by inspiration, a plan by which they could serve her most substantially. Yet she balked at the lie necessary to the plan, and she recognized, moreover, that the simple youth before her was not fair game for any girl's coquettish wiles. Hence, she spent a moment or two in trying to square her project with her conscience.

"Monk, a kiss sometimes means a pledge and sometimes it don't," she began evasively. "I ain't the girl you want for a wife; but, if you think so, you're welcome to come down here and set and talk any time. You can call it cotein', too, if you want to. Of co'se, it takes two to do any real cotein', and I ain't sayin' yet what *I'll* do. But before you come I'd advise you to make your peace with dad. Want me to tell you how to do it?"

Monk grinned and exclaimed: "You bet your boots!"

Janey stepped into the road, and in low, swift words imparted her plan. Monk began to nod and chuckle, and when she was through he let out a war-whoop, dug his heels into the mule's flanks and disappeared in the dust.

The mountain maid, with flashing eyes, reëntered the house, changed her clothes, saddled a horse, and set out for Platteville, down in the valley, fifteen miles away. She returned by way of the Gilstrap cabin, at which she stopped, and it was five o'clock when she reached home again. But in answer to her father's questions she only laughed and shook her head and said, "Wait!"

He reflected, rather sadly, that the errand was probably connected with her forthcoming marriage.

"That's the Cuss," Observed the Stranger

Five days after his interview with Janey Fetters Monkey Gilstrap abruptly terminated his partnership with Rook Cottondean. As he trudged homeward from North Prong—for Rook had refused to let him return on the mule—he announced to everybody he met that he would give a free concert on his "funnygraft" the following Monday night (the day before election) at the Rattle Run schoolhouse. He explicitly and significantly added that he would then demonstrate, *for the first time*, that instrument's crowning marvel.

Rook Cottondean, suspecting from Monk's sudden disaffection that he had been tampered with by the enemy, bent his energies toward belittling the concert.

"That's all hog-wash about his showin' somethin' new," he blustered before every gathering of loafers at his store. "I know all about that funnygraft. 'Tween you and me, I know more 'bout it than Monk does hisself. I've often he'ped him to coax her to goin' when she balked on us. Why, he was too drunk most times to run her alone. Now, after I've paid him to play that funnygraft under dang near ev'y pine tree on this hyar mounting, he's got the gall to 'nounce a *concert* and to boost it up by claimin' he's got sunthin' *new*."

But Monk's announcement, stealthily supplemented by the Fetters' clan, had sped along those puzzling, intangible lines of communication which serve the mountain in lieu of telegraph and telephone, reaching the remotest, crag-perched hut and often forestalling the swiftest raid on blockade stills. Moreover, Monk's numerous inventions—more ingenious than useful, it must be said—had given him a reputation on Big Buck as a purveyor of mechanical novelties. Hence, on the night of the entertainment the schoolhouse was packed to the walls, babies and dogs filled the aisles and small boys perched on the window-sills.

Among the last to arrive, slipping just inside the door and secreting himself behind the ranks of standing men,

(Continued on Page 62)

# The Vanishing Centenarian

## New Light on a Very Old Subject

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

The Old Dame was Out of Sorts

THAT thy days may be long in the land" was a prophecy which meets one of the most universal longings of the human heart. Whatever the pessimists—celestial or terrestrial—may say to the contrary, man has ever found life no "vale of tears," but a red-blooded, vigorous, joyous thing, full of fight and of sunshine, and asks nothing better than it should last as long as possible. Hence the universal desire to live to "a good old age." No matter how plainly he may read his title clear to mansions in the skies, he is seldom in a hurry to step in and take possession any sooner than Fate decrees. There are few things of which we are prouder than that we "come of a long-lived stock," that a majority of our ancestors lived to an advanced age, and that therefore we have a reasonable basis for hoping to achieve the same desirable triumph. Yet the average age of the race is only about thirty-five years, and a century ago was well below that. This simply leads us to cherish more warmly the belief that we shall be one of the fortunate exceptions, and to dwell with especial delight upon and make much of those individuals who have accomplished an extraordinary span of years, and defied the King of Terrors for not merely the classic "threescore years and ten," but for eighty, ninety, a hundred or more years, both as worthy of special congratulation and envy on their own account, and still more as cheering illustrations of what may be accomplished. Not a few enthusiasts have been so stimulated by a contemplation of the recorded instances of the attainment of a great age in the human species as to declare that these represent the normal individual, and that the man who dies under a hundred is to be regarded as having met a premature end. Hence, the subject of centenarians has ever been a favorite in the popular mind, and each recorded birthday of these long-lived survivors is heralded far and wide in popular comment and in the public press.

### Piling the Years on Threescore and Ten

AS IS to be expected, these stories do not shrink in the telling. After they have been bruited abroad for a certain number of years, some amateur or professional reporter hears of the legend, writes it down, and it passes into literature. A more extraordinary collection of marvels than the alleged records of centenarians it would be hard to imagine. Though probably most of us could count upon the fingers of one hand the number of individuals whom we have actually known to pass ninety-five years of age, out of a lifelong acquaintance covering at least from five to fifteen thousand individuals, your chronicler of the marvelous in the line of longevity doesn't hesitate to accept ale-house stories and old wives' tales, placing "Gran'ther So-and-So" or "Gammer Such-and-Such" at one hundred and ten, one hundred and twenty-five, and even one hundred and sixty-five years of age, and are even ready to credit such rank and palpable absurdities as men of two hundred, two hundred and fifty and two hundred and seventy-five years of age.

The reliability of the story which a centenarian will tell about his own age is aptly illustrated by an episode which came under my observation in Southern California.

A water-right suit was on trial in one of the local courts. It was necessary to introduce evidence bearing upon the rights conceded to a piece of property upon the stream in question during the days of the Spanish occupation.

### The Age of the Ancient Pedro

THE incident was related to me by one of the attorneys engaged in the case. For this purpose a very aged Mexican was brought forward as a witness to testify in regard to the rights and usages of the water at the period in question. When this testimony—which was given through an interpreter—was completed, the attorney who had called him told the interpreter to ask the old man his age, in order to show that his memory could reasonably be expected to date back that far. The old man promptly returned, "I am one hundred and seventeen years old." Old as he was he didn't look of such an advanced age as that, and the attorney glanced apprehensively at the opposing counsel. But cross-examination was waived, and the court adjourned for lunch. During the lunch hour the lawyer called the interpreter, and said to him: "Manuel, are you quite sure that old Pedro gave his age correctly there on the stand? Do you think he really understood what was asked of him? He doesn't look to be so old as one hundred and seventeen."

"Well," said the interpreter, "I will ask him." In a few minutes back he came.

"You are right. Pedro says that he *didn't* properly understand the question and was confused with the excitement of being in court, and would like to correct his mistake." Accordingly, as soon as court reconvened, the attorney addressed the court:

"Your Honor, I should like again to place upon the stand for a few moments the witness, Pedro X, to correct an unintentional misstatement of his in regard to his age."

Opposing counsel had no objection, and Pedro was placed upon the stand. The interpreter said:

"Pedro, just before the court adjourned you stated that you were one hundred and seventeen years old. Was that correct?"

"No, Señor," said Pedro. "I got confused and made a mistake."

"Then, will you kindly tell the court your real age?"

"*Si*, Señor. I am *two* hundred and seventeen years old!"

It is now frankly admitted by statisticians and historians that most of the so-called classic instances of extreme old age must be regarded as little better than legendary. Take, for instance, the famous case of Thomas Parr, "Old Parr," who has figured as the leading example and star illustration in all essays on How to Live to be a Hundred Years Old. He was gravely recorded in all standard encyclopædias and works of reference as having attained the age of one hundred and fifty-two years, and up to twenty years ago no suspicion even was breathed as to the substantial accuracy of this astonishing persistence. He was accepted as not merely, as in Mrs. Partington's phrase, "a centurion," but a "centurion and a half!"

The later editions, however, now briefly state that it is exceedingly doubtful whether the tradition of "Old Parr's" one hundred and fifty-two years rests upon any valid basis. Its origin was a popular pamphlet, whose frankly catch-penny and marvel-mongering character is well illustrated by its title: "An Olde, Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man." Parr was the illiterate servant of a country gentleman, and not a scrap of valid evidence as to the actual date of his birth is discoverable.

One after another the other celebrated examples of history have come to share the fate of "Old Parr."

His almost equally famous twin, Henry Jenkins, who has been cited a hundred times as having reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and sixty-nine years, is found on investigation to be an equally mythical character, so far as any actual proof of his real age is concerned. The only evidence is the popular report of a country town and the gossip of village taverns.

Thirty-five years ago an intelligent physician, named Thoms, published a book on centenarians, in which, after careful investigation of the evidence in all the historic cases, he came to the startling conclusion that up to that date there were on record only *five* persons of whom there was reasonably valid evidence to show that they had passed one hundred years.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis goes so far as to declare that there is no authentic instance on record of any human being having ever reached the century mark.

All authorities are agreed that of the one class of human beings whose births and deaths are sure of accurate and indisputable record, the royal families of Europe, not one has ever reached one hundred years. The same is true of three hundred Popes; indeed, of these only five passed eighty years, and in twelve hundred years only six kings have reached fourscore years. No English insurance company in one hundred and thirty-five years has paid a death-claim to any beneficiary over ninety-six years old.

### Great Age Asserted Without Evidence

THUS the historical instances are rapidly falling into disbelief, and comparatively few modern instances reported in the papers will stand the test of investigation. The vast majority of them are reported as occurring in negroes, Indians or those who are born in ignorant peasant communities on the Continent of Europe, or in remote rural districts of the United States, where no accurate records are kept. And the actual age of those who can present adequate evidence that they have passed the century mark is very much less in excess of that standard than is popularly claimed and reported. A human being over one hundred and twenty years of age may be regarded as practically as frank a fairy tale as one over nine feet in height.

In Twelve Hundred Years Only Six Kings Have Reached Fourscore Years

Our love of the marvelous, combined with our desire both to be tall and to live to be old, has led us into an attitude of absurd credulity in regard to the existence of both of these extremes. Centenarians and seven-footers both occur, but they are very, very much rarer than is popularly supposed. The majority of those investigated are found to fall far below instead of exceeding these two comparatively moderate heights and ages, and the number who exceed either seven feet or one hundred years in any marked degree is exceedingly small.

"But," says some one at once, "granting that it is possible that exaggeration has crept into these ancient records, and that in an uncritical age, where little distinction was made between legend and history, this sort of method as to old age and stature may have grown up. What of the centenarians of today? One can hardly pick up a paper without finding the record of the

celebration, amid his or her rejoicing family and fellow-townsmen, of one or more venerable individuals of their one hundred and second, one hundred and tenth, or even one hundred and fifteenth, one hundred and twenty-fifth or one hundred and thirty-third birthday.

It was precisely the study of these modern instances that first made us skeptical about the genuineness of the historic ones. It must be premised in advance that it is impossible to dogmatize or make positive statements upon this subject, and nothing of that sort will be attempted here. Its inherent difficulties are something enormous.

In the first place, the vast majority of ages recorded, even in official statistics like census reports and in legal documents, are merely based upon the statement and belief of the individual concerned. Not in one case in fifty is any further evidence sought. So that mere statements of the occurrence of a given number of centenarians in a given country, State or city, per ten thousand or one hundred thousand of the population, is of no scientific weight or value whatever until each individual instance has been investigated and the accuracy of the statement of the age been proved or disproved by evidence, such as would be valid in a court of law.

### How Observers are Deceived

THE second difficulty is that the majority of us, if we were suddenly called upon to prove our precise age, would have great difficulty in producing valid evidence which would determine that fact, apart from the word of our parents or relatives or acquaintances of the previous generation.

Last and most important of all, we have absolutely no reliable physical data upon which we can base an estimate of age in the human subject who has accomplished the eruption of the second permanent molar teeth. A man or woman of fifty-five or sixty years of age may be of any age from forty-five to a hundred and forty-five for anything that can be determined by the most careful physical examination during life, or even after death.

Thus we are absolutely thrown back upon documentary evidence, such as would be valid in a court of law, in establishing a claim for an estate, for instance, in determining the actual age of an individual, no matter how venerable or decrepit he may appear, or how many years his hair may have been gray, what historical personages or facts he may claim to recall, or however imposing a flock of grandchildren and great-grandchildren he may be able to muster. In regard to this last, it is well to bear in mind that in the period and in the class of society from which even most modern centenarians spring, the age at which marriage was customary was very much earlier than that which now obtains. No small percentage of our grandmothers, for instance, were married at sixteen years of age, and of our grandfathers at eighteen. And those ages would form a fair average for the laboring and farming classes up to within thirty or forty years ago. Hence it is obvious that a man might become a father at nineteen, a grandfather at thirty-eight, a great-grandfather at fifty-seven, and a great-great-grandfather at seventy-six. And this by allowing descent to be always in the male line. While a woman, through her female descendants, could become a great-great-grandmother at sixty-eight. So that even the hugest legion of descendants is not necessarily a proof of more than a very moderate longevity.

Now for the actual evidence in cases that come within modern times, remembering, of course, that it is impossible to prove a negative, that these "olde, olde, olde, very olde" people may be even older than they claim, but that the burden of proof is upon them, and that proof must be sufficient to carry weight in an ordinary court of law.

The first thing that strikes us is that the overwhelming majority of centenarians reported within the past one hundred years in this country are either negroes, Indians, or immigrants born as peasants in some remote country district of Europe: in other words, in those classes in which exact records of dates of birth and even of identity are either impossible or most difficult to secure. This, by the way, has no new character. It has stamped the centenarian in all ages. In fact, most of the purveyors of the marvelous in this realm have innocently accepted it as a proof of the short life and heavy penalty paid for success and distinction by the great ones of the world. It is only the poor and lowly who, on account of their more peaceful and blameless lives, can attain these good old ages. As one of the most recent collections, Gould & Pyles' Anomalies and Curiosities of Medicine, naïvely remarks:

"Longevity is always most common in the middle and lower classes, where accurate records of births are seldom kept." And further, that "even the parish registers are apt to be monopolized by the gentry, and inferior lives are not considered worth recording."

Now this explanation may, of course, be correct, but it is entirely opposed to everything that we know in regard to both the mortality and the morbidity of those classes. Take our own negroes and Indians, for instance—the former with a death rate from fifty to seventy-five per cent greater than that of the white man, and the latter more than double. Does it seem reasonable that after dying at from one and one-half times to twice the rate of the white populations up to say fifty years of age, they should suddenly acquire a charmed life, and live on to ages ranging from twenty to fifty years greater than those ever known to be attained by civilized races or classes of whose birth there is accurate record?

In our United States Census the highest number of centenarians per one hundred thousand is reported from rural, illiterate States with large negro or Indian populations, while the progressive, highly-civilized States with a well-educated native white population report the lowest. Arizona, for instance, reports twenty-one, Mississippi twenty, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, each fifteen, while Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Iowa and six other such States report only one, and the record is far more perfect and complete in the latter States.

A precisely similar state of affairs obtains upon the Continent of Europe. Those countries, like Great Britain, France and Germany, which have a fairly accurate system of registration and a minimum number of illiterate and ignorant peasants in their population, show the lowest number of centenarians per one hundred thousand living in their official records; while those such as Russia, Hungary and Turkey show the highest, with the Balkan States at the top of the pyramid!

It was in the remote mountain villages of the Caucasus, it will be recalled, that Metchnikoff found his swarms of very, very old people, who had achieved such triumphs of longevity upon his now famous sour milk.

Now, what are the actual data upon which these negro and Indian claims of extraordinarily advanced age are based? As regards the negroes, we know in the first place perfectly well that few of those now alive and over fifty-five years of age have any accurate record of the date of their birth, and many of them not even of the place of their birth, or of their parentage, since up to a little more than forty years ago they were held as chattels and human beasts of burden, and recorded as such. Their claims to antiquity are usually based upon some such flimsy and unreliable things as remembering or having been in the household of some one of the earlier Presidents of the United States, preferably "Marse George Washington." And scarcely one of them will bear the test of even the barest and most superficial investigation.

The Drummer was Taken to See Her

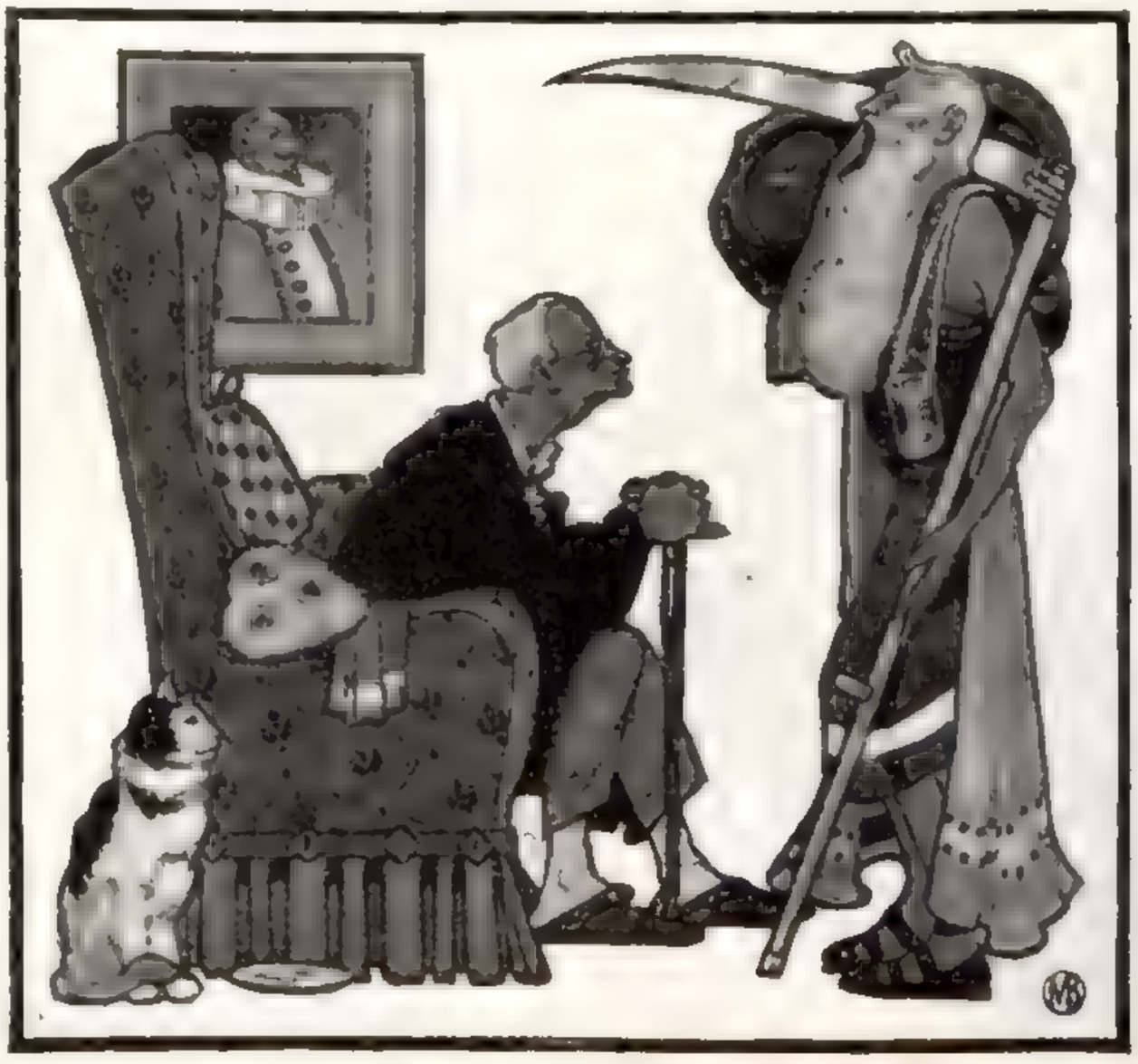
### Reckoning Age by the Moon

AS REGARDS the Indian centenarians, the situation is even more nebulous and uncertain. In the first place, few of the Indian tribes, except those that have become civilized and settled down upon farms, have any accurate method whatever of recording dates and years. It is the exception even to find an Indian who knows who his grandfather was. And his ignorance of everything preceding the lifetime of his own father is almost absolute. When an Indian attempts to fix the date of a particular event he will be obliged to do so by its relation to some incident that has occurred since the coming of the white settlers and become a matter of civilized record. Or, failing this, he will describe it as the "year of the great flood," "the moon following the salmon famine," "the winter of the deep snow," "the fall of the great slaughter of bison." Secondly, when he does attempt to commit himself to a statement as to the precise number of years, you must first be careful to elicit what he means by a "year." Comparatively few of the tribes were good enough astronomers to have conceived the idea of a year, or to utilize it in recording the passage of time, even by such primitive methods as notches in a stick or stones in a circle. Many of the tribes counted *two seasons* and others four to each calendar year, while, as every reader of his Cooper knows, the favorite unit of time with the Indians was the "moon."

Of recorded instances of centenarians among the Indians the very number itself staggers credulity. One exploring expedition reports the discovery in a single Peruvian village of *over a hundred* inhabitants who could boast the age of one hundred years! Scores of them will be recorded for a single California tribe. And yet every scrap of credible and reliable evidence that we have as to actual vital conditions shows that the average longevity of all these Indian tribes is barely from half to two-thirds that of the white races. The simple fact of the matter is that the average Indian man or Indian woman—particularly the latter—after she has lost her teeth, anywhere from forty years of age on, will so utterly collapse and shrivel into a shapeless bag of skin and bones that the casual observer would be ready to believe her to be any age which might be claimed.

Two instances of Indian "Methuselahs" happened to come more or less directly under my own observation, and I simply give the findings

*(Continued on Page 40)*



And Defied the King of Terrors

# CAL AND THE COMMODORE

'I Reckon I'm All the Kin He's Got, an' a Durned Sight More'n the Dog-Robbin' Ol' Reperbate Deserves'"

## A Story Which Shows How Confidence is Capital

## By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER KEMP

SOL BAKER had withdrawn from the circle and was working his way through the weekly paper by the dim light of the bracket lamp, his steel-bowed spectacles focused at half the length of his long nose. Presently he looked up to ask Hank Tulliver if he was any kin to Thomas Satterlee Tulliver, of Philadelphia.

"Why no," answered Tulliver; "my folks has allus lived in Mizzoura. Thur hain't none o' them moved as I know of."

"They hain't none o' them right easy to move, that's a fact," commented Truman Hollerday.

"Who is Thomas Satterlee Tulliver?" inquired Washington Hancock. "Did the Governor reprieve him?"

"He's daid," replied Baker. "Died wuth ten million dollars, an' they're a-goin' to con-test his will. I allowed Hank mought stand a show of gettin' some of it, an' then he could pay me what he owes me."

"He mought," agreed Hancock. "Thur wus ol' Cal Simpson, who used to be justice o' the peace in Gaffney Township, had luck that-a-way. He wus a shoemaker by trade—little feller with a haid as bald an' shiny as an addled aig, an' long chin whiskers—sorter no-account—loafed around 'most as much as True here does, an' allus paid spot cash for what he got 'cause he had to. Thur wusn't no harm in Cal, though.

"Well, one evenin' thur wus a crowd o' loafers settin' around in Egbert Pendleton's store in Fairfax—same as it might be here—an' one o' them told about Commodore Jim Simpson, of St. Joe, bein' sick. The Commodore wus richer than bottom mud then, an' owned a line o' river boats. Seemed like he wusn't expected to live. Then some feller spoke up an' ast Cal if him an' the Commodore wusn't kin, same as Sol here.

"'He's a cousin o' mine,' says Cal. 'My mother an' his mother wus sisters. I reckon I'm all the kin he's got, an' a durned sight more'n the dog-robbin' ol' reperbate deserves. Yes, I've whipped Jim many's the time when we wus young ones.'

"Everbuddy wus kinder took aback to hear Cal say that 'Cross your heart, Cal, is he sure 'nuff your cousin?' says Egbert.

"'Sure 'nuff,' says Cal.

"They all looked at each other. 'He's got money ernuff to buy up all o' this blame town,' says Dick Stacy, the harness-maker, sorter awestrucken

"I reckon that wus news to Cal, but he never batted an eye or let on. Jes' nodded his haid.

"'If he dies you ought to come in for some of it, Cal,' says somebuddy.

"'I reckon I mought,' says Cal, ca'm an' easy. 'Thur hain't nobuddy else an' he cain't take it with him. Who's got a chew o' terbacker?'

"Thur wus seven or eight plugs pulled out, quicker'n scat. Cal took Wes Harper's. 'This kine o' terbacker swell in the mouth?' he says, ''Cause if it does I aim to take so much it cain't swell for lack o' room.'

"They all haw-hawed right out at that 'sif nobuddy'd ever heered it afore. Jimmy Alkire laffed fit to bust hisse'f, an' Jimmie'd be'n a back-cappin' Cal ever sence he'd c'lected sixty cents for ha'f-solin' from him, by means of a axe handle; an' Wes Harper he says, 'Cut you off a piece, Cal. Thur's more'n I need to tote around. It only gets dry on me.'

"'Thought ye wus a-goin' to ast me to let you have the chew an' keep what wus left myself,' says Cal, an' they all hollered an' laffed again.

"After a while the session broke up an' Cal went to the little cubby-hole under the barber shop where he worked an' slep' an' done his cookin'. He got up the next mornin', same as usual, slopped around an' cooked him his coffee an' side meat an' flapjacks, an' dry-cleaned his skillet an' dishes with an ol' newspaper, like he allus did, an' lit his pipe an' settled down on his bench to work at a pair o' shoes he'd promised to fix up for Pete Bixby a week ago, same as he allus promised. He kine o' looked to have Pete come around an' give him the same ol' cussin' for not havin' them shoes ready, but that's where the v'rierty come in. Pete came, but he acted as pleasant as pie. 'Howdy, Cal,' he says. 'I reckon you hain't got them shoes ready yit, have ye?'

"'Well now, Pete, I hain't,' says Cal. 'I 'lowed I'd get time to fix 'em last night, but seems like thur's allus somethin'. I don't blame you for gettin' mad, but you see I'm a workin' on 'em now. I reckon you can get 'em by noon or thereabouts.'

"'Don't bust yo'se'f tryin',' says Pete, kind an' perlite. 'Thur aint no sech an almighty rush about 'em. It's tol'able hot weather for workin' hard. They tell me your cousin in St. Joe is a-peggin' out, Cal. He's got a right smart o' money, th' ol' Commodore, I hear.'

"'He c'd lay down two-dollar greenbacks fer every copper penny ary man c'd lay down here, an' then have money left to keep him outen the poorhouse,' says Cal. 'I hain't makin' my brags about it, though. I s'pose, if I nuver got a cent of 't, I'd make out to git along. 'Twon't make no diffrunce with me. 'Course I'll be better able to he'p out a friend than what I am now, but you'll nuver see me a-puttin' on dog. There's a heap more work than I figgered on these yer shoes, Pete. I'd orter charged you four bits.'

"'They sut'nly are wore a-consid'able,' says Pete, 'an' I don't aim to pay a man no less'n what a job's wuth. If you say four bits or six bits, I'll pay it, an' willin'. If you come to have a job of plasterin', I know you wouldn't want to jew me down. I'll look in in the evenin', then. But thur ain't no rush. Ain't no other relations, is thur?'

"'Nary one,' says Cal, 'an' I wouldn't keer if thur was. I was allus about the o'ny one Jim c'd ever make out to git along with.'

"The nex' one to come into the shop wus Egbert Pendleton. He needed a pa'r o' laces, an' the ones he kep' in the store didn't suit him. Leather wus what he wanted—an' he wanted to know if Cal had got any word in the mail about the Commodore. Then come Stacy an' ast what Cal'd charge him to make a pa'r o' boots, an' he stayed an' gassed about Commodore Jim, too. 'Pity you'n him had trouble, Cal,' he says. 'He mought take a notion to leave that money to a hospital or suthin.'

"'Shucks!' says Cal. 'Jim an' me nuver had no trouble. He's allus thought a heap o' me, an' I've thought a heap o' him. He's be'n a-writin' to me fer years wantin' me to go up to St. Joe an' live with him, but I allus 'lowed I'd sooner stay where I wus an' not be beholden to no one. I'm sort o' high-sperrited that-a-way. "Daggone your ol' independent hide, Cal!" he says to me. That's the way we allus talked to each other, like when I wus callin' him a dog-robbin' reperbate. We didn't mean nothin' by it. Jest jokin'. "Daggone your independent ol' hide!" he says. "There's one thing," he says, "you cain't keep me from willin' what I've got to you."'

"'"You cussed ol' Mizzoura River mud cat!" I says to him, "I may not be able to stop you leavin' it to me, but I'll cert'nly make it fly," I says. Do you reckon fifteen dollars'll be too much for them boots? If a pebble goat or a plain calf will do you for the tops I mought make it less, but you're the doctor.'

"'Fifteen dollars seems fair to me,' says Stacy. 'Course hand work hain't like machine work. I reckon I'll let you make 'em.'

"After a while Cal gets up an' santers down to the market to get his piece o' steak for his dinner, an' Abe Merigold goes back into the ice-box to get a special juicy

"He'd Think About Sam an' His Dyin' Words"

bit that he happened to have. Cal noticed that it run clost up to three-quarters of a pound an' that Abe kep' his thumb offn the scale.

"'I don't want no more'n ha'f a pound, Abe,' Cal says, kine o' mistrustful.

"'That's all right, Cal,' says Abe. 'A few ounces more or less won't make me nor break me. You'll find that a right nice piece o' steak. How's that cousin o' yours in St. Joe by this time?'

"'First time that ever happened,' says Cal to hisself when he got outside. Down the street a piece he met Gilman the banker, an' Gilman smiled at him an' allowed that it wus a powerful fine day an' ast how business wus. That wus a-consid'able of a s'prise to Cal; but thur wus a bigger one a-waitin' for him later on. As he wus a-fryin' his steak and taters in the back room, who sh'd come in but Mis Kittridge her that wus Sam Kittridge's wife. Sam he took rat-p'ison by mistake one day an' went hence, an' thur wus some said he done it 'cause it wus the only way he c'd leave Mis Kittridge without hurtin' her feelin's. He wus allus mighty consid'rit, Sam wus. Folks said that while he wus a-lyin' back jest after they'd be'n a-workin' the stomach pump, Domine Sikes come in, havin' be'n sent for same time as the doctor.

"'Sam,' says the Domine, mighty serious, 'I hope this here wus an axerdent.'

"'Yes, Brother Sikes,' says Sam, groanin' a little with the pain, 'it wus jest an axerdent—a fortunate axerdent.'

"That wus the story that they told, but it might not have be'n so. Anyway, she wusn't a partickler bad-lookin' woman for her age an' purty tol'able smart. Cal wus so busy a-fryin' his steak that he didn't hear her come into the shop, so first thing he knowed she wus a-standin' in the door an' sniffin'.

"'My land!' she says. 'Is *this* how you live, Cal Simpson?'

"'Howdy, Mis Kittridge,' says Cal. 'Scuse me, but I didn't notice you a-comin' in. I'll be right out.'

"'You finish cookin' your meat,' she says. 'You cain't ha'f cook steak an' then go back an' finish it. I ain't in no hurry. So *this* is how you're a-livin'!' she says again, rollin' her eyes around. 'Of all the distressed ——! When did you sweep your floor last? I know you never done mopped it.'

"'I am a leetle cluttered up this mornin',' says Cal, sort o' nervous.

"'Jever make your bed?' she says.

"Cal caught holt of the hot handle of the skillet an' let go of it again, twistin' up his face to keep the swear words in.

"'Of all the helpless critters, a man is the worst,' says Mis Kittridge. 'But I never seen your beat.'

"'I reckon mabbe you're right, marm,' says Cal; 'but an ol' bach has to do the best he kin.'

"'Why don't you come over to my house an' board?' she says. 'I'll g'ar'ntee it won't cost you no more than what it does to mess around here. I've got Jake Cuyler eatin' his meals with me, anyway, an' it wouldn't be no extry trouble to lay a plate for you.'

"'It's right clever of you, but I reckon I won't,' says Cal.

"'Mabbe you think that I cain't cook as well as you do,' says Mis Kittridge, squintin' contemtious at the steak, which wus a-consid'able burnt.

"'No'm,' says Cal. 'I've heered folks allow that you wus the best cook in Fairfax.'

"'You cain't never tell by hearsay,' says Mis Kittridge. 'You come up to supper this evenin' an' see how you like it,' she says, smilin' at him, coaxin'-like.

"'I reckon if you'll 'scuse me ——' Cal begins.

"'I'm a-goin' to have br'iled chicken,' says Mis Kittridge. 'Jest as you like, though. Thur's a pair o' my shoes that I brung to get the rip sewed up out in the shop, that you can fix when you get around to it.' An' with that she walks out, leavin' Cal to his burnt steak an' greasy taters.

"'Derned if I'll go!' says Cal to hisself. 'That's where I've got to draw the line.'

"After he'd et his dinner he went to work on Pete Bixby's shoes an' finished 'em up, thinkin' all the while about Mis Kittridge's cottage that was kind o' cat-a-cornered over the way from him, which she allus had painted every other spring, an' the hollyhocks an' tiger lilies an' poppies an' marigolds in the front yard, an' the Jersey cow in the back lot, an' the little money Sam Kittridge had left her out at intrust; an' then he'd think about Sam an' his dyin' words an' he'd say to hisself, '*Derned* if I go!'

"So Cal Got Shaved"

"Fin'ly he got up an' took off his apern an' went around to the blacksmith shop. Thur wus most gin'rally somebuddy to talk to thur, an' this time thur wus Ed Stebbins an' Carlos Wotherspoon in from Goose Neck. They wus settin' on the workbench while Henry wus shoein' Stebbins' team an' keepin' up his eend of an argyment on the tariff on pearl buttons.

"'Here's Cal Simpson,' says Henry, straightenin' up an' lettin' go of the off hind foot he wus shoein'. 'Cal's a man that's got jedgment an' he's got sense an' he ain't biggity. He's as well posted as ary man in Nodaway County, too. I'll leave it to Cal. If he says I hain't right, I'll buy the seegars for the crowd.'

"'Here, set down here, Cal,' says Stebbins, a-slidin' off the bench. 'I'd as lief stand.'

"'I'm willin' to leave it to Cal,' says Carlos. 'Cal's plenty good ernuff for me. If he says I'm wrong, I'll own up I'm wrong. Howdy, Cal.'

"'Tell ye,' says Cal, after they'd put the case to him: 'What I say is that a man ought to be free to buy where he kin buy the cheapest an' sell where he kin sell the dearest.'

"'Didn't I tell ye!' says Henry. 'Thur it is right in a nutshell, only I wusn't smart ernuff to put it that-a-way.'

"'It cert'nly does sound like good sense,' says Carlos.

"'It's what we all nachally want to do,' says Stebbins. 'Cal's right about that.'

"'Same time, I b'lieve in buildin' up home industries,' says Cal. 'Sposen, we'll say, I've got money an' I want a set o' wagon tires or a fish spear or anythin' else in the blacksmithin' or wheelwrightin' line. I'd nachally get 'em from Henry. Or, if I concluded I wanted to try hog raisin', jest for amusement like, I'd nachally go to Ed here; an' if I wanted a right good team of matched horses, a neighbor like Carlos'd get the call. I wouldn't go off for what I wanted cause I might get it a few dollars less. Neighbors has got to he'p each other, I claim. I don't gredge no friend of mine his fair profit.'

"'It's a pity there ain't more like you, Cal,' says Henry.

"'That's what I say,' said Carlos.

"'Same here,' says Ed. An' then Carlos goes on to blow about a pair of colts he's got an' Ed invites Cal to come out an' take Sunday dinner an' look at his Polan'-Chiny boar, an' by the time Cal got out, he begun to think he wus some.

"Soon's he got back to the shop he washed an' slicked up a little an' went over acrost the street to Mis Kittridge's, thinkin' it wouldn't be perlite not to go after he'd got the bid, an' when he got thur an' seen that platter o' br'iled spring chicken an' the brown cream gravy an' mashed taters an' string beans set out on the widder's clean red-checked tablecloth, he wus durned glad he'd done the perlite thing. Jake Cuyler, the deepo agent, wus thur an' he wus as pleasant as a basket of chips an' wouldn't hear to he'pin' hisself till Cal had had the pick of the platter. Mis Kittridge wus a-smilin' all over, an' Cal couldn't eat ernuff to please her. He done his best, though.

"'If thur's anythin' more than another I like to see, it's a man with a real healthy appetite,' says Mis Kittridge. 'I allus did jest love to cook good vittles,' she says, 'pervidin' thur's folks that seems to 'preciate 'em. Have another piece o' that huckleberry pie?'

"'I've had two a'ready,' says Cal, loosin' another button on his vest an' heavin' a sigh.

"'Shucks!' says Mis Kittridge. 'What's two pieces of pie?' An' she unloads another slab on to his plate, after which she's bound to have him try the cocoanut cake an' the crab-apple jell with the rose geranium leaf flavorin', an' then another cup o' coffee. Time the meal was through Cal felt 'sif he needed a derrick to h'ist him out o' his cheer.

"'Breakfast's ready at seven o'clock,' says Mis Kittridge as he was a-goin' out.

"'But I ain't a-comin' to breakfast,' says Cal.

"'Oh, yes, you are,' says she, laughin', 'less'n you know of a better place to board. I'll make the price right,' she says, 'if that's what's pesterin' you; but I do hate to see you messin' away by yourself the way you've been a-doin'. You'll be around at seven o'clock.'

"'Well, if you say so, I reckon I will,' says Cal, weak-like

"'By goll!' he says to hisself, as he went out of the gate, 'it's almost worth the resk.'

"For the next day or two thur wusn't no news from St. Joe, but the way the folks brung their old shoes around to Cal to fix 'em, an' the way they didn't kick about the price wus cert'nly out o' the common an' only equaled by the neighborly intrust everybuddy showed tords Cal. Then the weekly paper come out with a piece sayin' that Commodore Jim Simpson, of St. Joe, wus reported to be improvin' some, but wus still in a highly critercal condition. 'The Commodore's fortune,' says the piece, 'is estermated var'ously at from fifty to five hundred thousand dollars, an' the only heir to this vast estate is our popular an' highly-respected shoemaker an' gin'ral repairer, Cal Simpson. If the Commodore should be called hence, his wealth could not be in better hands than Cal's.'

"Next mornin' after that Major Johnson, the lawyer, came down into the shop an' allowed that he might have a pair o' boots made, if Cal c'd take the time to make 'em. 'An' Cal,' he says, 'if thur's any legal business you want done, don't you fergit to call on me.'

"'You don't need to worry about fees,' he says. 'I wouldn't care if I never got a cent if I c'd he'p you out any way. I'm a man who likes to do a neighbor a good turn, even if I lose money by it.'

"'I reckon mabbe I will be needin' some one to 'tend to some triflin' matters for me,' says Cal. 'If I do, there ain't nobuddy I'd sooner have than Major Johnson. It's my opinion that the man who's his own lawyer has got a fool for a client. Hire a good lawyer an' pay him a good price, is what I say.'

"'That's the way I like to hear a man talk,' says the Major.

"For a while Cal took the notion that he'd jest loaf around for a spell an' soak in the milk an' honey an' myrrh an' frankincense that wus bein' poured on him; but when he got to studyin' it over he c'ncluded he wus kine o' 'bleeged to pay Mis Kittridge's board-bill. He didn't allow that she wus a-goin' to be anyways pressin', but he still kep' Sam Kittridge in his mind, an' Sam's sperrit seemed to take him by the shoulders an' dump him down on his bench an' keep his hammer a-tappin'. Thur cert'nly wus a plenty for him to do, an' when he quit noons an' evenin's an' went over to the widder's, the chicken an' trimmin's tasted

"'Hain't You a *Nice*-Lookin' Objec'!' Says Mis Kittridge"

(Continued on Page 59)

# THE NET AND THE QUARRY

## The Widow Shows She Can Care for Herself and the Orphan

By George Frederic Stratton

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

GENE HANSCOM'S death was a hard blow to me. Besides having been close, personal friends, we had been partners for five years in the manufacture of the Unit Bookcase, which he had invented; and I had always found him to be a true man in business as in private life.

He left a widow and a little girl, seven years old, who inherited his share in our partnership. His will designated Steve Pritchard as his executor and trustee.

Pritchard's name was well known in Detroit, as was the man himself—by sight—but no one ever seemed to get intimately acquainted with him. There were all sorts of stories about his wealth, but not one upon which you could place a finger and say: "That is correct." His finger was in lots of pies, and he was always ready to buy a piece of another, if there were any plums in it. Naturally, he was an expert in stocks and stock manipulation, and that was why I had but little love for him.

Be that as it may, poor Hanscom had, perhaps, acted wisely in making Pritchard his executor. He examined into the details of our business as carefully and shrewdly as though his own money was invested in it. I liked that, and always opened up matters to him with perfect freedom.

Didn't Care About the Laughter—Very Much

So that, when he called on me one afternoon, I brushed aside the papers on my desk and prepared for a conference. I supposed he had come in to look over the books, since it was about the time for such an inspection, but when I offered to have a desk cleared for him he said:

"I will not trouble you about that today, Mr. Marvin; in fact, unless you should offer an objection, I think that I shall prefer, hereafter, to send in a regular accountant to audit the books. My time is rather fully occupied on my own affairs."

"It will be all the same to me," I agreed cheerfully.

"That would be the regular course if this were a stock company," he remarked slowly.

I knew what he was leading up to. It had been in the air for some time, but I didn't intend to help him. So I simply said: "I suppose so."

He rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and then rolled the lobe of his ear between his thumb and forefinger. It was mighty hard for Pritchard to come square to the point on any proposition, and on this one he evidently found himself in deep water. Presently he ventured cautiously:

"Incorporation frequently affords an exceedingly convenient and—ah—profitable method of conducting business, Mr. Marvin."

I simply nodded and let him flounder.

"Of course—ah—where there are two or three partners in an established business—men of known qualifications for their respective duties—possibly such a private partnership may be—ah—very effective and simple."

"It is!" I said curtly—so curtly, in fact, that it seemed to surprise and embarrass him. He rolled the lobe of his ear as if he were mixing up a fresh batch of long words. He stammered out a few, of about seven syllables, and then I got tired.

"Just what is it you are driving at, Mr. Pritchard?" I demanded.

He wriggled in his chair as though my office boy had been playing with bent pins. To save his immortal soul he could not give a straight answer to a straight question.

"It has—ah—occurred to me, Mr. Marvin—in fact, it has also been suggested by some mutual friends, friends to both yourself and Mrs. Hanscom—that very great advantages might accrue by the formation of a stock company, to take ——"

"What advantages would there be?" I interrupted impatiently.

"The acquisition of a board of directors, for one feature."

"What else?"

"The facility and simplicity with which additional capital could be acquired if such—ah—acquisition should be deemed advisable and—ah—advantageous."

"I can see no advantage in securing additional capital," I retorted. "That would simply mean shouldering a larger business and earning profits for strangers—who put in their money—without any greater gain for either Mrs. Hanscom or myself. We are making capital for ourselves now, and in full control."

"Judiciously managed there would be very great gain in incorporation," urged Pritchard.

"In what way?"

"Let us recapitulate a little," he said greasily. "When you formed a partnership with the late lamented Mr. Hanscom you invested twenty thousand dollars in cash."

"Yes."

"And Mr. Hanscom's invention, upon which he had secured letters patent, was put in at a valuation estimated at thirty thousand dollars. In other words, the capital of the firm of Hanscom & Marvin was called fifty thousand dollars. Now the patent has proved to be exceedingly practicable. Therefore, if a stock company was formed, the value of that patent, having been well demonstrated, would, of course, be placed at a much higher figure than the original estimate. In fact, under a proper consideration of the profits already earned, I am of the opinion that, if your business should be turned over to a stock company, it should be for not less than two hundred thousand dollars in stock, three-fifths of which would, of course, be delivered to Mrs. Hanscom, and the other two-fifths to yourself."

"That is," I remarked, "our capital would be quadrupled—on paper."

"Precisely," he agreed, pressing the fingers and thumbs of his pudgy hands together. He was beginning to feel better, now that he had managed to relieve himself of his little scheme.

"Now, tell me, Mr. Pritchard, how much more profit would there be for Mrs. Hanscom and myself in those stock certificates, which would pretend to represent two hundred thousand dollars, than in our actual capital of fifty thousand?"

"Well—ah—there are possibilities, my dear Mr. Marvin—very great possibilities."

I had to speak for him every time. He could only hint. He could not be plain and straightforward.

"Those possibilities would be solely in stock-jobbing," I said bluntly. "Our actual capital would not be one cent greater—consequently our business would be no greater. Any chance for other profit could come only by stock-juggling, and that I'll have nothing to do with."

"Dear, dear!" he exclaimed mournfully. "This is very unfortunate. Very, indeed! If you had had any experience in such conditions, my dear Marvin, or would consent to be advised by those who have, I feel very sure that your views would change; that you would estimate the advantages at which I have hinted at their proper value."

"I've had both the experience and the advice," I retorted savagely, "and was swindled out of thirty thousand dollars in consequence."

"But, surely, Mr. Marvin, you cannot imagine that Mrs. Hanscom would for a moment entertain the slightest idea of any—ah—irregularity in doing business!"

"Of course not! Not for one moment. But she might sell her stock at any time, and it, being the largest block, would carry control. What surety should I have that the purchaser would have the same views as myself?"

He sat wagging his head solemnly, and I continued: "I have no feeling against incorporation for pure and simple business development, but you can't guarantee that this will be such, Mr. Pritchard. You know I could not forbid Mrs. Hanscom selling a portion or the whole of her stock after we formed a company, and the men who bought might be stock-jobbers instead of bona-fide investors. I'm a manufacturer and will neither bother my head nor my conscience with seesawing stock for a living."

He had that straight, and he saw that it was straight. And he again wagged his head mournfully as he said:

"Well, well, Mr. Marvin, of course, since you are so strongly prejudiced against this very reasonable proposition we can do nothing but defer to your little—ah—excuse me, unreasonableness."

But I saw a malicious gleam in his eye and felt, somehow, that he by no means meant to give up his pet scheme. Stocks were the tools of his trade; and I don't believe he could have run a peanut stand without incorporating the business, bonding the roaster, issuing preferred stock on the meats and common on the shells.

A few days later Mrs. Hanscom came into the office. I was always glad to see her. Our business relations, since poor Hanscom's death, had been altogether without friction, and she had always understood, very readily, the explanations I made as to the details of our work. Perhaps this was because she had been a stenographer in a big mercantile house before her marriage.

She was a handsome woman, tall and imposing.

"What is this I hear?" she commenced gayly. "Have you been quarreling with my guardian?"

"Your trustee, you mean, Mrs. Hanscom. There has been no quarrel. I'm a bit blunt, I suppose, where I feel strongly, so I told Mr. Pritchard, pretty decidedly, that I didn't like his stock-company proposition. That was all."

"He was so much disappointed—and I think I am, too! It would be so lovely to have all those beautifully-engraved stock certificates. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars! My!"

"They might make pretty wall-paper!" I sneered.

"Now, you're laughing at me, Mr. Marvin! But really, I am disappointed. Stock companies sound so much better than partnerships—don't you think so? And Mr. Pritchard says that the stock might really go to par. Think of that!"

"Let me talk very seriously to you about this," I said earnestly. "I am quite sure that if I could squarely see

"You are Not an Economical Woman, Mrs. Hanscom; You Love Good Things and Good Times"

any substantial benefit to you in making the change I would sink my objections at once."

"I am sure you would!" she interrupted, "and Mr. Pritchard says that we are doing so well and making such good profits that the stock would certainly go to par."

"It might. We could pay six per cent on two hundred thousand—we earned over twelve thousand last year and divided it between us. Now what would you gain by calling it 'dividends' instead of 'profits'? It would be the same in dollars and cents."

"But it *sounds* so much better," she laughed.

"You don't realize," I persisted, "the continual temptation you'd be under if you had stock. It would be so easy to sell a little, now and then, if you felt that you wanted cash for some special purpose. And the first thing you knew you'd find your interest in the business dwindling. For you are not an economical woman, Mrs. Hanscom; you love good things and good times."

"I'm afraid that is true," she admitted gayly. "I want one of those new automobiles, dreadfully, right now. But we'll forget the stock company, Mr. Marvin. I didn't expect to convert you when I came in. I know what a horrid, stern, determined, splendid old fellow you are. That's what dear Eugene used to say about you. Now I've something else to propose—quite a little scheme! You know I was with the Stillwell Company before I was married, and I like business—I fairly love it! I like to be among the men who are doing things, and hear them talk, and see them get angry, and sputter about, and get over it. I love to see them get their heads close together and plot, and plot, and plot, and then see a little messenger-boy bring in the yellow envelope which makes their hands go down into their pockets and their heels go out on to the floor, and the funny little wrinkles come just above their noses, and wicked little swear words splutter from their lips. It's all such fun, and so gloriously interesting to me! And I'm very dull, now. I've not much to occupy my time; Lida's at school all day, you know. Why couldn't I come into the office and help you? I am a very fair stenographer, and I was one of the most rapid typists the Stillwell Co npany had. What do you think?"

My head was in a whirl by this time, for there were two or three lines of thought butting in together. I was astonished at her proposition, knowing, as I did, that she was a social favorite, and I supposed that kept her busy. She was president of the swellest club in the city, and had a hand in a couple of art and musical societies. Then there was her house and her little girl to look after. It didn't look to me as if she could have much time unoccupied. And then, I didn't see any way to object—and that always bothers a man. No matter how appealing a proposition may be, if it comes as an ultimatum he wants to kick. And this was an ultimatum to me, because I saw no way to avoid it.

Of course, since she was practically my partner, it was impossible for me to object to her coming to the office, every day and all day, if she wished—without forcing some entirely new arrangement of our affairs. In fact, I didn't see any objection.

All this was turning over rapidly in my mind as she sat crossing and uncrossing her feet, every few seconds flashing her big, brown eyes, with their quizzical twinkle, into mine to size me up

Suddenly she rippled forth: "Now, don't be horrid over this, too, Mr. Marvin! I am sure I could be useful. I'm quite a business woman, you know."

"I'm not going to be horrid," I laughed. "Come in, by all means, if you wish. You'll probably get tired of it in a few weeks."

I was bending over my desk the next morning, opening letters, when I thought I heard Robson, our old bookkeeper, gasp. I looked up instantly, and pretty nearly gasped myself. There stood Mrs. Hanscom in the stunningest outfit I had ever seen. As she sauntered down through the office, nodding with charming pleasantness to one or two of the clerks, I had time to size up the details. There was a tailor-made suit of some dark gray stuff; that was quiet enough for business. But the hat and the veil, the fluffy hair, and the swish of silk petticoats, and the majestic carriage, made up a combination which I had never observed in her before, although she always dressed well—"distinctively" I think my wife called it. She certainly was, at that moment, one of the handsomest—if not the handsomest—women I had ever looked at.

Every Man in the Room was Envious of Me

She must have seen the admiration in my eyes, for, as she stopped by my desk, she leaned over and said, in a low tone and with a bewitching smile: "It's only because I'm feeling so well this morning. I'm so happy at getting into harness again!"

I murmured something about being glad she felt that way, and then got my eyes off of her and went on with my work. Half an hour later she was taking down some letters from my dictation, and in ten minutes I saw that she hadn't overrated her ability as a stenographer. She was an expert.

I hoped that she would simplify her dress, somewhat, after the first day, but she did not. Every few days there would be some change, so trifling, perhaps, that I could not specify it, but it always brought out some charm which had been unnoticed before. The office was getting demoralized, for the young men had their eyes on our end of the room about as much as on their work. I began to think seriously of having a private office partitioned off for her, Robson, and myself.

But a little incident made me dismiss this idea instantly. My wife called one day, as she frequently did when downtown shopping, and as Mrs. Hanscom had just put on her hat and coat to go to luncheon there was a decided contrast between the two women, which Susan undoubtedly felt. Susan was small and gentle, and, although she still possessed much of the prettiness of her girlhood, it was easy to see that she felt crushed by the bulk and beauty of my partner.

They exchanged greetings, as usual, but when I was smoking my after-supper pipe that evening Susan said, with a sharpness entirely new to her: "Jack, does that woman always come to the office dressed up as—as magnificently as that?"

"I think she does, Susan," I answered, as carelessly as I could. "I really think, myself, she might cut some of it out, to advantage."

She tossed up her head and snapped her eyes at that, and, after tapping the floor with her foot for some minutes, she said, still more sharply:

"She ought to be ashamed of herself! It's the worst possible taste to dress that way for business, and if she doesn't know it some one ought to tell her." With that she flounced out of the room.

I smiled grimly as I thought of any one telling Mrs. Hanscom how to dress! But Susan's little flash of temper had set me thinking on a line of thought which astounded me. Was it possible that my gentle, trusting wife might grow jealous? Jealous of the business relations between an old chap of fifty and a woman young enough to be his daughter—she was barely thirty? I laughed at myself sneeringly, as this thought came to me; but when I went on reading my paper the same fool idea would flash between the lines.

I couldn't get rid of it, jeer as I might, and although my wife never alluded to the matter again, she never came to the office any more. That seemed suspicious; nor did I dare ask her why she kept away, for fear of what her answer might be, for fear of being driven on to the defensive when I had no consciousness of anything to defend. I knew I was drifting into a pretty bad muddle. In the mean time Mrs. Hanscom seemed utterly unconscious of any possible misconstruction of her position. Of course, it would seem as absurd to her as it did to me. Her conversations with me were just what might have occurred had I been an elder brother, or even her father. They were always upon the business, of which she showed an uncommon understanding and interest. But she had little mannerisms which I, being now keenly alive to such matters, noticed were already attracting the attention of my business acquaintances who called. She would often come over to my desk, slip a chair up close to mine, and purr softly to me over some business detail. And though I would lean back and answer her in my usual tones—which are never very low—men who happened to come in would grin knowingly, as they noted her position—her head bent toward me and her brown eyes, metallic as gun-barrels, looking into mine. And she got into a way of calling me "John"—dwelling on it a bit—and smiling at me as she did so.

It was getting to be a pretty bad mess; unbearable, in fact, and I kept out in the factory as much as I could. I worked my brains overtime in trying to devise some plan to end it all, but could think of nothing. I couldn't tell her how those men were looking—and I suppose thinking—she seemed so utterly unconscious of any harm. And it was just as impossible to ask her to keep away from the office. I should have had to be ready with the reason for that, and the reason I could not find.

One day, as I put on my overcoat to go out to lunch, she tripped up to me and said:

"John, why do you never ask me to luncheon with you? I thought partners always went to lunch together!"

Here was a fix! No excuse ready—not the slightest. I'd just been a plain mechanic and business man all my life, and was but poorly fitted with those quick wits with which a society man dodges unpleasant matters. So I hesitated—standing on one foot, I guess, like a meditating rooster.

She laughed a little as she stuck pins through her hat. Then she murmured:

"You used to lunch often with dear Eugene, I know." The tone was mournful and appealing—and I marveled at the warmth of her lips, the brilliancy of her eyes, the color in her cheeks. While I still hesitated—sorely bothered—she said, with an audacious flash:

"Well, if you'll not invite me I shall invite you—come!"

There seemed to be no help for it, and we walked out together. I suggested Burton's, that being a quiet place, where, I hoped, we should see but few acquaintances; but she vetoed that.

"No, indeed! I want to go to Seiferd's. That's where you always go, isn't it—and other business men? I want to see how the bulls and bears and lambs behave at feeding-time."

I would willingly have broken a leg in order to avoid going through that crowd at Seiferd's, but no handy way offered for that, and I had to face the music. Over at one of the side tables I caught sight of Barker, his face lit up with wicked glee. And I knew there were plenty more men there to whom we were as well known. But I got one big chunk of satisfaction out of that luncheon from the knowledge that almost every man in the room was envious

*(Continued on Page 50)*

"Jack, Does That Woman Always Come to the Office Dressed Up as—as Magnificently as That?"

# WANTED: $50,000 MEN!

## BIG STORE SALARIES THAT GO BEGGING

### By Henry Alexander Harwood

WANTED—A man for the position of general manager of a Big Department Store. Must be the very best. Salary, $50,000 to begin with; $100,000 a year after making good. Apply—any one of the country's great department stores.

That advertisement sounds like a joke, and it is, if you look at it from a certain angle; only the joke is on some fifty thousand bright young men who were frightened out of the richest pasture in business life by the jibes of the comic papers and the vaudeville stage.

Whenever a man hears of a friend working in a department store he thinks of those old jokes about the ribbon-counter, and, if he has any sympathy in his constitution, he lets his friend have all there is and thereafter looks upon him as more to be pitied than associated with. It does not matter if the sympathizer is keeping books in a bank at $12 a week, or is shipping-clerk in a woolen house at $11 a week. No joke has ever fastened upon their calling and they walk on the level with man.

But the dry-goods salesmen, like the mother-in-law, the old maid, the Jew who has had a fire, the absent-minded professor and John D. Rockefeller, must walk with lowly heads if they have not the courage to stand the jibes that the comics have bred in the American people. And yet there are at least five such positions as that mentioned above in the department-store profession, while there are dozens of positions ranging from $5000 to $25,000 awaiting the right man to claim them. Of what other profession can the same thing be said, not even excepting steel? Yet the right men seldom appear; there is a dearth of good material, a famine in the market, and inferior men are holding $5000 and $10,000 jobs that a dozen proprietors would gladly pay a good man $15,000 to $25,000 to hold—if they could get the men.

#### The Fatal Stigma Attached to "Cash"

SOME years ago there was a bright young fellow working in the linen department of a big store. He was an assistant buyer, but the fellows in his set did not know that, or rather they did not know the distinction between a buyer and a salesman. The head of the house had his eye on him, and he, in his turn, did not know that. All he did know, aside from the difference between one hundred linen thread and one hundred and fifty thread, was that whenever any of his friends wanted to attract his attention they called "Cash!" It got to be too much for him, and affected his nerves. He imagined that the girl whom he had set his heart on called him "Cash" when he was out of hearing. So, one day, he went downtown and got a position in a wholesale house. He has it yet—just a little bit altered by the passing of years, but still recognizable as the same old position of selling linen to dry-goods men. He is bald now and he does not crease his trousers and his sleeves are shiny. But he lost the name of "Cash," and is just Haskins to everybody but the head of the house, and even the name he gave him has ceased to be associated with Haskins; it has since been applied to so many like him.

But there was another young fellow who did not care what they called him. Whenever his friends joked him about the ribbon-counter he laughed, and they thought him good-natured, and perhaps he was. He began as stock boy at $4 a week. His schoolmates at the same time started in as office boys, machinists' helpers, grocery boys and factory hands. They all got the same pay. A year later he was head stock boy in the cloak department, and asked questions. He got so he could know a piece of goods as a sailor knows the weather, and as knowledge is as self-evident as mumps, the head of the department very soon found out that he had a bright boy in his employ. More and more was put upon the bright boy's shoulders, because they were the only shoulders in the department of which the head man felt sure. Pretty soon the bright boy was assistant buyer and doing nicely. He was getting $40 a week, while the fellows who were still joking about the ribbon-counter and "Cash" were getting $15 and thinking they were the pillars upon which the boss laid his work-worn bones. Then a department store in Boston wanted a man to take charge of the cloak department, and not finding any one in Boston suitable, they came down to New York and took this fellow, and now he is getting $5000. And that whole tale covers exactly eight years of time. His schoolmates are all doing fairly well, considering. The grocery boy now gets orders in the morning and earns $15 a week, the machinist makes $18, the office boy is now a clerk and gets $20, and the factory hand gets $18, while the department-store boy makes more than all of them put together.

It is a fact that the great merchants of this country are thinking less about the return they are going to get on their money this year than they are about the dearth of young men to fill high places. A good man is snapped up so quickly as to knock the wind out of him. And possibly that accounts for a strange thing—the quantities of "might-have-been-goods" that there are in the business.

A young boy will get a position sorting shoestrings in the shoe department. He will work so hard that he will grow a crop of blisters. But before the blisters have had time to harden into callous spots some one will seize upon that young hopeful and raise him up to a high position. And then he will go higher and higher, until the young hopeful's head is large and his pride expanded, and he will take to sitting, now and then, upon a packing-case and surveying his virtues. Shrouded by the fumes of his own self-opinion he will forget the why-for of his rapid rise; he will get to think that it is an elevator he is on and that it is not by his own legs that he has mounted above the heads of others far older than he. He will sit there on the packing-case, waiting for the elevator to take him higher—and he will wear a hole in the box, waiting.

#### A New Profession for the Boy

THE trouble with the department store is that able young fellows are so scarce that when one drifts into the business they spoil him. Every big store has many such fellows as the one mentioned above, all waiting for the elevator. And every one of these stores has an entire floor in the upper part of the house empty and waiting for those who will walk up that far.

But there is reason for all this, aside from the joke-hurling cause. A department-store man does not need an education when he goes into the business, but he needs one after he gets there. And knowledge is not handed out gratuitously. It is a case of the boy with the widest eye, the most alert ear and the most absorbent brain winning out. And another reason for the dearth is that a man must begin as a boy to succeed. It is the stock boys and cash boys and wrapper boys who become the buyers. It is a perfectly safe statement to make that not a college man has charge of a department in a big store, and it is reasonably safe to say that not one of them has had a high-school education. They began as boys, and picked up their knowledge on their way up the ladder. And yet, though it is one of the few professions where a boy who has had no chance at high school has an advantage over the more highly-educated one, and one in which the wages are as high or higher than in any other profession on earth, there is a dearth of able young men.

Here is the department-store system in a nutshell: Above all is the proprietor. He usually is to be seen at his desk every day at nine, and he stays there often until midnight, not because he wants to, but because he cannot find any one else who can take his place. Under him are the store managers and the buyers. There are one or two managers who are powers, but most of them are really only superintendents, or genteel foremen.

#### What it Means to be a Buyer

BUT these buyers! Every one of them is in reality a manager of a separate store. The shoe man has complete charge of his department, from the buying of his goods to the hiring of his salespeople. He regulates their salaries, fixes prices and arranges his goods. All the proprietor asks is for the buyer to pay his rent and advertising with a good profit to the house; for every inch of a store, except the aisles, is rented to these buyers—that is, of course, theoretically speaking. The space is worth so much, according to the value of the building, and the different departments are made to pay their share. If they fail, out goes the buyer, for there is something wrong.

These buyers do not consult with anybody in purchasing a bill of $25,000 any more than the proprietor of his own store does. In fact, except that he gets a salary, and that all profits go to the house, he is a proprietor. And these are the men that the stores can't get. Yet in a big store it is a mighty small department that does not pay the buyer $5000; it is only a fair one that pays $10,000; some pay $25,000, and there is a furniture buyer who gets $50,000. And, if any man should rise up with enough executive ability to run a whole store, he could almost name his own price.

Under the buyer, if the department is large, is the assistant buyer, then come the section heads, then the salespeople, and, last of all, the young boys and girls. But in every case the buyer was once a boy, holding the same position as these boys do; he has passed every stage from $3 a week to $25,000 a year—for there is no other road. In all the big stores in this country there is not an exception to this rule. Yet today, when the salaries are greater than they ever were before, when there is practically no limit to the salary a man can earn, the buyers and the proprietors find it next to impossible to find a boy who will work hard enough to push his way up the ladder

and reach the big positions. Incompetence is being rewarded with big salaries for lack of real ability.

And here is where the trouble lies, and, likewise, where the education comes in. Take the cloak department as a typical one. Now a man could be a great cloak buyer and not be able to tell the difference between a Shakespearean play and a comic opera; that kind of knowledge is not essential. But what he must know are about ninety-two hundred and seventy-eight minute details, running all the way from the varying qualities of broadcloth to a psychological knowledge of woman's tastes and mind. This is the kind of knowledge that is picked up on the way up the ladder.

There are no textbooks on those subjects. It is not a highbrow matter. It is observation nine hours a day, six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year, for, say, fifteen years. There are no teachers; those who do not learn their lessons are not sent out of the room. There is no homework to be brought in and no lessons to be recited. And that is why there are so few men getting the big salaries awaiting them. It is too easy. Observation and mental analysis, being elemental, are seldom used.

If a man could become a great doctor by simply watching the complexions and the faces of people he meets in the street there would be no good doctors. And if, on the other hand, people were told that the surest way to become a $50,000 buyer was to turn six handsprings before breakfast and then run all the way to the store, the early morning crowds would be startled at the numbers of young fellows plunging along the thoroughfares storeward.

And then there is another reason. There are those pitiable derelicts behind the counter—white-haired men selling calicoes and quilts, and not earning enough to keep a railroad president in cigars. There is no denying that they are a discouraging sight to a young cash boy, and he usually hastens down to an office to engage himself as an office boy. But in that same office he will see men of that same kind—if the chief is gentle-hearted; if not, he will meet them sitting on the park benches. For failures can be seen in every profession. In the department store they wear tags, that is all.

But here is the story of a successful buyer. He manages a shoe department, which is neither romantic nor exciting. When he came into the employ of the store there were not enough shoes in the department to fit out a dozen good-sized families. Persons would stand in the middle of the department and ask where it was. But this man had ambition and some knowledge gained in a little shoe store in Western Pennsylvania where he was a clerk and learned the business. His ambition did not get along with his location, and it took him to New York. The head of the house saw good marks in his face—the shoe department did not even hire its own men—and hired him. He lived up to his facial expression and, in a few months, the head of the department resigned, and this Pennsylvanian was summoned into the office of the head of the house. The department was handed over to him, and with it a little more space and the spending of $5000.

What that raw man from Pennsylvania did would be tedious in detail. He made that $5000 go so far that, before he reached the end of it, he was having turnovers with the front end. He went right on. The shoe department began to make a noise. People heard it and came. Then they came again. The lace department was squeezed up to give the thriving infant department more room. After a while shoes from this house began to have a trade name as valuable as certain brands of cocoa or coffee. Today this man buys two million dollars' worth of shoes—more, probably, than any store buyer in the country. A new store was built within the big shop, and, as a minor consequence, that man's salary jumped with several rapid leaps from $2000 to $30,000. And, even today, his hair is not gray.

In fact, few of the $10,000-a-year buyers are over forty. The great department store is a rather new thing. Their growth has been phenomenal. It has called for more high-salaried men than any other profession on earth and it gets fewer recruits. Boys go into wholesale houses with the idea of learning the trade and staying in it for a lifetime; they go into a department store because a job is open, and they keep their eyes open for a chance to get out. Yet, for every five-thousand-dollar man in the wholesale trade there are a half-dozen in the retail. The growth in the profession has far outstripped the supply, and today a man of thirty can, by persistent effort, rise to a $5000 position. By thirty-five, there is no reason why $10,000 is impossible for him, and at forty he should know no limit. It is being done. The romantic stories of the men in the steel trade are equaled by the men in the department stores. Judge Gary's salary is equaled by more than one man in a department store; no bank president gets the salary of any of a half-dozen of the most successful buyers, and they are all comparatively young, too.

There is a case of a man who went into a men's clothing department in a Philadelphia store and is now at the head of a similar department in a Chicago house. He came from a crossroads store, one of those breeders of men of mark. He saw the head of the department and was told they were not hiring any one just then; for it was the dullest month in the year. But the young fellow was persistent and knew his value. He spoke up with the assurance that his self-confidence gave him, and very soon the buyer saw that he had a man whom he dared not let slip—for some one else would surely get him. And he made good. He worked hard, and learned all that the business offered, added a few grains of knowledge every day and sifted over his old crop, until the whole suit business was tucked away in his head, ready for an emergency. Then

(Concluded on Page 49)

# The White Mice

## By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

V

"I CAN be quite as foolish as you," Inez repeated, as Roddy continued to regard her. "Some day, when this is over, when you have made it all come right, we will sit out here and pretend that we have escaped from Venezuela, that we are up North in my mother's country—in your country. We will play these are the rocks at York Harbor, and we'll be quite young and quite foolish. Have you ever sat on the rocks at York Harbor," she demanded eagerly, "when the spray splashed you, and the waves tried to catch your feet?"

Roddy was regarding her with open suspicion. He retreated warily.

"York Harbor!" he murmured. "I discovered it! It is named after me. But you! I never imagined you'd been there, and I never imagined you could be anything but serious, either. It makes you quite dangerous."

"Dangerous?" murmured the girl.

"One is dangerous," said Roddy, "when one is completely charming."

The girl frowned, and her shoulders moved slightly.

"You speak," she said, "like a Venezuelan."

But Roddy was in no mood to accept reproof.

"I told you," he said, "I admire the fools who rush in where angels fear to tread. There is another man I admire equally, 'the man who runs away.' It takes great courage to run away. I must do it now."

He retreated from her. His eyes were filled with a sudden, deep delight in her, and a growing wonder. The girl regarded him steadily.

"Come here," she commanded, "and say 'Good-by' to me."

Roddy took the slim, gauntleted hand stretched out to him, and for an instant the girl held his hand firmly, then nodded. The smile this time was very near to tears.

"What you are going to do," she said, "is the dangerous thing. You don't know how dangerous. If I should not see you again ——"

Roddy looked down into her eyes, and laughed from utter happiness.

"You will see *me* again," he said.

His tone gave to the words a meaning the girl entirely disregarded.

"You will remember," she went on, as though he had not spoken, "that we—that I am grateful."

Roddy turned and smiled out at the sunlit sea.

"You have given me," he answered, "other things to remember."

He pulled off his sombrero and took the gauntleted hand in both of his. He bowed over it and brushed it with his lips. The girl still regarded him questioningly.

"Good-by," faltered Roddy.

His eyes sought hers wistfully, appealingly, with all that he felt showing in them. But her own told him nothing. Roddy released her hand with an effort, as though it were bound to his with manacles.

"Now I know," he said gently, "why I came to Venezuela."

The girl made no answer, and silently Roddy mounted and rode away. When he had reached the place where the rocks would hide her from sight he glanced back. He saw Inez standing beside her pony, leaning with her arms across the saddle, looking after him. Then, as he waved his hand, she raised hers with a gesture that seemed to Roddy partly a farewell, partly a benediction.

He Pulled Off His Sombrero and Took the Gauntleted Hand in Both of His

The stable at which Roddy had told Pedro he would leave the pony was far in the suburbs, and by the time he had walked to Willemstad the morning was well advanced.

As he approached the quay he recognized that in his absence some event of unusual interest had claimed the attention of the people. Everywhere men were gathered in little groups, gesticulating, laughing, frowning importantly, and at the hotel Roddy was surprised to see, on the balcony leading from his room, Peter and the American Consul. The sight of him apparently afforded them great satisfaction, and they waved and beckoned to him frantically. Ignoring their last meeting, the Consul greeted Roddy as though he were an old friend.

"Have you heard the news?" he demanded. "It is of great local interest, and it should interest you. Last night," he explained, "President Alvarez declared an amnesty for his political opponents living in foreign countries. All exiles may now return to their homes."

He pointed at the small passenger steamer lying at the quay directly below the window. The Blue Peter was at the fore, and her deck was crowded with excited, jubilant Venezuelans.

"You see," exclaimed Captain Codman, "they have lost no time."

In a tone that precluded the possibility of discussion, Peter briskly added: "And *we* are going with them. I have packed your bag and paid the bill. We sail in an hour."

The news of the amnesty bewildered Roddy. The wonderful possibilities it so suddenly presented thrilled him. They were so important that with difficulty he made his voice appear only politely interested.

"And Señora Rojas?" he asked.

"I regret to say," answered Captain Codman, "she decides to take advantage of the amnesty. As soon as she can arrange her affairs here she will return to Miramar, her home in Porto Cabello."

To Miramar! Roddy turned suddenly to the window, and with unseeing eyes stared at the busy harbor. By sight he knew the former home of the Rojas family. In his walks he had often passed before its yellow-pillared front and windows barred with intricate screens of wrought iron. Through the great gates that had hung before Miramar since it had been the palace of the Spanish Governor-General, and through which four horses could pass abreast, he had peered at the beautiful gardens. He had wondered at the moss-covered statues, at the orchids on the flamboyant trees, with their flowers of scarlet, at the rare plants, now neglected and trailing riotously across the paths, choked with unkempt weeds. Not

an hour before, when he had parted from Inez, he had determined to make sentimental journeys to that same house. For she had walked in those gardens, it was through those gates she had swept in her carriage to take the air in the Plaza; at night, while she slept, some high-ceilinged, iron-barred room of that house had sheltered her. He had pictured himself prowling outside the empty mansion and uncared-for garden, thinking of the exile, keeping vigil in the shadow of her home, freshly resolving to win back her father to health and freedom

And now, by a scratch of the pen, the best that could happen had come to him. The house would waken to life. Instead of only the fragrance clinging to the vase, the rose itself would bloom again. Again Inez would walk under the arch of royal palms, would drive in the Alameda, would kneel at mass in the cool, dark church, where, hidden in the shadows, he could stand and watch her. And though, if he hoped to save her father, stealth and subterfuge would still be necessary, he could see her, perhaps, speak to her; at least by the faithful Pedro he could send her written words, flowers, foolish gifts, that were worth only the meaning they carried with them.

Feeling very much of a hypocrite, Roddy exclaimed fervently:

"How wonderful for Señora Rojas! To be near him again! Is she happy? Does it make it easier for her?"

With a disturbed countenance the Consul nodded.

"Yes," he answered, "she welcomes the change. She believes it means for her husband better conditions. She hopes even for his pardon; but——" The Consul shook his head impatiently, and with pitying eyes looked down upon the excited men on the steamer below them.

"But what?" demanded Roddy.

"I suspect every act of Alvarez," the Consul explained. "This *looks* like the act of a generous opponent. But I cannot believe it is that. I believe he knows all that is being plotted against him. I believe this act of amnesty is only a device to put the plotters where he can get his hand on them. He is the spider inviting the flies into his parlor."

As the little steamer passed the harbor mouth and pushed her nose toward Porto Cabello, Roddy, with Peter at his side, leaned upon the starboard rail. Roddy had assured Inez that Peter must be given their full confidence, and he now only waited a fitting moment to tell him of what had occurred that morning, in so far, at least, as it referred to the tunnel.

The eyes of both were turned toward Casa Blanca, now rapidly retreating from them; and, as they watched it, the mind of each occupied with thoughts of its inmates, they saw a white figure leave the house, and, moving slowly, halt at the edge of the cliff.

Roddy, his eyes straining toward the coast-line, took off his hat and stood with it clasped in his hands. Peter saw the movement, and, to hide a smile of sympathy, looked down at the white foam rushing below them.

"Roddy," he asked, "what sort of a girl is Inez Rojas?"

His eyes still seeking the figure on the rocks, and without turning his head, Roddy answered with directness.

"What sort of a girl?" he growled. "The sort of a girl *I* am going to marry!"

More moved than he knew, and thinking himself secure in the excited babel about him and in the fact that the others spoke in Spanish, Roddy had raised his voice. He was not conscious he had done so until, as he spoke, he saw a man leaning on the rail, with his back toward him, give an involuntary start. Furious with himself, Roddy bit his lip, and with impatience waited for the man to disclose himself. For a moment the stranger remained motionless, and then, obviously to find out who had spoken, slowly turned his head. Roddy found himself looking into the glowing, angry eyes of Pino Vega. Of the two men, Roddy was the first to recover. With eagerness he greeted the Venezuelan; with enthusiasm he expressed his pleasure at finding him among his fellow-passengers, he rejoiced that Colonel Vega no longer was an exile. Vega, who had approached trembling with resentment, sullkily murmured his thanks. With a hope that sounded more like a threat that they would soon meet again, he begged to be allowed to rejoin his friends

"Now you've done it!" whispered Peter cheerily. "And he won't let it rest there, either."

"Don't you suppose I know that better than you do," returned Roddy miserably. He beat the rail with his fist. "It should not have happened in a thousand years," he wailed. "He must not know I have ever even seen her."

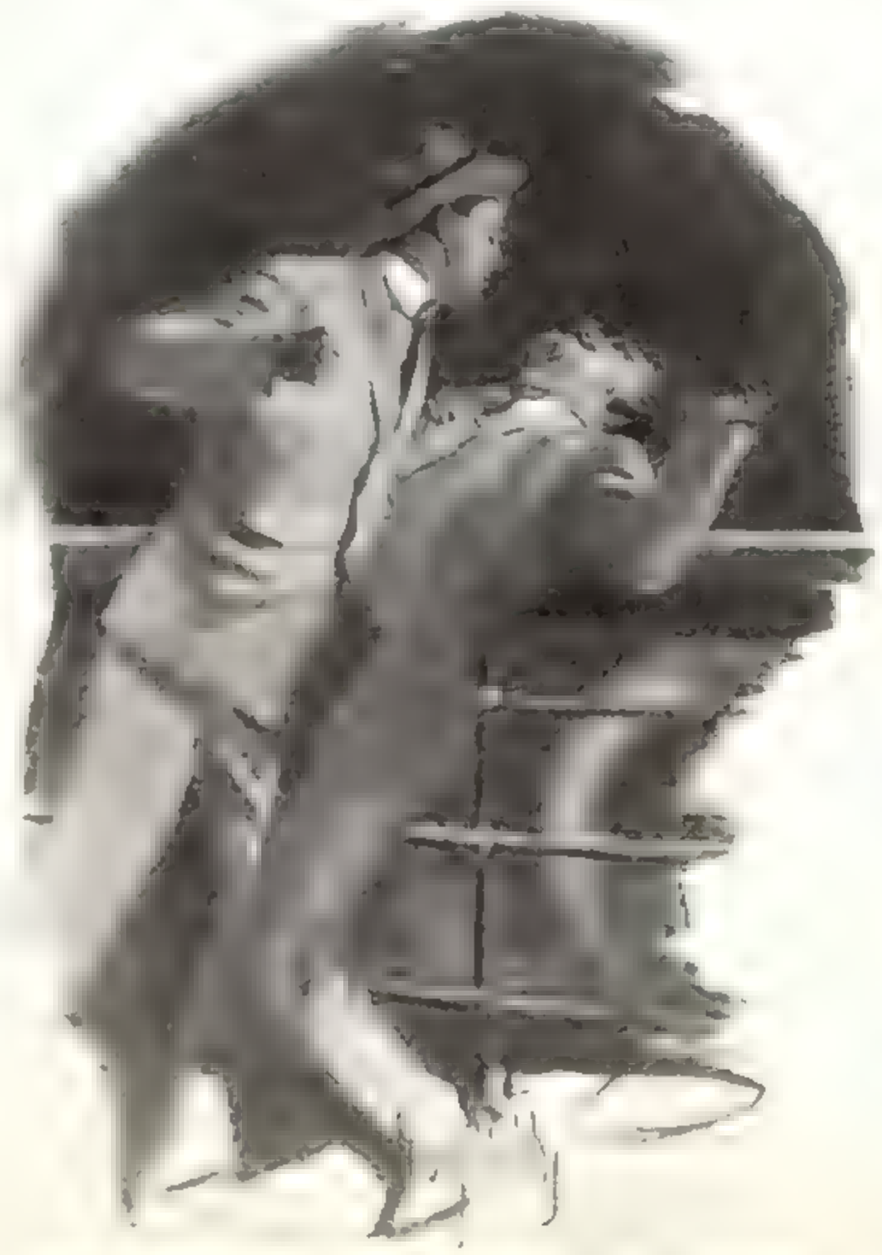
"He *does* know," objected Peter, coming briskly to the point. "What are you going to do?"

"Lie to him," said Roddy. "He is an old friend of the family. She told me so herself. She thought even of appealing to him before she appealed to us. If he finds out I have met her alone at daybreak, I have either got to tell him why we met and what we are trying to do, or he'll believe, in his nasty, suspicious way, that I am in love with her, and that she came there to let me tell her so."

Roddy turned on Peter savagely.

"*Why* didn't you stop me?" he cried.

"Stop *you*—talking too much?" exclaimed Peter, aghast. "Is that my position? If it is, I resign."



"Yesterday," Panted Roddy, "I Saved Your Life. If You Insult That Girl, So Help Me —— I Will *Take* It!"

The moon that night threw black shadows of shrouds and ratlines across a deck that was washed by its radiance as white as a bread-board. In the social hall, the happy exiles were rejoicing noisily, but Roddy stood apart, far forward, looking over the ship's side and considering bitterly the mistake of the morning. His melancholy self-upbraidings were interrupted by a light, alert step, and Pino Vega, now at ease, gracious and on guard, stood bowing before him.

"I do not intrude?" he asked.

Roddy, at once equally on guard, bade him welcome.

"I have sought you out," said the Venezuelan pleasantly, "because I would desire a little talk with you. I believe we have friends in common."

"It is possible," said Roddy. "I have been in Porto Cabello about four months now."

"It was not of Porto Cabello that I spoke," continued Vega, "but of Curaçao." He looked into Roddy's eyes suddenly and warily, as a swordsman holds the eyes of his opponent. "I did not understand," he said, "that you knew the Rojas family?"

"I do not know them," answered Roddy.

Vega turned his back to the moon, so that his face was in shadow. With an impatient gesture he flicked his cigarette into the sea. As though he found Roddy's answer unsatisfactory, he paused. He appeared to wish that Roddy should have a chance to reconsider it. As the American remained silent, Vega continued, but his tone now was openly hostile.

"I have been Chief of Staff to General Rojas for years," he said. "I have the honor to know his family well Señora Rojas treats me as she did her son, who was my dearest friend. I tell you this to explain why I speak of a matter which you may think does not concern me. This morning, entirely against my will, I overheard you speaking to your friend. He asked you of a certain lady. You answered boldly you intended to marry her." Vega's voice shook slightly, and he paused to control it. "Now, you inform me that you are not acquainted with the Rojas family. What am I to believe?"

"I am glad you spoke of that," said Roddy heartily. "I saw that you overheard us, and I was afraid you'd misunderstand me ——"

The Venezuelan interrupted sharply.

"I am well acquainted with your language."

"You speak it perfectly," Roddy returned with politeness, "but you did not understand it as I spoke it. The young lady is well known in Willemstad. Our Consul, as you are aware, is her friend. He admires her greatly. He told me that she is half American. She has been educated like an American girl, she rides, she plays tennis. What my friend said to me was, 'What sort of a girl is Señorita Rojas?' and I answered, 'She is the sort of girl I am going to marry,' meaning she is like the girls in my own country, one of our own people, like one of the women I some day hope to marry."

Roddy smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Now do you understand?" he asked.

The Venezuelan gave no answering smile. His eyes shone with suspicion. Roddy recognized that, between his desire to believe and some fact that kept him from believing, the man was acutely suffering.

"Tell me, in a word," demanded Vega sharply, "give me your word you do not know her."

"I don't see," said Roddy, "that this is any of your business!"

The face of Vega checked him. At his refusal to answer, Roddy saw the look of jealousy that came into the man's eyes and the torment it brought with it. He felt a sudden pity for him, a certain respect as for a fellow-sufferer. He himself had met Inez Rojas but twice, but, as he had told her, he knew now why he had come to Venezuela. This older man had known Inez for years, and to Roddy, arguing from his own state of mind regarding her, the fact was evidence enough that Vega must love her also. He began again, but now quietly, as he would argue with a child.

"I see no reason for making any mystery of it," he said. "I did meet Miss Rojas. But I can't say I know her. I met her when she was out riding with her groom. I thought she was an American. She needed some help, which I was able to give her. That is all."

Vega approached Roddy, leaning forward as though he were about to spring on him. His eyes were close to Roddy's face.

"And what was the nature of this help?" he demanded.

"You are impertinent," said Roddy.

"Answer me!" cried the Venezuelan. "I have the right. No one has a better right."

He flung up his right arm dramatically, and held it tense and trembling, as though it were poised to hurl a weapon.

"You were watched!" he cried hysterically. "I *know* that you met. And you tried to deceive me. Both of you. She will try, also ——"

The moonlight disappeared before the eyes of Colonel Vega, and when again he opened them he was looking dizzily up at the swaying masts and yards. Roddy, with his hand at Vega's throat, was forcing his shoulders back against the rail. His free hand, rigid and heavy as a hammer, swung above the Venezuelan's face.

"Yesterday," panted Roddy, "I saved your life. If you insult that girl with your dirty, Latin mind, so help me —— I will *take* it!"

He flung the man from him, but Vega, choking with pain and mortification, staggered forward.

"It is *you* who insult her," he shrieked. "It is I who protect her. Do you know *why?* Do you know what she is to me? She is my promised wife!"

For a moment the two men stood, swaying with the gentle roll of the ship, staring into each other's eyes. Above the sound of the wind in the cordage and the whisper of the water against the ship's side, Roddy could hear himself breathing in slow, heavy respirations. Not for an instant did he doubt that the man told the truth. Vega had spoken with a conviction that was only too genuine, and his statement, while it could not justify, seemed to explain his recent, sudden hostility. Roddy recovered himself. He saw that, no matter how deeply the announcement might affect him, Vega must believe that to the American it was a matter of no possible consequence.

"You should have told me this at first," he said quietly. "I thought your questions were merely impertinent."

Roddy hesitated. The interview had become poignantly distasteful to him. He wished to get away; to be alone. He was conscious that a possibility had passed out of his life, the thought of which had been very dear to him. He wanted to think, to plan against this new condition. In discussing Inez with this man, in this way, he felt he was degrading her and his regard for her. But he felt also that for her immediate protection he must find out what Vega knew and what he suspected. With the purpose of goading him into making some disclosure, Roddy continued insolently:

"And I still think they are impertinent."

Roddy's indignation rose and got the upper hand. He cast caution aside.

"With us," he continued, "when a woman promises to marry a man—he doesn't spy on her"

"We spied on *you*," protested Vega "We did not think it would lead us to ——"

Roddy cut him off with a sharp cry of warning.

"Be careful!" he challenged

"You met in the road ——"

"So I told you," returned Roddy

"You dismounted and talked with her."

Roddy laughed, and with a gesture of impatience motioned Vega to be silent.

"Is that all?" he demanded.

The Venezuelan saw the figure he presented. Back of him were hundreds of years of Spanish traditions, in his veins was the blood of generations of ancestors by nature suspicious, doubting, jealous.

From their viewpoint he was within his rights; they applauded, they gave him countenance; but by the frank contempt of the young man before him his self-respect was being rudely handled. Not even to himself could he justify his attitude.

"In my country," protested Vega, "according to our customs, it was enough."

The answer satisfied and relieved Roddy. It told him all he wished to know. It was now evident that Vega's agent had seen only the first meeting, that he was not aware that Inez followed after Roddy, or that the next morning by the seashore they had again met. The American brought the interview to an abrupt finish.

"I refuse," said Roddy loftily, "to discuss this matter with you further. If the mother of Señorita Rojas wishes it I shall be happy to answer any questions she may ask. I have done nothing that requires explanation or apology. I am responsible to no one. Good-night."

"Wait!" commanded Vega. "You will find that here you cannot so easily avoid responsibilities. You have struck me. Well, we have other customs, which gentlemen ——"

"I am entirely at your service," said Roddy. He made as magnificent a bow as though he himself had descended from a line of Spanish grandees. Vega's eyes lit with pleasure. He was now playing a part in which he felt assured he appeared to advantage. He was almost grateful to Roddy for permitting him to reëstablish himself in his own esteem.

"My friends shall wait upon you," he said

"Whenever you like," Roddy answered. He started up the deck and returned again to Vega. "Understand me," he whispered; "as long as I'm enjoying the hospitality of your country I accept the customs of your country. If you'd made such a proposition to me in New York I'd have laughed at you." Roddy came close to Vega and emphasized his words with a pointed finger. "And understand *this!* We have quarreled over politics. You made an offensive remark about Alvarez; I defended him and struck you. You now demand satisfaction. That is what happened. And if you drag the name of any woman into this I won't give you satisfaction. I will give you a thrashing until you can't stand or see"

Roddy found Peter in the smoking-room, and, beckoning him on deck, told him what he had done.

"You're a nice White Mouse!" cried Peter indignantly. "You're not supposed to go about killing people; you're supposed to save lives."

"No one is ever killed in a duel," said Roddy. "I'll fire in the air, and he will probably miss me. I certainly hope so. But there will be one good result. It will show Alvarez that I'm not a friend of Vega's, nor helping him in his revolution."

"You don't have to shoot a man to show you're not a friend of his," protested Peter.

They were interrupted by the hasty approach of Vega's chief advisers, Colonel Pulido and General Ramon.

"Pino seems in a hurry," said Roddy. "I had no idea he was so bloodthirsty"

"Colonel Vega," began Pulido abruptly, "has just informed us of the unfortunate incident. We have come to tell you that no duel can take place. It is monstrous The life of Colonel Vega does not belong to him; it belongs to the Cause. We will not permit him to risk it needlessly. You, of all people, should see that. You must apologize"

The demand, and the peremptory tone in which it was delivered, caused the fighting blood of Roddy's Irish grandfathers to bubble in his veins "'Must' and 'apologize,'" protested Roddy, in icy tones; "those are difficult words, gentlemen."

"Consider," cried Pulido, "what great events hang upon the life of Colonel Vega."

"My own life is extremely interesting to me," said Roddy. "But I have done nothing which needs apology."

General Ramon now interrupted anxiously:

"You risked your life for Pino. Why now do you wish to take it? Think of his importance to Venezuela, of the happiness he will bring his country, and think what his loss would mean to your own father."

"My father!" exclaimed Roddy. "What has my father to do with this?"

The two Venezuelans looked at each other in bewilderment, and then back at Roddy sternly and suspiciously.

"Are you jesting?" demanded Colonel Pulido.

"Never been more serious in my life," said Roddy.

The two officers searched his face eagerly.

"It is as Pino says," exclaimed Pulido with sudden enlightenment. "He is telling the truth!"

"Of course I'm telling the truth!" cried Roddy fiercely "Are you looking for a duel, too?"

"Tell him!" cried Pulido.

"But Mr. Forrester's orders!" protested General Ramon.

"He is more dangerous," declared Pulido, "knowing nothing, than he would be if he understood."

He cast a rapid glance about him. With a scowl, his eyes finally rested upon Peter.

"I'll be within knockout distance if you want me," said that young man to Roddy, and moved to the rail opposite.

When he had gone, Pulido bent eagerly forward.

"Do you not know," he demanded, "what it is your father is doing in our country?"

Roddy burst forth impatiently. "No!" he protested. "And I seem to be the only man in the country who doesn't."

The two officers crowded close to him. In sepulchral tones, Pulido exclaimed dramatically He spoke as though he were initiating Roddy into a secret order.

"Then understand," he whispered, "that your father supports Pino Vega with five million bolivars; that Vega, whose life you are seeking, is the man your father means to make President of Venezuela. Now do you understand?"

For a long time Roddy remained silent. Then he exclaimed in tones of extreme exasperation:

"I understand," he said, "that, if my father had given me his telephone number, he would have saved me a lot of trouble. No wonder everybody suspects me"

"And now," declared Pulido anxiously, "you are one of *us!*"

"I am nothing of the sort," snapped Roddy. "If my father does not wish to tell me his plans I can't take advantage of what I learn of them from strangers. I shall go on," he continued with suspicious meekness, "with the work Father has sent me here to do. Who am I, that I should push myself into the politics of your great country?"

"And the duel?" demanded Pulido.

"I am sure," hastily interjected General Ramon, "if Colonel Vega withdraws his offensive remark about President Alvarez, Mr. Forrester will withdraw his blow."

Roddy failed to see how a blow that had left a raw spot on the chin of Pino Vega could by mutual agreement be made to vanish. But, if to the minds of the Spanish-Americans such a miracle were possible, it seemed ungracious not to consent to it.

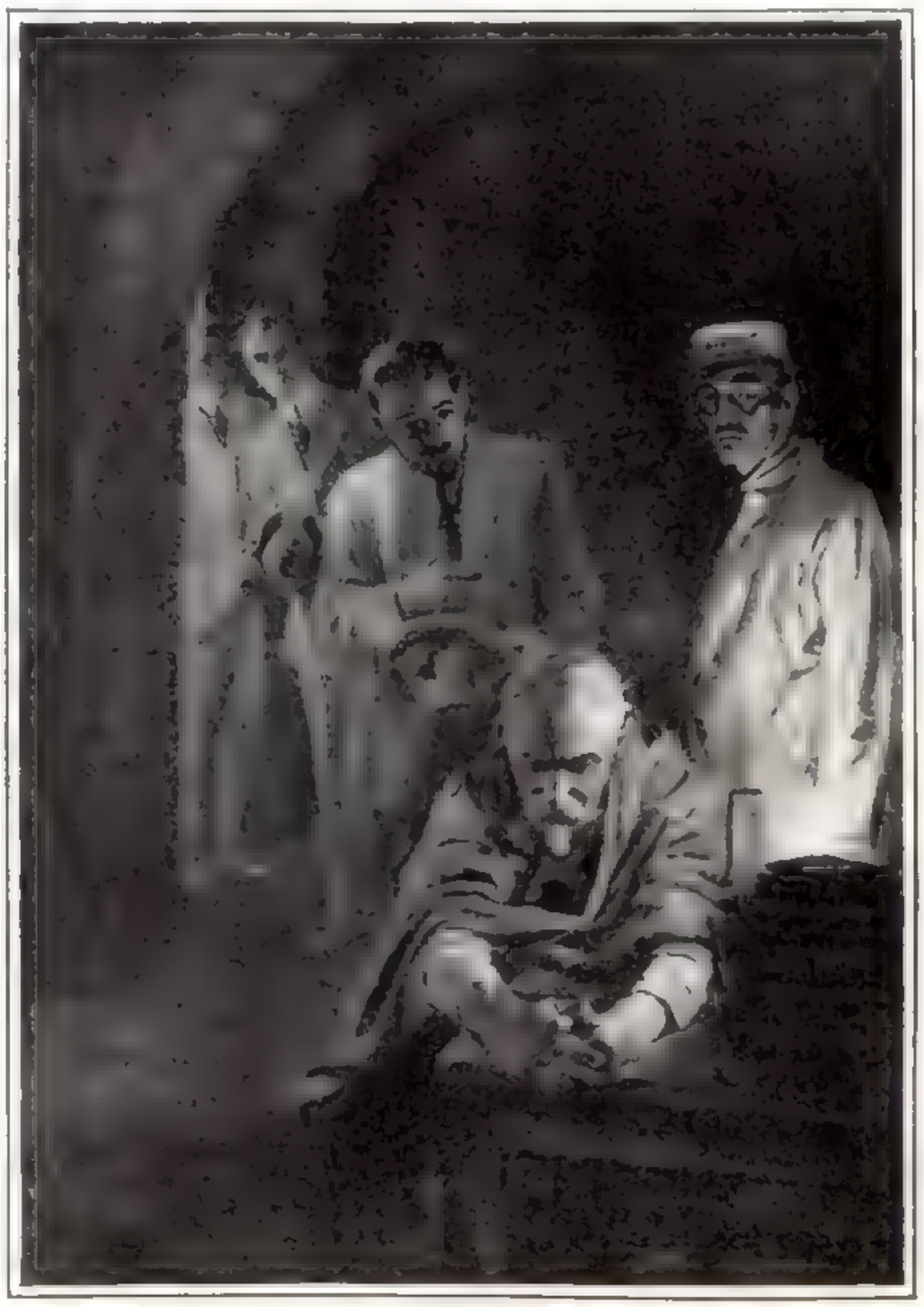
"If I understand you," asked Roddy, "Colonel Vega withdraws his offensive remark?"

The seconds of Pino Vega nodded vigorously.

"Then," continued Roddy, "as there was no offensive remark, there could have been no blow, and there can be no duel."

Roddy's summing up delighted the Venezuelans, and declaring that the honor of all was satisfied they bowed themselves away.

Next morning at daybreak the fortress of San Carlos rose upon the horizon, and by ten o'clock Roddy was again at work, threatening a gang of Jamaica coolies. But he no longer swore at them with his former wholeheartedness. His mind was occupied with other things. Now, between him and his work, came thoughts of the tunnel that for half a century had lain hidden from the sight of man; and of Inez, elusive, beautiful, distracting, now galloping recklessly toward him down a sunlit road, now a motionless statue standing on a white cliff, with the waves of the Caribbean bending and bowing before her.



"What Is One More Insult, What Is One More Degradation, When I Know . That My End Is Near!"

With the return of the exiles to Porto Cabello, that picturesque seaport became a place of gay reunions, of banquets, of welcome and rejoicing. The cafés again sprang to life. The Alameda was crowded with loitering figures and smart carriages, whilst the vigilance and activity of the Government secret police increased. Roddy found himself an object of universal interest. As the son of his father, and as one who had prevented the assassination of Pino Vega, the members of the Government party suspected him; while the fact that in defense of Alvarez he had quarreled with Vega puzzled them greatly.

"If I can't persuade them I am with the Government," said Roddy, "I can at least keep them guessing."

A week passed before Peter and Roddy were able, without arousing suspicion, and without being followed, to visit El Morro. They approached it apparently by accident, at the end of a long walk through the suburbs, and so timed their progress that, just as the sun set, they reached the base of the hill on which the fortress stood. They found that on one side the hill sloped gently toward the city, and on the other toward the sea. The face toward the city, except for some venturesome goats grazing on its scant herbage, was bare and deserted. The side that sloped to the sea was closely overgrown with hardy mesquite bushes and wild laurel, which would effectually conceal any one approaching from that direction. What had been the fortress was now only a broken wall, a few feet in height. It was covered with moss, and hidden by naked bushes bristling with thorns. Inside the circumference of the wall was a broken pavement of flat stones. Between these, trailing vines had forced their way, their roots creeping like snakes over the stones and through their interstices, while giant, ill-smelling weeds had turned the once open courtyard into a maze. These weeds were sufficiently high to conceal any one who did not walk upright and, while Peter kept watch outside the walled ring, Roddy, on

*(Continued on Page 53)*

# BEAR STORIES—By Harris Dickson

AFTER his old master's death Holt Collier, the bear-slayer, went back to his woods. There, as he tells it, he stayed reg'lar, huntin' bear.

"In the spring I'd go away an' foller the races, same as I used to—St. Louis an' Saratoga an' New Orleans, an' way out in Texas takin' in the fairs. Then in the fall I'd come home, git my dogs together and hit the cane-brake again—I jes' nacherly loved a hoss and loved to hunt bears. Didn't do nothin' much 'cept hunt. I would kill on an average one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty bear in a season. I reckon I have kilt more bear than any man in the whole entire world. I kept count of 'em up to twenty-one hundred, an' the book what the tallies was in got burnt up in my house twenty years ago. When the Valley Railroad was being built through here I kept the commussary supplied constant with bear meat—they bought it reg'lar instead o' beef. Out o' seventy-six bear I shot fifty-four of 'em in the head; made over nine hundred dollars that season sellin' bear meat.

"When I got that nine hundred dollars Cap'n says to me:

"'Now, Holt, you must buy you a home an' settle down; that'll take care o' you for de balance o' your life'—Cap'n he talk mighty sensible—but money sho' do burn a hole in a nigger's pocket. Ev'ry time I put my hand in there an' felt a dollar I cotch the travel itch, until I jes' couldn't keep off'n the train. So I slipped off from the Cap'n and went back to Kentucky to visit some friends near Bardstown. Den I cotch the racin' fever, an' lit out for Brighton Beach. Well, you know how 'twas—got home without a cent, but didn't make no difference to me. Money don't buy nothin' in the cane-brake, nohow; and a man's dog don't care whether he's rich or po'.

"Since that time I never did know what 'twas to kill less'n fifty to seventy-five bear in a season; but now the bear is got so scarce I won't go to the trouble to train the hounds like I used to. My dogs would fight a bear three or four days an' nights until they 'most starved to death, waitin' for me to come. I often found 'em the third or fourth day treein' or fightin'. Me an' them both has lived off o' raw meat, an' not cared whether 'twere cooked or not.

"There's Cap'n Blake, he tried to git me to quit it. Me an' him we'se hunted a heap together, an' that's how come he asked me to be jailer. You see, when the white folks riz up in seventy-five, and the carpet-baggers run away, they made de Cap'n be sheriff for a while. An' he says to me, he did, 'Look here, Holt, I needs you; you can shoot; you ain't scared o' nobody, an' I knows I kin trust you. I'll give you seventy-five dollars a month jes' to set over yonder an' look after de jail.'

"Co'se I'd a-wanted to do anything the Cap'n axed me, an' it hurt me consid'able. But finerly I up an' told 'im: 'Cap'n, I wouldn't give up my huntin' for no kind o' money—but whenever you needs me fer a day or two jes' call on me.' Then I went back to the woods ag'in."

### Captain Blake's Remarkable Yarn

"CAP'N he's a mighty fine bear hunter hisself. You oughter hear 'im tell about some o' his hunts. He says that one year he cleared up a piece o' new ground an' put it in corn—'twarn't but ten acres. Cap'n had a lot o' fine hogs that year an' he needed that corn to feed 'em with. But some way or other them pigs jes' slipped away from 'im—sometimes two an' three in a night, an' 'twarn't no way to 'count for it 'ceptin' the niggers was stealin' 'em—or the bears. Cap'n begins to 'spect it was bears, 'cause he sees where the bears was eatin' up his corn mighty fast. One day he 'lowed to hisself he had to go out an' do a little killin'. So he tuk up his gun an' crope out in the cornfield, where he heard a mighty pullin' an' a haulin'. He kep' a-inchin' up right easy 'til he saw a great big bear standin' on his behind legs pullin' down de fattest years an' stackin' 'em in his arms—same as a man. The ole bear was studyin' so hard 'bout de corn that he didn't pay no 'tention to nothin' else, an' Cap'n crope right up close. Cap'n he say he jes' want to see how many years would dat bear pile up in his arms. Cap'n he say it were thirty-two, 'cause he counted 'em.

"Then the ole bear marched off todes a ten-rail fence, walkin' jes' as straight as a man. O' co'se Cap'n could a-shot 'im, but he kep' a-watchin' jes' to see how was he goin' to git over the fence with all that corn.

"Well, sir, when that bear got to the fence he jes' squatted down and flung the whole armful over the yudder side. With that he clumb up an' sat down on the top rail, like an ole man what was plum' tired—that's what Cap'n say.

"Cap'n he say that ole bear sot up on top o' that fence 'til he got rested; then he clumb down on the yudder side, where he done throwed the corn an' 'gun to stack it all in his arms ag'in. That bear b'have hisself so biznealike that Cap'n 'lowed he war goin' to watch 'im through. So when the bear done stack all the corn in his arms an' start to marchin' off through the woods, Cap'n say he clumb the fence right keerful an' foller 'im. That warn't no trouble, 'cause everybody what understand bears' ways knows that they always goes along de same path adzactly. Ef he climb a fence into a fiel' he always comes back to that same rail and climb out ag'in. Cap'n foller 'im right easy.

"Cap'n say, presently, he hear that ole bear stop, an' he hear a pig squeal—not like the pig was skeered, but like a pig do when you is a-comin' to feed 'im. Then a lot o' pigs commenced squealin' all at once, an' the ole bear stop same as he did at the yudder fence an' throw the corn down ag'in.

"That 'formance kinder stumped the Cap'n, 'cause he knowed 'twarn't no fence out there in them woods—and 'sides that, 'twarn't no pigs 'cept maybe a few wild ones what had done run away. Them pigs kept squealin', an the Cap'n crope up right close. What you reckon he see? Min' you, this is what the Cap'n say. Cap'n say he seed that ole bear a-leanin' with his arms on the top rail, adzactly like a ole man, watchin' his pigs an' makin' his brags 'bout how fat they was a-gittin'. Cap'n sho' did git mad when he saw fo'teen o' his finest shoats penned up there fattenin' off'n his corn, and that ole bear watchin' 'em. Cap'n say he saw that wid his own two eyes, an' he say he wouldn't never believed it ef he hadn't seed it. I ain't seen it myself."

### Holt's Job With the Cowpunchers

"'LONG 'bout this time I took a notion I wanted to go to Texas; 'peared like I couldn't rest 'thout I went to see Mr. Tom Evans—he was the brother of my ole cap'n in the Confederate war. An' I wanted to see Gen'l Ross the worst kind—he had done got to be a justice o' de peace, or governor or somethin' out in Texas.

"Mr. Tom Evans an' Gov'n'r Ross sho' was glad to see me, but, shucks, I couldn't hang around no town.

"I met up with one ole soldier what said he could git me a job drivin' cattle, so him an' me went out an' tackled the foreman. It was way out on the open prairie jes' as level as a floor. There was a lot of cowboys standin' aroun' an' they sorter smiled when the foreman axed me, solemn-like, 'Holt, kin you ride a hoss?' I 'lowed I had rid a hoss several times back in Mississippi.

"'There's a pretty good sorrel over yonder.' Kin you ride 'im?'

"'Yes, sir, I kin ride 'im.'

"All the cowboys grinned, an' I seed a lot of 'em come ridin' up kinder keerless and whisperin' to each other.

"'Well, if you kin ride *dat* hoss I kin give you a job; but if you can't I ain't got no use fer you.'

"Six or seven cowboys, all at once, brought out the hoss. He was a slim-built sorrel mustang with a left 'hind stockin' foot—an' mo' white in his eye than there is on a bedspread. He kinder stepped high, a-lookin' all ways at once. It took three men to put a saddle on 'im, and it sholy was a good seventy-five-dollar saddle, stropped down tighter'n Dick's hatband.

"'There he is,' said the foreman; 'them two men'll hole 'im while you gits on.'

"'Wait a minute, Cap'n,' says I; 'lemme have a pair o' spurs.' When I said that the man what was holdin' the sorrel's head kinder grinned an' dodged behind the hoss so I wouldn't see 'im.

"'You won't need no spurs with *that* hoss,' said the foreman, a-tryin' to keep his face straight. 'An' when you git on 'im you'll be devilish glad you ain't got none.'

"'Cap'n, I want them spurs, anyhow—an', furthermore, I wants a pair o' six-shooters.' I kep' insistin' until I got the spurs an' six-shooters. Then the cowboys begin to move away, 'cause a skeered nigger on a bucking mustang ain't gwine to be perticular whichaway he shoots.

"When I was ready I says: 'Now, you two gentl'men what's holdin' o' this hoss, you let *me* have 'im.' They let go o' the bridle, an' I pulled the hoss' head around jes' as hard as I could an' helt 'im tight. The cowboys begun to look at each other as ef I mout know somethin' 'bout a hoss, after all. I got one foot in the stirrup an' made a spring—that is, *we* made a spring together, me an' the hoss, straight up in the air. An' we wouldn't never come down 'ceptin' there warn't nothin' in the sky to hold us up. I wrapped the bridle 'roun' the pummel o' the saddle, an' dug 'im with the spurs; an' every time he hit the groun' I let off a couple o' shots—you know that encourages 'em to go ahead instead o' jumpin' up an' down in one place. An' he sho' *did* go ahead.

"'Twarn't nothin' to knock ag'inst, no tree in a milyun, an' I knowed he couldn't git me off. So we lit out, him and me, like hell-a-beatin'-tan-bark, acrost the prairie. An' when he wanted to quit I'd job 'im with the spurs an' let off another shot. After a while I turned 'im 'roun' an' rid back to camp, jes' as nice an' easy as ef I was a lady goin' to church.

"That's how I got a job drivin' cattle. But pretty soon I began to hanker for the cane-brake an'—d'ain't no bears on the prairie. So I came back ag'in. A man what loves bear dogs can't do without listenin' for 'em—it's a heap more'n a man what drinks whisky. You know I loves to train my dogs until I knows jes' adzactly what each one of 'em'll do. They knows me and I knows them. When we gits in the woods an' the pack starts a bear I kin listen to 'em, know adzactly where they're at, which way they's going and where I'll git a shot."

### The Exploits of "Ole Mandy"

"WHAT was the best dog I ever had? Well, I reckon that would be pretty hard. It kinder makes me smile to think of ole Mandy. Mandy was a great, big, yeller hound with the longest ears dat flopped like saddle-bags. When she was a right young dog she run in too close on a bear and he cuts her across the flanks right smart. Well, sir, you oughter seen that dog light out from there—through the cane-brake, outen the woods, 'crost the new ground, clumb the fence, and hit the big road in a dead run fer home. 'Bout six miles up the road there's a bridge right by Hawkins' store. Bud Hawkins says he heard her comin' up the road a-yellin' at every step 'til she struck the bridge. There she stopped, turned 'roun', and, 'Bow, wow, wow.'

"'What you doin'?' hollered Bud. Then she turned and lit out fer home, a-yellin' like she come.

"Ferever after that Mandy would go out with me all right. She'd run a deer or a wildcat—but when ole Mandy come in and got right between my legs I knowed it was a bear an' no mistake. Mandy never guessed wrong 'bout a bear—not one

time. I reckon she was de most reliable bear dog what anybody ever had.

"No, sir, hit's all a mistake 'bout bears tryin' to kill a man. Once in a while you hear some fool nigger tellin' 'bout a bear what run 'im outen the cane-brake; but 'tain't no sich a thing—that nigger was jes' scared. I've shot 'em lots o' times an' had 'em run straight at me, but, shucks, that was jes' 'cause he didn't see me, an' never knowed which way to run. Heap o' times you'll shoot a bear an' blind 'im, an' then ef you gits a little bit excited you'll kinder think he's fixin' to charge you. What you 'spect a bear wants to charge a nigger fer, anyhow? 'Tain't no sense in it.

"Didn't you never hear 'bout the time I tied a bear fer Cunnel Roosevelt to kill? All the gentl'men 'roun' here is a-laughin' 'bout that yet. 'Bout two months before the Cunnel come down here that first time he wrote to some particular friends o' his'n and mine, an' they come right to see me 'bout it. We made it all up that we was goin' to have a bear hunt, but we wasn't goin' to let anybody know he was a-comin'.

"Of co'se, him bein' a stranger, we wanted to make sho' he kilt a bear; 'twouldn't never do to have a gentl'man come that fur an' not git a bear. So they sent me to pick out a huntin'-ground. Down 'bout Smede's Station there is a lot of overflow land, right between the Big Sunflower an' the Little Sunflower—kinder wild in there, 'cause didn't nobody live there.

"When I go into the woods to locate bears I only carries one dog, an' I don't let 'im run none. It's jes' to find out where they is an' where they feeds. After that it's easy enough to come in with a pack o' dogs an' kill 'em. Of co'se, a man has got to know how.

"This was a pretty good place fer bears. I located plenty of 'em in there, an' then I set to work to cut the trails. Huh, don't you know what a bear trail is? Well, sir, you know a bear has always got his own particular path through a cane-brake, an' ef you have got a good eye it's easy enough to foller 'em. But you can't shoot in a bear path, 'cause it's so crooked and all tangled up. 'Sides that, you'd be mighty apt to shoot somebody else instead o' the bear. That's why we cut trails jes' as straight as strings. You can ride through 'em on a horse an' see from one end to the other. Yes, sir, it *is* a heap o' work—but when a gentleman comes all the way from Washington City to kill a bear we wants to show 'im a good time.

"After I had got the trails all cut an' the camp picked out, Cunnel Roosevelt sent a car for me and my horses and dogs, and one man to help. We got down there and went into camp. Me an' the President was talkin' that first night—it was on a Thursday—an' he says to me, 'Look here, Holt, I'm bound to see a bear the first day.'

"I said to him: 'Lissen to me, Cunnel, real good; suppose I get away from everybody—which I most ingen'rally do—off with the hounds, an' I don't know how to get you to me. How are we goin' to fix it?' The Cunnel he jes' shook his head kinder stubborn.

"'I can't help that, Holt. I'm *bound* to see a bear the first day.'

"'Well, Cunnel,' said I, 'ef I put one up a tree I will blow my horn, and I'll stay there all day and all night for you to come and kill it.'

"He said: 'All right; I am *bound* to see a bear the first day.' I thought about that a while, an' he 'peared to have his heart sot on it, so I couldn't help but laugh:

"'I don't know any way to be sure of that without I put my lariat on it.'

"There was a whole lot of gentl'men in the camp, and they buzzed me consid'able. None of 'em ever heard of such a thing.

"I said no more, but I jes' made up my mind I'd show 'em. I heard the President asking Mr. Percy 'bout it. Mr. Percy said he didn't know. He had never heard me say I would do anything but when the time came to do it I didn't do it. He told him I had hunted with him all my life, and I learned him how to hunt when he was a boy—that was Mr. Percy.

"The next day we went out to the lake where I knew the bear was waterin'. I found that out when I was cuttin' the traces. We struck a track, an' I went with 'em. But first I put the President on a stand at that lake with Mr. Foote. I knew I could drive that bear right by him—same as anybody would drive a cow—an' he'd get a shot ef he jes' waited. That was 'bout eight o'clock in the morning. I told 'em to stay there 'til I got back.

"About three-thirty in the afternoon I hadn't got back, an' Mr. Foote said, 'Cunnel, Holt has either gone across Big Sunflower or the Yazoo River, following his dogs; maybe he will kill a bear and bring it back. Suppose we ride up to camp and get lunch.'

"The Cunnel said: 'Do you reckon Holt crossed the river?' Mr. Foote said: 'Yes, he will go anywhere the dogs go.' *(Concluded on Page 52)*

# TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

## Maciek Walzsajeff Tells His People About the New Country

### By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

*To Paul Waczinski*, Lerzno, near Bloni, Poland.

WILLISTON, DAKOTA, U. S. A., February 9, 1906.

*Dear Paul:*

IT WOULD be hard for me to tell you how glad I was to get your letter of two weeks ago, acquainting me with the welcome fact that you had ended your five years' service with the Russian army in the barracks at Moscow and in the Caucasus, and that you have now returned to dear old Bloni. I was luckier than you in that I reached my twentieth year long before you, my dear cousin, and that I got through that awful piece of business long before you were in the middle of it. Well, as they say, "Poland's pockets are in Russia's trousers," and those odious Russians pick them at their pleasure and laugh in our faces. But there is no use in telling you what I think of the Czar and his accursed Government, for you know just as much about that as I do, and if I start on that subject I never will end. Besides, it is information concerning America and not Russia—a thousand curses on it!—that you want.

Since you have not heard from me for all these years I suppose it would be better to give you a detailed account of what happened to me since I quit the Russian service—all those good years gone for nothing!—and tell you how I happened to come here. Well, when I left the Caucasus and returned to Bloni I found that my father and mother had aged considerably, for my absence was a constant source of grief and worry to them, and, besides, my father was obliged to do all the work on the farm alone, which is mighty hard on a man of his years. I smile to myself often now when I think of that one acre of Polish land and all the trouble it cost us, for here in America an acre of land means no more than a foot of soil in Poland. But, to return to my subject, when I reached home my mother was so glad that she could scarcely believe her eyes, and, at night, when we sat in the chimney-corner, I used to see her cross herself and overhear her murmur: "It must be a dream." And when I was working with my father out-of-doors, he would suddenly look up and shout: "Hi, Maciek, are you really there?"

#### The Letter That Brought Good Luck

BY WORKING from the first moment light came until it grew dark I brought our one acre of land up to its highest point of productivity, and things were going along all right when our one cow took sick and died. Although it was a terrible disaster to me then, for you know what a cow means to a poor Polish farmer, I smile now when I look back, for one cow in America amounts, comparatively speaking, to no more than does a half-peck of wheat in Poland. My father ran about moaning, crying, crossing himself—you recollect how religious he was—and sobbing, "What shall we do now? Now, what shall we do?" All the same, we were in a serious fix, and our prospects looked black, for it

A One-Acre Polish Farm Would Look Like a Good-Natured Joke to Me Now

seemed impossible that we could pull through and support ourselves without the aid of the cow, and my father did not have enough money to replace the animal. To mortgage the farm was out of question, for my father, like most Polish peasants, as you know, would rather have died than have given up his land, and, in the second place, a mortgage would have left us worse instead of better off.

It was during this quandary that I got a letter from our old neighbor, Jan Zwiefka, who had established himself in New York, urging me to come to America and make my fortune. Any man worth his salt, he said, could make, at the very least, one dollar (two rubles) a day there. Two rubles a day in itself looked like a big sum to me then, for, just about the time Jan's letter reached me, there was a strike of the farm laborers in Bloni for thirty rubles (fifteen dollars) a year, one day of rest a week and a few perquisites, such as the right of pasturing cows on the commons, growing a little hay and raising a few potatoes; and even to get that much those poor devils had to work twelve and thirteen hours.

I knew very well there was no future for me in Poland, especially as long as the Russians were our masters and took every cent from us in taxes as fast as it was earned. In due time I might inherit my father's one acre, a cow, a pig and a wagon, and be considered, as things went in Bloni, a prosperous farmer, and, added to this inheritance, I would receive, as dowry from the parents of Mary Przybyszewski, to whom I was even then betrothed, another acre and another cow and pig, and there would be the limit to my prospects, though I lived to be old as Methuselah. I thought, moreover, that my father and mother would be far better off if they hired somebody to take my place on the farm, and let me go to America and assist them with the surplus of my earnings. Thinking the matter over I resolved to go ask the advice of Stanislaw Janabloszki, an old farmer, who then lived a few miles away from us, and who had been to America in his youth and prospered there.

#### The Terrible Land of Chewing-Gum

"STAY away from America," said he solemnly; "don't you go. The Americans are a people made up of idiots and fools. They have no manners, and no honesty. They are a nation of humbugs and rascals, I tell you. They may let you earn a little money to encourage you along, and then they will cheat you out of it afterward. They hate everybody over there who can't speak English, and, if you don't speak their language, they think you are a monkey."

"It can't be as bad as that," I interrupted him.

"Yes, it can," he went on, angry at me for disputing him. "It's even worse. They have no sense of dignity. Do you know what the men do? They chew tobacco and spit! Upon my word of honor! And the women are worse than the men, for they chew some stuff that looks like tobacco and which is made out of rubber. Their jaws are never still, chewing, chewing all the time."

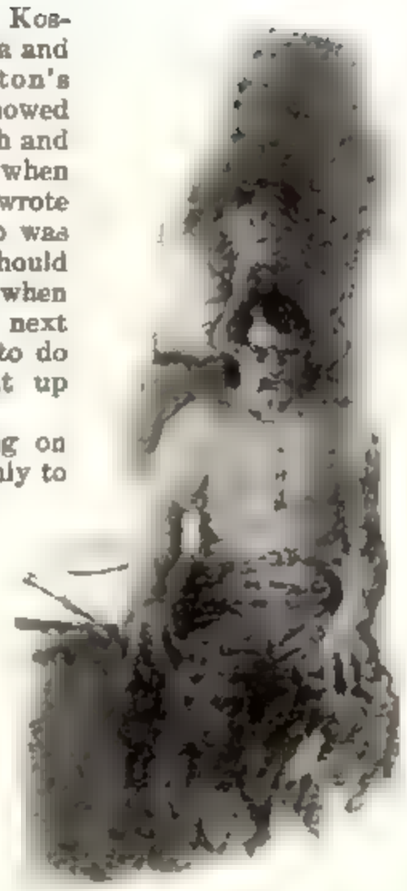
"But the Americans must have some good qualities too," I put in.

"Well," he remarked in contradiction, as if he were sorry for me and wished to cheer me up. "Yes, they are not so bad, after all. They do chew tobacco and rubber, but they are a free people, and even the poorest man has a vote and his liberty. They are a million times better than Russians. They don't tax you to death, and they don't pull you out of your mother's house by night to make you serve in the army. No, and they don't force you to learn that crazy Russian language in their schools, either, even if they do make faces at you for not being able to speak English."

The old man's remarks confused me more than they helped to set me right, so I resolved to see several other people, and these were all of the opinion that I could improve my condition materially if I went to America. One of them was particularly enthusiastic, proclaiming that the Poles were better off in America than any other class of foreigners. "For," explained he, "the Americans love the

Poles because Pulaski and Kosciuszko went over to America and planned George Washington's campaign for him, and showed him how to defeat the British and win his revolution. And when George Washington died he wrote in his will that his son, who was to be the next President, should be kind to the Poles, and when this son died he told the next son that became President to do the same, and so on right up until today."

The mass of opinion being on the right side I decided firmly to go to the new country. My parents, although it was very hard for them, were willing that I should go, seeing clearly that it was for their own good as well as my own. But my betrothed raised such violent objections that I was afraid for some time my plans would fall through. You know how women are with a man, and she was possessed by the idea that if I went to America and left her in Poland that some other woman would win my heart, and it would be all over with her. Finally I settled the difficulty by agreeing to marry her first and to remain with her for three months after the marriage, and then, as soon as I made my way in America, to send for her. This arrangement satisfied her father, and, in addition to the dowry, he even advanced me the money to pay my passage across the sea.



And Begging Me to Take Her Away

I found it, as you can imagine, a very sad thing to say good-by to my old parents, whom I feared I might never see in this life again, and to my newly-wedded wife, but a man must do many things against his wishes in this world if he wants to get along in it. Nor do I think now, looking back, that I could have stood the separation, so terrible a thing it was when it actually came to pass, if my departure from Poland to serve in the Russian army hadn't nerved and prepared me for it. So, the next step I have to tell you about is my journey from Bloni to Hamburg, during which nothing happened worth mentioning, and my far longer voyage from Hamburg to New York. The train, as I remember it, arrived just in time to let me catch the steamer. The dock was crowded with Poles, Hungarians, Bohemians and Slovaks, who were rushing about on one errand and another like so many chickens when a dog happens to spring in their midst.

### The Dolphin-Ladies of the Atlantic

WHEN I entered the steerage my heart sank, for I speak the truth, Paul, when I tell you that our cow at home had more comfortable and cleaner quarters. But, by the end of the second day out, I managed to get used to it and, since I made friendships among the other passengers, the time passed pleasantly. But, unfortunately, one old Pole got my ear and filled my head with a pack of nonsense, which I was then foolish and green and superstitious enough to believe. He told me that the sea was crowded with swarms of enticing creatures, who are made like dolphins from the waist down and like beautiful women from the waist up. He declared that they made it their business to follow the ship every inch of the way across the water, and when the sea was calm and the air clear and sunshiny they lifted their heads above the surface, played on a harplike instrument, which they carried with them, and sang songs that were both sad and wonderful to hear. He advised me if I heard but a word of their songs or a note from their harps to put my fingers in my ears as fast as I could get them there. "For," said he, "if you listen you will be charmed into falling asleep, and during that sleep you will die."

"But what," I asked, "is the object of those creatures in doing that?"

"It is because," he answered, "they are shrewd and cunning, and they know that the German captain of this ship hates the Poles, and he will throw their bodies overboard as soon as they die. And, when once the body of the Pole falls into the water, those creatures will swim around it by the dozens and dozens and drag it to their great castle at the bottom of the sea, which is a finer palace than the palace of the Czar. Then they will take the body into one of the secret rooms of the castle, administer magic potions, bring it to life again, and then transform the resurrected one into a creature just like them."

Not more than a half-hour later, when I went below decks to smoke my pipe and ponder over this marvelous story, one of the under-officers tapped me on the shoulder and shouted: "See here, can't you read that sign pasted up over there prohibiting smoking?"

"It's in German," I returned, "and I can't read German."

"It makes no difference," he replied; "you have broken the rules, and you will be punished for it."

So speaking he took me before the captain, and, when I tried to explain, in confusion, that I did not read German, he cut me short and sentenced me to pass three hours in the steamer prison.

I can tell you, my dear Paul, it wasn't a pleasant experience, and when I came out of that dungeon, depressed and ashamed of myself, I met with another passenger who, to console me, filled my head with a story that was far worse than the old Pole had just told me. We might just as well fling ourselves overboard and swim back to Hamburg, he declared, for it had just been announced by the President of the United States that not another foreigner would be permitted to enter America. And, before I had the chance to recover from the effects of that gloomy report, up came another cheerful traveler to tell me that the head officer of Ellis Island was rabidly prejudiced against the Poles, and he would not even permit them to land on the island, much less to enter America. A fourth fellow said that he had positive information to the effect that an immigrant must have with him one hundred dollars instead of ten dollars to show that he was not a pauper and therefore subject to deportation. Since I had only sixty dollars with me you can imagine how I felt.

I became nervous, ill, and wretchedly dejected. My only refuge was in praying that all might turn out well, and in constantly crossing myself to ward off the approach of the evil spirits that wished to make my voyage end in naught. Nevertheless I managed to keep my head clear enough to say over and over to myself the answers to the questions that I had been told I should be asked by the inspectors when we reached Ellis Island; and, to relieve the strain of my overwrought nerves, I joined with the other Poles in singing our national hymn, and in swapping stories of the experiences with which we had met while serving with the detestable Russians in the Caucasus.

### A Stranger in a Strange Land

AND so, what with our story-telling and singing, one day followed another, and before we knew it we slipped into the harbor of New York, and the Statue of Liberty—a picture of which you must have seen—hove in sight, and we all rushed to the port side of the boat to see it. There were tears in the eyes of many a man as he beheld it, for that statue, standing in the gateway of the country of new hopes, symbolized so much and meant so much to us. After a while a barge pulled up alongside of us, and we were hauled to the landing of Ellis Island, and when we dismounted an official in uniform shouted, "Hurry up there! Form two lines!" When we stepped inside the Government building a few seconds later and walked upstairs, entered the cagelike compartments into which we were separated and faced the officials, who asked us all sorts of questions about our age, the amount of money we had, what we intended to do and where we intended to go, I was very much frightened lest they send me back to where I came from. But I soon saw that my fright was all foolishness, for these inspectors were very kindly and polite, a great deal more polite than the German officers at Hamburg.

A little while later, when we rode to New York in a ferryboat, I found Jan Zwiefka in waiting for me. Jan and I sat for a while on a bench in a place they call Battery Park, looking at the city and the people and chatting about the folks at home. I tell you, Paul, that New York is a city for you. It is a city of the mad. There the people rush up and down as if they were running a race, and they tear along so fast that you can't tell whether they are walking on their heads or their feet. They have cars that run on tracks through the air, under the ground and over the ground. The buildings are so high that it makes you dizzy to look up to the top of them, and inside these buildings are another kind of cars that shoot you up in the air like balloons. It frightened me to look at these things; I was afraid that I might be caught between two of those big buildings and crushed like an eggshell, and my heart longed for Bloni. What good is a Polish peasant when you detach him from the soil? He is as a lost man! Well, after we had passed a half-hour or so in this park, Jan and I climbed up the stairs that led to one of those cars that run on tracks through the air, and we rode far out to the house where Jan lives. Jan makes the wire frames in which florists stick their flowers, and he is very prosperous. You might not believe it, but he has fine carpets on his floors, pictures on his walls, and a bathtub that you can fill with hot and cold water by only turning two little faucets. If he is cold he has only to turn on another valve and steam comes gushing through a coil of pipes to make him as cozy as can be. I tell you a pan (nobleman) has it no better at home. It opened my eyes wide for me, I can tell you; for at home a simple man like us doesn't even dream of such luxuries.

I stayed with Jan for two or three days, and then he sent me to Baltimore, where a friend of his promised to set me to work. After you get used to New York you can easily stand Baltimore; there the people are somewhat more sane, they don't rush around so crazily, as if each were afraid that the other wanted to pick his pockets, and he wanted to get away from him. Here Jan's friend, who was very polite and nice, met me at the station, and he went at once with me to a quarter of the city where most of the Polish people reside. They were crowded together in small, tumbledown houses, as many getting into one room as could squeeze in there. The only thing they had which they didn't actually need were singing birds, of which we Poles are so fond. No, they didn't live in any such grand style as Jan in New York. Most of them wanted to buy a farm in America or go back home and buy a farm there, and they would stop and think it over before they let a penny get out of their hands.

### A Job in the Canning Factory

THE day after my arrival Jan's friend took me to a canning establishment, and I started to work at once peeling fruit. The job is easy enough for us who are used to hard work at home, but the trouble with it is that it lasts so long. I used to start work at two in the morning and keep it up until about five in the evening, and since the more I did the more I was paid, I didn't have much spare time to go off in a corner by myself and think whether I was working too hard or not. Besides, the man next to you keeps his knife flying, and you naturally want to do as much as he does. The hope of getting rich and being able to save enough money to buy a farm keeps you going, and if it hadn't been for this hope I don't think I could have stood it, for I was very homesick, for my wife, my old parents, and the smell of our good Polish soil. The love of the land is deep in my blood; I am never happy when I am away from it, and I longed with all my heart and soul for the chance to take care of a pig and a cow and to till the earth.

Before long I was earning $2.25 a day (four rubles and a half) and putting about three-quarters of it in the bottom of my trunk, so I got to think that America wasn't such a bad country after all, although, for all I saw of it at that time, I might just as well have been back in Poland. You can imagine that when you go to work at two in the morning and quit at five in the evening, you don't feel much like strolling around the streets to see what things look like.

But what troubled me most was that the majority of the Poles were getting way ahead of me, because they not only worked themselves, but they put their whole family to work as well. The wife earned her two dollars a day as a peeler, just as well as the husband, and each of the children fetched in fifty cents a day by running back and forth with the baskets. You can see for yourself what this means. So I got to scratching my head and thinking: "Maciek, you had better send for your wife as soon as you can." So, that summer, when we were shoving our possessions inside the emptied straw mattresses, and were preparing to move to one of the canning houses in the country, I wrote home and told my wife to catch the next steamer at Hamburg and come to America, explaining to her that the old folks could take care of the farm easily enough, and that she could get a girl for less than half a ruble a day to do her work in Poland, while she was adding four rubles a day to the family treasure here.

Clad in Her Old-Country Clothes

Early in July I went over to New York to meet my wife at Ellis Island. I leave you to imagine how happy I was at the thought of seeing her again, and how different life looked to me at the prospect of setting eyes on her beloved face once more. But, to be perfectly frank with you, I experienced something of a shock when I saw her hastening toward me clad in her old-country clothes with a shawl thrown over her head. And I felt kind of ashamed, to be still more frank with you, when I passed through New

York with her, clad as she was in her old-country attire. You see I was now used to seeing American women going about in hats and shirtwaists, and I wanted my wife to look just as good as the rest. I didn't want people to turn around and stare at her with scornful expressions on their faces. So I persuaded her, after a while, to go into one of those New York stores that are as big as a Polish village, and where they sell everything that anybody in the world ever dreamed of buying. You should have seen my wife's eyes bulge when she stepped inside of that place, and how she kept pinching my arm, as if to make sure that she wasn't walking about in a dream. "What a country! What a country!" she kept murmuring, scarcely able to believe her own eyes.

### The Transformation of Maryanka

BUT when she got more used to things she noticed that the people inside the store were looking at her and smiling, and this made her feel uncomfortable, too. She asked me the reason for it, and I explained that they recognized a foreigner in her, and when she asked me why this was I told her it was on account of her clothes. It didn't take much work after that to persuade her that it would be better to adopt American ways, since she would have to live in America. So, before long, she was willing enough to buy a new dress and a hat. You should have seen the difference in Maryanka's appearance before she entered that store and after she left it. You would not have recognized her, she was so transformed, and you would have thought it would have needed not thirty minutes, but thirty years, to bring about the change. I have always been sorry that I didn't get a photograph of her taken showing how she looked when she stepped off the steamer and how she looked after she stepped out of that store. She was as happy as a child in her new things, only she kept feeling of her hat all the time to make sure that it wouldn't blow off.

I spent the rest of that day in New York with my wife, treating her to some chewing-gum and a glass of ice-cream soda-water so that she might know what the taste of these American things was like. That night we went back to the country near Baltimore. The next day she put on her old things and started to work in the canning-house, and in a short while, for she was quick to learn, she was earning almost as much as I was. But I was a foolish fellow to have bought her all that finery in New York, because, having it now, she always wanted to wear it and she looked with disgust on her old things. Of course, she couldn't put on that new dress and hat when she was at work, and she could hardly wait until Sunday came around so she could wear them to church. Besides, a lot of the other Polish women who were employed in the canning-house were becoming what they call Americanized, and they were beginning to grumble all the time about having to toil like pack-horses. American women didn't do it, they said, and they didn't see why they weren't just as good. I used to think then that America spoiled women, for my wife and I had many little quarrels about her working so hard, and it took all I could do to coax her to keep it up. In the old country she was willing enough to labor like a man on the farm, but, over here, they put it into her head that it wasn't stylish for a woman to perform a man's job, and that kind of settled it.

And so it went until the fall came and the fruit-peeling business was at an end. Then we were all worried, for we knew that we should have to look around for something else to do. Some members of the Polish colony were going farther South to work at what they called oyster shucking, and I had about decided to go along with them and leave my wife in Baltimore with some friends we had made there, when another friend of mine wrote me a glowing account of the money to be made in the mills at Pittsburgh. Since I was given to understand that oyster shucking is hard work and uncertain, I decided to try my fortunes in Pittsburgh and to take my wife there with me.

Pittsburgh I found a horrible city, far worse than New York; for in New York the people are civilized, anyway, but in Pittsburgh they are savages. The smoke from the mills covers the city like a black pall, and you never can see the sky. They put up a house one day, then they pull it down the next and all for the sake of doing something. If a half-dozen Poles are killed in pulling down or putting up such a building they only laugh and say: "Import some more 'Polaks,' there are lots more where these came from." A foreign people, called the Irish, own this city, and they amuse themselves by throwing bricks at the Poles, whom they hate because they cannot speak their language.

"And During That Sleep You Will Die"

The mills at Homestead, which is a suburb of Pittsburgh, are such a terrible place as no pen, to say nothing of a poor one like mine, can describe. The noise they make deafens you, and the heat they throw out boils the blood in your veins. Thousands of men work there, day and night, until they are ready to drop from exhaustion. They have big machines there which pick up tons of red-hot metal the way you pick up a shovel on the farm. When I first stepped inside the mill I was scared out of my life by this gigantic machinery, the noise, the glaring furnaces and the little steam cars that shoot about in all directions and threaten to run you down without a moment's notice. I thought the evil one himself was taking me through a place, the name of which I will not write down. Oh, Paul, it was a terrible experience, and it scared the life out of me! I was put to work in front of one of the open-hearth furnaces, under a foreman who knew a few Polish phrases, and, when the gang didn't move quick enough, he would snarl, "Hurry up, you fellows! Don't go to sleep! This isn't Poland."

I used to work until my back, which is strong as steel, ached and my muscles cracked, and still that fellow kept yelling, "Hurry up! Hurry up!" I never can recall his face unless those words ring in my ears. He was a terrible fellow, as bad as a Cossack.

### Maciek Becomes a Landowner

ALL kinds of foreigners, speaking all kinds of languages, worked in this mill. Many of them come inside the gates strong, healthy and robust, but the mills cripple them, make old men out of them, bend them double, and then send them back to the old country to end their days as best they can. I used to think often that American steel was made of European blood and muscle—that's the truth, too. Often accidents happened, men were seriously hurt and carted off to the hospital. But the awful mills never stopped for a second to see what the trouble was. Other men were on hand to take the places of the injured fellows, and the foreman kept shouting, "Hurry up! Hurry!" just the same.

My wife didn't like it in that horrible place, either. She got homesick, and when I dragged myself to our room at night she was always crying and begging me to take her away. Our first baby, which was just born, was in poor health, and Maryanka said it was on account of the dust and the smoke and the dirt, and we were afraid that it might die if we didn't take it away. She was dreadfully lonesome, and she missed the old village life at Lerzno, where no one was too busy to stop and chat and gossip with her, where she knew everybody and everybody knew her and liked her, even if they did say hard things behind her back. She hated to be shut up inside all day, and she used to pine for the outdoor work of the farm, and sigh for the little garden her father had near his farmhouse.

"Maciek," she was wont to tell me, "I could be happy if I only had a pig or a cow or a calf or some chickens to take care of. Supposing you do make four or even four and a half rubles a day, what of it if you must work like a beast and risk your life constantly? I am always afraid, when you leave for the day or the night shift, that you never will come back home alive. What is the good of all this money if we are not happy?"

I consoled her as best I could and tried to cheer her up by saying that better things would come if we would only be patient and wait. But it was hard work to encourage her when I was so desperate and wretched myself. That March we were both in a bad way, and, although the baby managed to pull through, it looked sickly and puny. When spring came in good earnest I almost cried for joy, so happy did it make me, and in all my life I never was so glad to see its approach, for now we could go back to Baltimore and work in the canning-house.

But, as good luck would have it, just as we were about to pack up the few things we owned and move there, a letter came from one of our old Baltimore friends, saying that he had drifted way out West to North Dakota, and bought a hundred and sixty acres of land out there for a mere song from one of the great railroads that was trying to induce people to settle in its territory. He paid only ten dollars an acre for it, one dollar down, and the balance in easy payments at the rate of seventy-five cents a year. Crops were fine, he said, and, besides, the climate was invigorating, being very cold in the winter, just as it is in Poland, so that a Pole was sure to like it. He urged me to come, and promised that, if I would come, he would give me the benefit of his experience in locating me to good advantage.

American Steel is Made of European Blood and Muscle

My wife begged me to go, since both of us were fairly pining away for the country and farm-life. I couldn't see, on thinking it over, that I had very much to lose at the worst, so I wrote my friend an answer at once, telling him I soon would be on the way to join him and invest my little capital in Dakota lands.

I can never get through telling you, Paul, how glad I am that I emigrated to Dakota. I prospered from the very beginning, and, although I worked like a slave for my success, I am rewarded for it beyond my most hopeful dreams. Only last year I put out eighty acres of my farm in wheat, each acre yielded twenty-five bushels, for which I got seventy-five cents a bushel, and twenty acres I put out in flax, which brought me in one dollar a bushel. Besides this, we have a truck garden, any number of chickens, several fine cows—this is not much of a country for grazing—and thirty pigs. The pigs are great money-makers. My wife is happier than a queen and she would not trade with the Czarina. Our first baby, with whom we had so much trouble in Homestead, has grown into a strong, healthy girl, even prettier than her mother, and my four boys are going to make the best kind of farmers when they grow up. They can speak English as good as any American, for there is a very good school near here, which costs nothing to attend, where the teacher is as kind and considerate to Polish children as any other, and where, thank God, they don't have to learn Russian.

I myself have become a full-fledged American citizen, and, at the last election, it was my vote that helped put in the Republican President.

### The Promised Land

QUITE a few Polish families live in our district and we are all like one big family. Next year we hope to induce some other Poles to join us, and then we are going to try to build our own church, hire our own priest, and nothing will be lacking to our happiness. In the spring I am going to pull down the wooden building in which we are now living and build a house that would make your eyes pop out of your head, if you could only see it. I am going to let my wife go to the city to buy what furniture and carpets and pictures she wants, for I can afford it and I wish her to be satisfied. Nothing is good enough for her. She wants everything that her American neighbors have, and she says she would be ashamed if they should come to visit us and find that our house wasn't as well furnished as theirs.

Often I think of home, and of our old friends there, and I should like to go back for a visit, but I fear that a one-acre Polish farm would look like a good-natured joke to me now. I would feel, if I worked on one of them again, as if I were shut up in a jail. This is the country where they do things on a big scale.

I would advise you to leave Poland just as fast as you can travel away from it. If you can't get the money for your passage from anybody else I will lend it to you.

I send everybody in Bloni who happens to remember me my love and my very best wishes for their prosperity. I wrote to the old folks last week inclosing a money order, so I presume they will have the letter before you get this, and they will have cause for much happiness and little worry. How does my mother like the American clock I sent her? I wish you would wind it for her if she has any trouble with it.

Mind what I say and don't waste any time in making tracks for America. The longer you work for the Czar the bigger fool you will be.

Your affectionate cousin,

MACIEK WALZBAJEFF.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 25 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $1.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 10, 1909


## Bond Issue Versus Taxes

RETRENCHMENT is a popular word at Washington just now, when there is no retrenching to be done. An issue of bonds to cover a Treasury deficit after ten years of peace, during which Government revenues rapidly increased—the annual average being sixty per cent above that of the preceding decade—would be rather disagreeable. But even greater are the political disadvantages of increasing receipts by any means which will be directly felt, such as stamp and inheritance taxes, higher internal revenue imposts or a duty on coffee. These considerations weigh somewhat heavily on the minds of party leaders who a month ago were putting finishing touches to the appropriation bills of the second session of the Sixtieth Congress. The total of those bills exceeded a billion dollars, overtopping by about forty millions all the appropriations of the first session and leaving in the shade all previous peace records. The increase over the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress, for example, was more than forty per cent. The total, of course, includes expenses of the postal service which are paid from postal receipts, now amounting to nearly two hundred millions a year, and the Panama Canal, which did not figure in the expenditures of 1901. Having appropriated the money, and being confronted with the necessity of finding it, Congress fully appreciates the beauties of retrenchment. Perhaps, as Mr. Tawney predicted, it will find the money by borrowing it. Probably the average voter's prejudices against the Government's going into the market with a bond issue are milder than his prejudices against the Government's going directly into his own pocket. The statesmanship which has the courage to appropriate money which it knows it will not have, but lacks the courage to levy taxes, is not of a high order.

## A Woman and Her Hat

A BILL before the New York Legislature to protect the birds of that State is earnestly supported by the Audubon Society, the farmers, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the State Grange, most of the daily press, many clergymen and other individuals and associations of light and influence. Already destruction of the birds and the consequent spread of insect pests have inflicted immense damage upon agriculture. Even now a devastating moth pest, which the birds alone can combat, is impending.

And who, standing opposed to all these humane, conservative friends of the bill, threatens to exterminate the pretty and useful feathered creatures? Why, just Mabel with her new spring hat. We are heartily in favor of the bill. But we are heartily in favor of Mabel, also; and for her poor, foolish, badgered sake we want to see this hat question settled.

The hat, of whatever year and season, no sooner makes its appearance than it is greeted with a universal chorus of derision. It is not beautiful, but positively ugly, say all male critics. It is not useful, but only an incumbrance and nuisance. Its cost is utterly absurd. It stands, or tilts at an acute angle, as a conspicuous monument to woman's vanity, extravagance and tasteless subservience to mere fashion. The blood of innocent creatures is upon its head, or hands, as the case may be. And when, braving these manifold terrors, woman has painfully procured her monument and entered a public place with it, she is sternly commanded to take it off on pain of being thrown out. Some specialists declare that the nervous system of American women is going to wreck. Considering the awful trouble they have with their hats we don't wonder at it. Their headgear has the same effect upon a whole masculine world that a silk tile has upon the inhabitants of Red Dog Gulch. Everybody feels in duty bound to take a shot at it.

We favor a National Woman's Conservation Commission to decide what sort of lid a girl can wear without reproach. Personally we recommend something neat and inexpensive, on the pancake or porous-plaster order.

## The Apotheosis of Protection

TWELVE hours' work a day for seven days in the week, with occasionally a "long-turn" of twenty-four hours' continuous labor. Wages, "for the great majority of the laborers employed by the mills, so low as to be inadequate to the maintenance of a normal American standard of living." For women, of course, still lower wages. Family life in a somewhat depressed, unflourishing state, owing to a week without a Sunday, containing eighty-four working-hours; owing also to deaths from typhoid and from industrial accidents, which break up the family. We have, for example, six cases of men totally disabled by accidents. Loss of income, based on their previous earnings and their expectation of life, amounted to $123,065; total compensation recovered for the injuries amounted to $520—leaving a deficit quite discouraging to poor families.

The foregoing is a significant view of the under side of Pittsburgh, derived from the painstaking "Survey" which the Russell Sage Foundation helped on, and which has been published in part by the Charity Organization Society of New York—a valuable enterprise, among whose officers are Otto T. Bannard and J. P. Morgan.

Significant views of the upper side have been furnished with rather wearisome regularity by the daily press. We mean the steel millionaire; the splurges and the scandals which have given melancholy notoriety to a certain phase of Pittsburgh life.

Pittsburgh, of course, is the classic ground of protection. The upper and the under views together give you the perfect flower of the protectionist policy. On the one hand, a horde of overworked, underpaid Slavs and Italians, to protect whom from the pauper labor of Europe the duties are alleged to be levied. On the other hand, the new-rich multi-millionaire. In Pittsburgh, as elsewhere, there is a middle ground; but it owes nothing to protection.

## A Gain for the House

TO BITE the dust before Uncle Joseph's puissant feet has long been the allotted portion of House insurgents. The dust, in fact, which Uncle Joe keeps for that purpose is marked with insurgent teeth-prints until it looks as if a convention of hens had been standing on it. Because, in the matter of adopting the old rules, the insurgents refused to bite and actually made some little effective opposition, the character of the House itself, we think, begins to look up a bit.

To declaim against tyrannical rules is merely to waste language. For a House which would accept them, the old rules were plenty good enough. The character of that body cannot be changed by altering its rules, but a change in the character of the body would be reflected in altered rules. To the country at large, so far as we can judge, the House has been mostly an object of good-natured contempt. John McCutcheon's cartoon of Congressman Begosh Practicing His Tariff Speech in the parlor to an admiring wife, a sleepy son and an apprehensive dog about hits off the general feeling. It was impossible to work up popular indignation against Roosevelt's slap at a body whose members complained that they were mere putty in the hands of their own Speaker and his ruling clique.

The changes in the rules are not extensive, nor in themselves important. But, because they assert independence of a hitherto all-powerful machine and look toward making the House more truly representative, they are hopeful. That bills which the judgment of a majority of members did not approve have been made to pass, and that other bills which the judgment of a majority did approve have been defeated, is well known. That is not really responsible or representative legislating. On general principles, to pass the dust around and give Uncle Joe a bite will promote mutual respect.

## The Anti-Vivisection Folly

HEALTHY minds can have nothing but contempt for the diseased sentiment which puts guinea-pigs above children, rabbits above women, dogs above men. Notwithstanding some more or less plausible palaver to the contrary, that is exactly what the anti-vivisectionists do. "Since Harvey's discovery of the circulation," says Lord Cromer, "well-nigh every advance in medical service has been, directly or indirectly, the result of experiments on living animals." Vital statistics show that in twenty years deaths from diphtheria decreased three-fourths—a result of animal experimentation. In the fight against consumption and cancer vivisection is the staff of science's progress. But a hundred illustrations can be adduced as easily as one.

Excepting the more violent wing, anti-vivisectionists scarcely deny the immense value to humanity of experiments upon animals. But they want to "regulate" it—ignorantly and harmfully. A New York bill making the premises of every doctor who is engaged in animal experimentation liable to search at any moment by committees of agitated cat-lovers shows the preposterous length to which they would go. Into the laboratory of a Pasteur or a Koch, where great weapons against disease and death are shaping, they would introduce a hysterical maiden lady with plenary power to stop proceedings whenever they afflict her nerves.

One further step in sentimental absurdity would bring us to this proposition: "It was Nature's design that the lacteal fluid of the cow should go to nourish her own offspring, but in brutal violation of the cow's tenderest maternal instincts men wean the calf and give the milk to children. This outrage must be stopped."

## A Problem in Ethics

THE American Bar Association some months ago proposed an admirable code of ethics for the legal profession. By authority of that code we venture to raise a question.

Eminent counsel in a recent murder trial suggested to the jury that the "unwritten law" might appropriately be extended to editors; that a gentleman was as much at liberty to kill the writer whose published opinions were offensive to him as to assassinate the neighbor who had disturbed his domestic relations. Counsel no doubt could claim the sanction of an immense body of precedents. The "unwritten law" was invented by lawyers and flourishes by their support. It is common enough for the barrister to appeal by every art to the jury's passions and prejudices, persuading them, if he can, to ignore and override the law, thus reducing criminal jurisprudence, in fact, for men of means, to a contest of wits between opposing lawyers.

But, ethically considered, what is the true position of the servant of the law who pleads the "unwritten law," eloquently suggesting, with greater or less directness, that it is all right for one man whose feelings have been sufficiently hurt to kill another? What must be the effect upon the public, especially the youthful public, of his implied or express argument that shooting in such a case is the manly and honorable course?

To mere lay wisdom it must seem odd that the stronghold of the "unwritten law" is precisely in the courts of law; that there, by officers of the court, it is pleaded, applauded and given effect. Of course, the judge, in a two-minute talk, will charge the jury that there isn't any "unwritten law"; that it must cast the notion of such a code out of its mind. But, when evidence and arguments throughout the trial have constituted an appeal to that code, the jury isn't likely to forget it because the judge asks it to.

## One Kind of Law Observance

FIFTY-TWO times a year, with the punctual ceremony of an important rite, a strange symbol has been exhibited in New York. It consists of a fly-specked saucer containing two disks of bread, stale, warped and of undiscoverable antiquity, which hold in their osseous embrace a venerable sliver of meat. When this remarkable object is exhibited the Sunday-closing clause of the excise law of the State is being duly observed. A saloon may not lawfully remain open on that day, but, by drawing a cloth over the bar and putting the symbolic sandwich on a table, it becomes a dining-room and may lawfully sell as much liquor as it pleases, or as anybody will buy. A saloonkeeper once discovered to his horror, it is said, that a purblind countryman had eaten the stock Sunday sandwich. He was distracted by fears that he would be punished both for poisoning the customer and violating the Sunday-observance law.

What good, to any community, is a law so feeble that the mere sight of a mouldy piece of bread can choke it? This question is now squarely raised by a committee, headed by a clergyman, which has been diligently studying the subject.

It finds, as might be expected, that farcical Sunday-closing involves more evils than simple hypocrisy. Police bribery and the maintenance of some very objectionable resorts go along with it. Hardly any one law was ever generally evaded and widely violated all by itself. When there is a large, practicable hole in the wall more than one creature will crawl through. The committee proposes to abolish the sandwich, which is the symbol of a great fraud, and license bars to sell liquor lawfully on Sunday. If the choice is between selling it lawfully and unlawfully the odds are all on the lawful side.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### Wayne—The MacVeaghs—Franklin

YOU may say what you like about the MacVeagh Boys—Wayne and Franklin—named for Tony and Ben, you know—but you cannot dispute the fact that they are as handy and versatile when it comes to connecting with public office and the honor and increment thereof as any pair of *hermanos* that can be named. Harking back over their distinguished careers, their transmogrifications may be said to be positively dazzling. If they were being billed for a circus they would surely be called the Somersault Twins, for they have flipflapped quite a bit, but never without the realizing sense of a duty well performed—pulled off at the psychological moment.

Every once in so often we have been accustomed to observe one of the MacVeagh Boys land in a job of dignity and importance quite foreign to his previously announced political principles—that is, one or both of them will be proceeding down the middle of the road, thinking high, and suddenly the golden opportunity will dawn. Wherefore, without lowering his thinking any, he will do a fine double forward, and, first thing we know, there he is all connected up with the job, on the other side of the fence, and getting away with it with all the *sang-froid* that comes with such a distinguished *rapprochement*.

Take Wayne. Now, Wayne is one of our most conservative and crusted savants. In fact, he is so crusted it would not be presumptuous to say he is crusty. But in his early days it was not so; no, indeed. We note him actively participating in Pennsylvania politics—Pennsylvania politics, mark you—and chairman of the Republican State Committee. Later he is Minister to Turkey. Later yet he is sent to Louisiana amicably to adjust the differences that followed in that State after we acquired the late Rutherford B. Hayes as President. And then, again, looking over that notable record we find he is Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Garfield, which, in a manner of speaking, rather identifies him with the G. O. P. But, hark! Further along what do we find? We find that in 1893 he became Ambassador to Italy under President Cleveland, which, also in a manner of speaking, reasonably identifies him with the Democratic party, somewhat older, but not recently so grand as the party to which, hitherto, he gave his elaborate allegiance. And from that time to this he is a mighty and isolated peak on the borderland, an independent Demorepub or an independent Republidem, as the case may be, but always a mighty and isolated peak.

Wherefore, we return to the other half of the sketch, Franklin, and impartial investigations show a marked consanguinity of action, to say nothing of thought. For here is Franklin, early abandoning the law in which his brother has made so great a reputation, and going into the wholesale grocery business, which, while it may lack the dignity of being a profession, has certain advantages in the way of garnering the gold. In order that the MacVeagh Boys might have no monopoly of party, but might distribute their favors equally and gather them as well, Franklin took the Democratic end of it. He conducted both his democracy and his grocery in Chicago, and early in life demonstrated those qualities that have done so much to land him where he is.

#### When a Theoretical Politician Wins Out

THEY made him president of the Citizens' Association and he reformed Chicago—for the time being. Then, in 1894, he was chosen by the Democrats to go to the United States Senate. He made a canvass of the State, but, much to the regret of all who knew him, the legislature remained stubbornly, not to say, stolidly, Republican and he got no toga. However, he did not confine himself to trade thereafter. His activities were varied. He became a member and president of the Bureau of Charities and Municipal Art League, and when they launched the National Civic Federation Franklin was on the spot and landed in the executive committee.

Up to this time Democracy claimed him as her own, but, presently, there arose difficulties and obstructions and unseemly candidates—he thought—and now, at this particular moment, he is snugly reposing as Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of a Republican President, which shows that, taking it by and large, 'tis hard to beat the MacVeagh Boys when they really get to going and the going is good. The complicated proposition of playing both ends against the middle appears to be mere pastime for them. Needing Cabinet jobs and sich to add luster to the MacVeagh name, they have carefully laid them in.

And the beautiful aspect of it all is that while accomplishing these pleasing, if somewhat convolutory, political results, the MacVeagh Boys have constantly been aligned with the uplift in every phase. Never for a moment have they descended to the sordid practice of practical politics, as generally understood. Not so! In the first place, they thought far above those things, had flossier ideas and higher ideals for their fellow-citizens, reached constantly for the betterment of all classes, and strove to put politics on the exalted plane on which it rightly belongs. And, in the second place, they didn't have to, for they got far better results the other way, as witness the bare recital of their past performances. Nor can it ever be said that when an opportunity presented itself a MacVeagh did not fit himself to the situation. Abating not a jot or tittle those lofty principles, he elevated the job to his high standard instead of depressing himself. The results show the wisdom of that procedure.

The Demorepub or Republidem of the Cabinet

Better than in any other instance, that characterization, distinguished, fits Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, as, indeed, it fits Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, showing it to be a family trait. He is most distinguished—distinguished in appearance: tall, but not too tall; thin, but not too thin; calm, cold, pale, with that repression of movement and that distinction of bearing that come only after years of being a leading citizen. Always immaculate in his dress, courteous but not effusive in manner, slow and correct in speech, you never for a moment forget his number.

There was that time in Chicago when the late Graeme Stewart, himself a wholesale grocer, by the way, and a man of great ability and much red blood, was the Republican candidate for mayor. Mr. MacVeagh was for him. They organized a mass meeting at one of the opera houses and asked Mr. MacVeagh to address the working-men, and some who were not working. It was a great turnout.

He appeared, exquisitely groomed. His frock coat hung in graceful folds about him. His spats matched his scarf. His gloves were of the same shade. Carefully laying his top hat on the table he stepped forward and said: "Aw—my good fellows—'tis not the question of politics that enters so much into this—aw—campaign, as the question of ——" and away he went, far over in the back of the book of theoretical politics, while the working-men, and some who were not working, sat open-mouthed and wondered what he was talking about.

Now, that was distinctly like Franklin MacVeagh. A politician would have talked workingmanese to those people. Not MacVeagh. He talked MacVeagh to them, which, although it didn't happen to be much of a line of conversation at that particular time, has its merits as his present incumbency will show.

He is one of the oldest members of the present Cabinet, being in the late sixties and having graduated from Yale in 1862. He studied law but did not practice, and years ago went into the mercantile business in Chicago. He has always been interested in politics in a reform sort of a way, and has made a study of financial and other governmental problems all his life. Mr. Taft early decided to have a Western man for his Secretary of the Treasury, and though he canvassed several Chicago and other Western financiers, it is likely he had MacVeagh in the back of his head most of the time. He is a man of great culture and wide business experience and will undoubtedly make a most efficient Secretary of the Treasury.

Meantime, he is Secretary of the Treasury, which enables that versatile combination, Wayne and Franklin, the MacVeagh Boys, to give the rest of the world the hoarse and raucous hoot, for rarely in our history have two lads from Chester County, Pennsylvania, fished in both streams with such eminent and successful results.

### One of the Many

IT WAS Judge J. M. Dickinson's first day as Secretary of War. He had a steady stream of callers. Among them was a Chicago friend he particularly wanted to see.

The Chicago friend waited and was admitted, finally. "I am sorry I kept you waiting," explained the Judge, "but I have been very busy. I have had many callers. Just now I have been talking to one of those generals. His name was Edwards."

P. S. Everybody on earth will think this is a joke but General Clarence.

### All in the Family

THERE was a negro retainer in the Taylor family, in Tennessee, who thought he was as great an orator as Bob, the present United States Senator, or Alf, the brother of Bob, also somewhat silver-tongued. When Bob and Alf were running for Governor of Tennessee—Bob on the Democratic ticket and Alf on the Republican—Uncle Rufus got to one of their joint debates.

Uncle Rufus always wore an ancient silk hat. When Bob was talking at this debate he threw up the tile for Bob, and when Alf was talking he threw it up for Alf. After the debate, when the brothers were talking together, Uncle Rufus came along and, putting one arm around Bob and the other around Alf, said: "Look yere, boys; ain't us Taylors de greatest talkers what is?"

### Made Resigning Easy

WHEN Delegate Mark Smith, of Arizona, was a boy he lived on a big plantation in Kentucky. It was in slave days and one of his father's slaves was Uncle Ike, who was the preacher for the place.

Smith's father had built a small church on a corner of the plantation and Uncle Ike held forth there every Sunday. This was pleasing to Ike, because it not only gave him a chance to exhort the negroes, but it absolved him from any of the chores on Sunday.

One Sunday Mark went out by the barn and found Uncle Ike sitting disconsolately under a tree.

"Look here, Ike," said Mark, "why ain't you down there preaching today?"

"Well, Mars Mark," Ike replied, "I ain't goin' to preach to dem niggahs no more. They's always fightin' 'mongst theyselves an' I'm sick an' tired an' done quit preachin'."

"Stop your lying, Ike," said Mark. "You wouldn't quit such a soft snap as that. What's the matter?"

"Well, Mars Mark," Ike replied, "ef you mus' know, dem triflin' niggahs done sent me my resignashun."

### One Look was Enough

WHEN President Taft was at Augusta, Georgia, before his inauguration, he drove out one day to the plantation of a friend.

The old mammy who did the cooking paid no attention to the distinguished guest. She took one look at him and went back to her kitchen.

"Liza," said the planter, after Mr. Taft had left, "what did you think of that gentleman?"

"I didn't think nothin' 'bout him," said Liza, "'cept he looked like he would be reg'lar to his meals."

### The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Oliver, of Pennsylvania, who succeeds Senator Knox, publishes a big newspaper in Pittsburgh.

¶ Colonel "Dick" Bright, former sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, can carve a roast pig better than any other man in the South.

¶ Everybody in Congress and all the Administration people know "Jack" Messenger to be one of the cleverest political writers at the Capital, but not ten know that his very dignified name and title is North Overton Messenger, S. G., which means Southern Gentleman.

# Clothes On Living Men

The chief trouble with clothing pictures has been their *unreality.*

Men to-day are too wise to believe that any clothes ever made could fit in so highly varnished a manner as advertisements sometimes present them.

Stein-Bloch believe in the seriousness and reality of their business as wholesale tailors for American men. And the problem of presenting pictures of their clothes that are *honest* representations has troubled them not a little.

Honest fit, true style and thorough tailoring are no more Stein-Bloch's duty to their public than is *picturing their styles accurately.*

After close study and experimenting, Stein-Bloch have found that unadorned and unidealized their clothes, *photographed as they fit on living men,* solve this problem.

The Stein-Bloch style pictures are half-tone reproductions of actual photographs.

See the clothes themselves at your best clothier's.

This label means 54 years of Knowing How.

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors

*Send for "Smartness"— mailed free.*

**THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.**

**Tailors for Men**

Offices and Shops: Rochester, N.Y.

New York. The Fifth Avenue Bldg.


# The Senator's Secretary

THE Spanish War did at least one good thing for us, and that was to provide us with the word "insurgent." Before the war, whenever a patriot and statesman ran amuck against the established order of things, the best we could do was to call him bolter; but when we began to learn the lore of the Cuban rebels against Spain we immediately seized on that word insurgent and adopted it for our own. Since that time, for the past eleven years, every Senator or Representative who has protested against the organization has been classed as an insurgent, and the term is now firmly fixed in our political lexicon.

We have seen a lot of insurgent movements here in Washington, beginning with the historic one on Cuban reciprocity and running down through the years, and, before that, there always were bolting parties; but it has come to be an axiom that the usual insurgent always stops just before it strikes twelve. He may go up to eleven-forty-five with banners flying and with hymns of coming victory, but, somehow, at the crucial moment, he crumples and fades. He never goes through. It isn't the insurgent's fault. He always means well. It is the power of discipline in the Republican party as exemplified in Congress.

The difference between the Democrats and the Republicans in Congress is that the Republicans, generally speaking, work as a mass and the Democrats work as individuals. No matter what the merits of the case may be, no unit can get away with a group of units. There is always too much beef in the group. It is easier, of course, for a majority party to effect and maintain an organization than for a minority party to do so, because the majority has things to give and the minority has only things to take—if it can get them. The cohesive power of patronage is always worked to its fullest extent by the majority. That gets away with the idea of independent thinking and action. A few of the majority may be independent, but these units get no plums. The sure way to arrive at patronage is to think with the mass and act with it, thus acquiring merit in the eyes of the leaders and assuring one's self of a proportionate share of what is going. This is sad, but it is human, which is what Congress is, also.

Two or three years ago, when the muckrakers were good and busy with Congress, the word was passed through various publicity mediums that Joseph Greenleaf Cannon was and is a czar, that his continuance as Speaker of the House would be a menace to free institutions. This came after a few years wherein Uncle Joe had been blazoned forth as a homespun hero, and his quaint sayings and rugged character sufficiently extolled. Then various people in the North and West, more susceptible perhaps than people in the East, or caring more for the conduct of their business through the channels of Congress, were told that Cannon was the one impediment to the rightful transaction of public business in the House of Representatives; that the members were gagged and powerless; that he ruled them with a rod of iron; and that the ordinary member had no more legislative functions than a sheep.

### Why the Insurgents Failed

Now there was half truth in all this, enough to give impetus to a lot of impressionable voters in the exalted movement of deposing Cannon and making the House of Representatives what it really was guaranteed to be by the Constitution—the Tribune of the People. Thus for about three years the anti-Cannon sentiment grew until, at the close of the second session of the Sixtieth Congress, which died on March fourth last, there was considerable outspoken opposition to Cannon, an opposition which also had been expressed in the Congressional elections of the year previous, in various parts of the country, principally in the Middle West, where the political conscience is quickest.

It culminated in the grand battle that was fought out on the first day of the special session of the Sixty-first Congress, and after the smoke of that battle cleared away we discovered that the usual thing had happened and that there was considerably more smoke than there was battle. Joseph Greenleaf Cannon was elected Speaker, and the obnoxious rules by which he gags Congress were not changed enough to hurt. They were changed some, but not by the bold insurgents. Nay, indeed! The change was brought about by the Cannon men themselves and a bunch of Democrats who broke away from the Democratic organization, thus proving what has here been said that, when it comes to discipline, the regular Republicans have it all over the Democrats, for the regular Republicans stood firm and those bolting Democrats joined with them, leaving the insurgents to yammer and stammer in the outer darkness.

The House Republican organization is a remarkable affair. It is intangible, in a sense, and has no set path of procedure, but it is like the Yale football team. After it has been kicked about and shoved back and beaten and bruised, at the critical moment in the last ten minutes' play the opposition finds itself with its noses in the mud and the organization across the line with the ball. No one can explain just how it gets there, but it is there.

Of course, the insurgents in this latest fight distinctly disclaimed that their fight was against Cannon. They were protesting against the rules. However, they might have united with the Democrats and defeated Cannon, if they had had the nerve. But the nerve they did not have. They didn't dare, for to dare would have meant voting for a Democrat for Speaker. They had a good precedent, so far as that goes, for two out of nine of Mr. Taft's Cabinet, for example, are Democrats, and Mr. Roosevelt had in his Cabinet one avowed Democrat and two others who had been Democrats but had turned. Still, they didn't dare, and they scattered some futile votes around among other insurgents, and Cannon was elected for the fourth time. Henry Clay is the only other man in the history of the American Congress who was Speaker four times.

### Good Rules Badly Construed

The insurgents were out to make a fight on the rules. Now, the rules of the House, as they were in force last session and in every session since Thomas B. Reed constructed them, are primarily for the expedition of Congressional business. It is apparent, then, that with almost four hundred men bubbling over with hot air not any measure of importance could be passed unless there was some sort of a gag provided for debate. Imagine a big appropriation bill, for example, or a bit of important constructive legislation before the House with no brake on debate! The talk over it would last for a year.

This was the situation, and to prevent filibustering and delay the rules were invented that are now practically in force. Under those rules it was possible to limit debate. The Speaker had the power to do almost whatever he wanted to do. There is no doubt that these rules were unwisely used on many occasions; there is no doubt that they were construed and constructed to gag many a worthy project; there is no doubt that, under these rules, the ordinary legislator had no functions except to vote as his party fellows did or as his conscience dictated, provided his hearing was acute enough to hear that dictation—which it usually wasn't, for that would have meant voting against the machine. Everything was done in committees, and the work of the committees was jammed through, with the Speaker and his few confidential advisers doing the jamming.

However, whenever a protest was made Cannon set himself up on the broad platform that this is a government by majorities, that the majority must rule, and that the rules had been adopted and subscribed to by the majority, and that the minority might go chase itself. This gave a few temperamental citizens, whose toes had been trodden on, a cause for action, and they fomented and fulminated and plotted and planned, backed by the public sentiment awakened by the various mediums of publicity which engaged in the task, and decided to change the rules, to make them over so it might be as propitious for the individual as it was for the mass. They were all protagonists, all this bunch of insurgents. They had a cause.


Your Choice of a Design

is easily made by calling upon your local dealer and inspecting his line of spoons, knives, forks, fancy serving pieces or complete sets, all bearing the famous trade-mark

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

For over sixty years this, the original brand of silver plate, has been noted for its great variety of exclusive designs, whether simple or ornate.

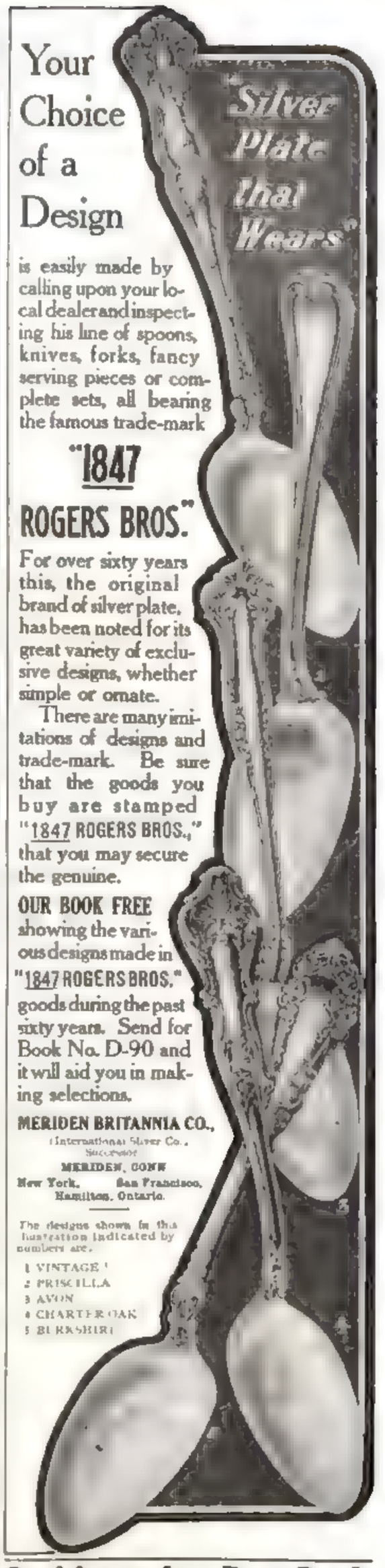
There are many imitations of designs and trade-mark. Be sure that the goods you buy are stamped "1847 ROGERS BROS.," that you may secure the genuine.

OUR BOOK FREE showing the various designs made in "1847 ROGERS BROS." goods during the past sixty years. Send for Book No. D-90 and it will aid you in making selections.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., (International Silver Co., Successor) MERIDEN, CONN. New York. San Francisco. Hamilton, Ontario.

The designs shown in the illustration indicated by numbers are:

1 VINTAGE
2 PRISCILLA
3 AVON
4 CHARTER OAK
5 BURKSHIRE




Send for our free Boat Book

Do not think of buying a launch until you see our FOUR LAUNCH Bargains

Only $121.00

for this complete 16 foot launch. 2½ H. P. guaranteed, self-starting engine. $144 for 9½ mile per hour Speedway. $153 for canopy topped "Winner." $160 for Auto-topped 3 H. P. Comfort. All 16 feet length by 4 feet beam. 9 years experience. Write us. Steering wheel and rudder. Shipped immediately on approval. Send postal for our handsome catalogue today — it's a gem.

C. T. WRIGHT ENGINE CO., 104 River Street, Greenville, Mich.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

THE
Healthy Soap
It Disinfects as it Cleanses

LIFEBUOY

is germ destroying. The practice of bathing promotes the health. Lifebuoy Soap *protects* the health which the bath promotes. Not the frail and weak only but the most robust men and women need protection from the microbes of disease.

LIFEBUOY

is a practical preventive of disease. Its daily use makes unnecessary the tiresome, toilsome and costly precautions against infection which are necessary without it. It gives sterilized, hygienic cleanliness.

LIFEBUOY

is made to meet every requirement of perfect cleanliness. Just as water is used for all purposes of washing so Lifebuoy Soap is to be used with water for all purposes of sanitary cleansing.

LIFEBUOY

does more than other soaps can do, because it is a disinfecting as well as a cleansing soap. It is to be used for toilet and bath and for all purposes of sanitary cleansing.

5 Cents
At Your Grocers.

Lever Bros. Company,
Cambridge, Mass.

Cannon must be dethroned and the rules must be revised to enable the Representative to represent, instead of to act merely as a rubber stamp for those in power in the House.

Cannon typified the rules and the rules typified Cannon. Therefore it was a joined battle. There has been a great deal of nonsense printed and believed about Uncle Joseph Greenleaf Cannon. He was a novelty when he succeeded Henderson as Speaker, although he had been in the House for years, because he was so studiously plain and common. He is a gnarled and knotted old citizen, professing to be one of the plain people, outspoken, honest, rugged, and all that, chewing tobacco, wearing homespun and boots and other disguises. He was a fine new character for the writers and they grabbed him and exploited him.

The truth about Uncle Joe is that he is a shrewd, rich, capable politician, who plays the game. There is never a minute of his life when he is not play-acting, unless it is when he is asleep. The character of plain friend of the plain people fits him well and it is advantageous; therefore he assumes it. He wants to run the House and he does run it. He is not the gorgon the insurgents picture him to be, nor yet is he the homely, blurting, old-style, lovable chap his supporters declare him. He is an old man who wants every iota of his power, who is a politician all the way up, who fights for those who fight for him, who plays the game and who gets all he can. He assumes homespun because he thinks that is the costume he should wear, and events justify his belief. It is all politics with Uncle Joe, and that is all there is to it.

### Uncle Joe's Short, Sweet Creed

He knew when he took, or rather got, the Speakership that it was distinctly up to him to hold down the job. He had no flossy ideas about patriotism or anything of that sort. He was there because the majority put him there, and he had his friends in the majority. Congress had a certain amount of business to do each session. He knew the way to do that business was to keep the majority in power, and he kept the majority there by adopting and improving on the rules that had been efficacious for years. Increasing tenure of office made him arbitrary, and his early education had not been such as to fit him with advanced ideas of public procedure or need. Thus he selected his lieutenants with care, swore them in and proceeded to run the steam roller over all opposition. His task was to get certain laws made, and he conceived it to be his place—because of his position—to designate which should pass and which should not.

Cannon's is a simple creed: All who are with me are with me and all others are against me. It is the Vesey principle as enunciated by a former politician from Maine, who divided all people into two classes: Good fellow, my friend; or blank scoundrel, not for me. Of course, in carrying this out there is a good deal of flapdoodle and flubdub and all that sort of thing from Uncle Joe. He poses a lot. But, after all, he is a politician, working with friends and fighting with enemies, and his ideas of government are based on that proposition and on no other.

Notwithstanding the outcry, there never was a chance to defeat Cannon for Speaker. His election was arranged, despite the insurgents, whose highest and holiest duty should have been to destroy Cannon before they attempted to revise the rules. He was elected, and then the fight to change the rules began. It was a curious seesaw. After it had been moved to adopt the rules of the former House, and the previous question had been moved on that motion, the previous question was adopted by a sufficient majority. Then came the question of adopting the motion to adopt the old rules. If the same vote had been cast on that as on the movement to adopt the previous question it would have been all over, and the insurgents would not have had a leg to stand on. The rout would have been complete. Still, several Democrats, who voted with the Cannon men to adopt the previous question, shifted, and the motion to adopt the rules was beaten. This left it open again.

Then the Democratic leader, Champ Clark, put in the resolution that was the real meat of the insurgent and allied Democratic movement. It didn't look it on its face, but it was. Clark moved that no committees should be appointed for the special session of Congress save those necessary for the proper conduct of the financial affairs of the House and the Ways and Means Committee, which has charge of the tariff bill that is to be the sole business of the special session. His resolution provided for the appointment of a special committee of fifteen, named in the resolution, to report suitable changes of the rules at the session of Congress beginning in December next, the old rules to govern the special session of Congress now under way.

That was the pea under the shell. That was the little job the insurgents and the Democrats hoped to put across on Cannon and his forces. The committee on revision named by Clark was controlled by the insurgents and the Democrats, and it was its purpose to report, among the changes in the rules, that a committee on committees should be appointed, thus taking the committee-appointing power away from the Speaker and depriving him of his greatest power. That was the little joker. It was a cute trick, but the House saw through it in a minute, and the Cannon organization, rallying such forces as were needed, defeated it.

Then Johnnie Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, jumped up and introduced a resolution which modified the rules to some extent, but did not take the committee-appointing power from the Speaker. It provided for several parliamentary contingencies, including a calendar of unanimous consent. Previously the Speaker has held rigid control over the unanimous-consent bills, which are always formal bills anyhow, but this created a calendar for those bills and gave the House some control of them. However, it did not deprive the Speaker, in his capacity as a member of the House, of the power of objecting or having some of his followers object to any bill he did not like. There were some other changes, all tending to curtail the arbitrary power of the Speaker, but none of them fatal to the Cannon machine.

It was right here that the Cannon organization got in its work. Here was a way out. It was not pleasant, and had some elements of defeat about it, but it blasted the fond hope of the insurgents and the regular Democrats that Cannon would be shorn of his committee-appointing power. Wherefore, rallying around Uncle Joe and supported by twenty-two Democrats, the Cannon forces adopted the Fitzgerald resolution, and it was all over. The Cannon people had the votes when they needed them. Note that.

### Tammany to the Rescue

The net results of it are that Cannon is Speaker again, the old rules are in force, with some compromises that will not materially affect his power, and that, when it comes to real, practical politics, to getting votes when votes are needed, the regular House organization makes any assemblage of insurgents that has as yet showed above the desk-tops look like a lot of children.

It was not until the Sunday night before the fight that the deal was finally completed. Until that time terrific outside pressure had been brought on several of the insurgents to make them see the error of their ways from a regular viewpoint. Finding that there were approximately thirty men who could not be taken away from the insurgent gonfalon, the skilled mechanicians of the Cannon forces turned their attention to their only other source of support, the Democrats.

Tammany was appealed to and responded loyally. Pat McCarren, of Brooklyn, inserted his long arm. It was agreed that the Fitzgerald way out should be resorted to, and it was. The required number of Democrats were on the job at the proper time. It was practical politics of the most practical kind, but it was a case of must, and the insurgents were defeated because the other side had the organization, had the power to deal, the wherewithal for recompense and the skill to sell and buy. Watch and see how handsomely those Democrats who voted for the Fitzgerald face-saving proposition come out when the plums are distributed.

That has been the history of insurgent movements in Congress for years. And it is all very sordid and not at all in accordance with the ideal sort of politics or government. But it is the way things are run in the year 1909 in the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States of America.

Everything For Summer Wear at the "NATIONAL"

Made-to-Measure Silk Suits, Ready-Made Lingerie Dresses, Tub Suits, all the New Waists and Skirts—everything new in Summer wear for Ladies, Misses and Children—all are shown in your FREE copy of the "NATIONAL" Summer Style Book.

**We want YOU to write for your copy** of the "NATIONAL" Style Book to-day. We want you to realize just how great a benefit the "NATIONAL" will be to you—how much satisfaction and economy and real pleasure there will be to YOU in wearing "NATIONAL" Clothes. May we expect to hear from you?

Tailored Suits

MADE-to-MEASURE NEW YORK STYLES $7.50 to $35 EXPRESSAGE PREPAID

In addition to all New York's Desirable New Styles in Summer Ready-Made Apparel Your "NATIONAL" Style Book will show you the famous New Fashion Plates of "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Tailored Suits in silks and other lightweight fabrics, delightfully cool for summer wear. And each of these will be cut to your order out of your choice of our four hundred materials, and we take all the risk of fitting and pleasing you perfectly.

The "NATIONAL" Policy

Each "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached. This is our signed guarantee which says: "Your money back if you ask for it."

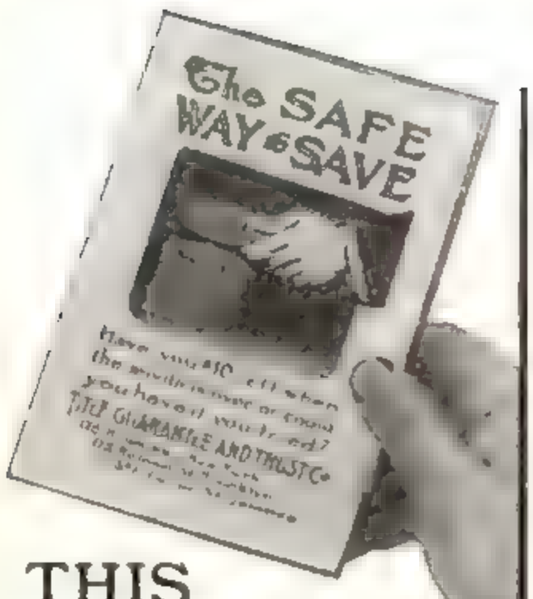
We prepay postage or express charges on all "NATIONAL" Garments anywhere in the United States.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

214 West 24th Street, New York City

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

Mail Orders Only — No Agents or Branch Stores




THIS IS THE BOOK

that awaits your request. The Book that contains the Savings Suggestion that so many prudent individuals have acted upon.

The Savings Suggestion that enables YOU to invest in securities based on New York City guaranteed first mortgages which heretofore have been held exclusively by the large conservative investors.

The SAFE Savings Suggestion because offered by a Company of known financial responsibility with a capital and surplus of $12,000,000.

The Book tells. Your name on a postal or coupon below will bring it.

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST Co

176 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Please send "The Safe Way to Save," advertised in The Saturday Evening Post (3)

*Name*

*Address*

175 Remsen St., Bklyn. 350 Fulton St., Jamaica



$100

(First Payment) For a $1000 Bond

AN opportunity to purchase, on easy instalments, a railroad bond offered by a well established banking house, is herewith presented.

PAYMENTS as low as $100 may be made by the purchaser of one bond of $1000 denomination. The balance will be accepted in amounts convenient to the purchaser.

SIX per cent. is paid on all deposits up to the date final payment is received. If the subscriber wishes to cancel the contract, his money is returned with interest at 4 per cent.

SEND for full particulars of the method by which one or more bonds may be reserved.

LAWRENCE BARNUM & CO.

Bankers 27 and 29 Pine Street New York



Readers of Investment News

will find "The Weekly Financial Review" of J. S. Bache & Co. of value in keeping informed as to the Securities they have bought or intend to buy. "The Weekly Financial Review" is a small four page Editorial Sheet which treats broadly and without prejudice current events in the Financial, Commercial and Political World as they bear upon Securities and other investments and is of Interest and value to Investors and Business Men. The Review will on application be mailed regularly without charge to those interested. J. S. Bache & Co. (Members New York Stock Exchange), Bankers, 42 Broadway, New York.



INACTIVE SECURITIES

We are prepared to deal in inactive

Stocks and Bonds

in all markets throughout the United States.

Correspondence invited, and advice given as to the best investments.

EHRICH & COMPANY

*Members of New York Stock Exchange.* 67 Exchange Place New York City.


# YOUR SAVINGS

## The Facts About Gold Engagements

EVERY business day you see on the financial pages of the newspapers an item that reads something like this: "The gold engagements today amounted to $2,000,000." In the same item you are likely to see that some big New York bank has shipped half a million in gold coin to South America. There will also be a cable about the premium on gold in London or Madrid and a statement about the Government gold reserve. When you look at a bond you almost invariably find engraved on it that it is payable in gold. Wherever you turn, in financial news or affairs, you find some reference to gold. Every one knows, of course, that gold is the bulwark of credit and the universal standard of monetary value, but not every one realizes the important part it plays in the daily drama of finance and investment and how its influence reaches to the smallest investor. This week's article, therefore, will be devoted to an explanation of the main facts about gold, and especially gold shipments. No attempt will be made to take up the relation between gold supply and wages or prosperity or the so-called menace of its overproduction. These are subjects for economic discussion.

In the first place, gold is a commodity like wheat or corn, and its price, like the price of commodities, is subject to the law of demand and supply. Although intrinsically valuable, it is more valuable at some times than at other times. Its fluctuations affect the markets of the whole world. It has been stated that the production of gold is the most stupendous of economic forces. The total production of modern times is more than twelve billions, while the average yearly output in recent years has been about $400,000,000. Although more than $135,000,000 worth of gold is used each year in the arts, not all of the huge annual production is actually used. The very fact that it exists, piled high in vaults, gives stability and character to business everywhere. Gold is almost constantly passing back and forth between the great commercial nations. Last year we exported $72,000,000 and imported $148,000,000. This process of importing and exporting has a wide significance.

### The Cause of Gold Shipments

Why should we ship gold to Europe and why should Europe send gold to us? There are two good reasons. One is that all final balances of trade between the peoples of different nations and between the nations themselves are settled in gold; the other is that gold, like other money, naturally seeks the market or place where it can earn the most.

Gold enters into the operation of foreign exchange which has already been explained in this department. Summed up, foreign exchange is an international exchange of credits. The credits do not always even up, so this balance is paid in gold. If there is a credit balance, the United States receives gold; if there is a debit balance, the United States sends gold. Gold exports are unpopular because, for one thing, they decrease the loaning power of the banks.

There are seasons in gold shipments, as there are in the shipments of other commodities. In the autumn, for example, when much money is needed to move the crops, the United States usually imports gold. In the spring, when foreign exchange rates are very high, banks and firms find it cheaper to send actual gold than pay the high rates. This is called the "gold export point." Sometimes there is no exchange for a certain foreign place and gold is sent. Hence gold shipments or engagements.

The phrase gold engagement is used because the New York banker or firm goes to the United States Assay office down in Wall Street and literally engages gold for shipment. The banker says: "We want to engage for shipment on next Saturday's steamer for Liverpool gold bars equivalent to $1,000,000." In payment for this the banker gives legal tender. The Government charges a nominal fee of four cents for each $100 of gold to pay the cost of assay.

The old white building known as the New York Assay Office which stands in the very heart of Wall Street handles all the silver bullion and a large part of the gold which comes to the Government for assay and marking. The gold metal which comes in ranges from old family heirlooms and plate to granulated raw gold from the South American placer miners. Great pains are taken to make the assays of the most minute exactness. A consignment of gold, for example, is first melted by the assayer all in one lot, if possible, and then cast into bars. If the metal is only sufficient to make one bar samples are cut from both ends and each given to a different assayer for examination. If there are many bars from the same lot samples are taken from each bar

Metal bars are known as bullion. In fact, all uncoined gold or silver is called bullion. These bars are stamped by the assayer as to their weight and fineness. Standard bullion is composed of nine hundred parts pure gold and one hundred parts copper alloy. An ounce of pure gold has a coinage value of $20.67, while an ounce of standard bullion has a coinage value of $18.60. Pure gold cannot be coined for the reason that it would wear off too easily. This wearing away is known as abrasion.

### The Government Gold Bricks

The Assay Office furnishes the shippers two kinds of gold bars, the small ones varying in value from $100 to $700 and the large ones valued at between $5000 and $7000. The smaller ones are used in the arts and sciences. The large ones, ordinarily valued at $5000, are used for shipment to Europe.

Bars are more stable for shipment than coins. A gold coin is so susceptible that if a bag of them is put on a scale and weighed, then put on the floor and immediately afterward weighed again, it will be found that this simple movement has caused an abrasion on the metal that will cause a difference in weight.

With large quantities of gold coin the loss from handling is considerable. This is one reason why gold bars are employed in shipping.

Besides, the moment an American gold coin reaches England or any other foreign country its value as a coin ceases and its only value is its intrinsic value as gold. Coin for shipment is packed in canvas bags, but the bars are packed in sawdust and conveyed in casks.

The Bank of England holds large quantities of American eagles. These eagles are all in bags. When the bags reach the Bank they are weighed. It sometimes happens that in order to make the weight of a bag uniform, a piece is clipped off a coin. It is like breaking off a piece of candy to make the pound. In times of panic our gold eagles often come flying back from England to help swell depreciated bank reserves.

The process of settling a balance of trade by the shipment of gold is very simple. The New York merchant or banker who wants to settle an account abroad ships the bullion to his London agent, who sells it in the open market (the Bank of England is ordinarily the buyer), and deposits the proceeds in a London bank. The merchant or banker in England can do the same thing and dispose of gold in New York.

### Money Made to Order

Gold may be exchanged for legal tender and *vice versa*. In this connection it is perhaps interesting to add that since the United States provides for a free and unlimited coinage of gold, any citizen may deposit standard gold bullion at the mints and have it coined into money without charge. If the bullion is not standard a charge is made for the copper alloy. In the case of silver so deposited, the Government makes a profit, called seigniorage, equal to the difference between the metal-value of the silver and its coin-value.

Gold is not always shipped directly to the country where it is owed. The United States, for instance, may owe Germany but ship the gold to France, because Germany owes a balance there. The shipment, therefore, to France pays two debts. Again, the United States may owe England


A Guaranteed First Mortgage Investment Netting 6%

A bond issue of $3,000,000, so intrinsically good and so thoroughly safeguarded as to be sound beyond question.

**First:** Secured directly by permanent assets of over $8,000,000

**Second:** Guaranteed by an old established, successful company, with net assets of $5,000,000.

**Third:** Principal and interest protected by large and established earnings.

**Fourth:** Officered and directed by men of proven ability and success.

**Fifth:** Payable serially in accordance with our usual custom.

**Sixth:** Available in denominations of $500 and $1,000 and in convenient maturities of from five to twenty years.

Our Circular "U" describes the issue fully and will be sent to you promptly upon request.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(Established 1865)

181 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO



Security and Income

The first consideration in investing money should always be **security of principal.** To the average investor **income** is necessarily an important factor in determining an investment. Bonds of unquestioned security can be bought giving a wide choice in income ranging from 4% to 5½%. We will send descriptive list of such bonds on application.

ADAMS & COMPANY

BANKERS

13 Congress Street BOSTON



Odd Lots of Stock

**Odd Lot** orders (orders for less than 100 shares) we execute entirely on the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

**Odd Lot** orders we fill at the same prices as 100 share lots.

**Odd Lot** orders require only moderate capital. We charge you as low a rate of commission on odd lots as on large lots; you receive as high a rate of income and profit.

Send for market letters and "Odd Lot Circular A."

JOHN MUIR & CO. Members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

71 Broadway, New York



5% Bonds

The problem with many investors is to secure desirable bonds yielding the highest rate of income compatible with safety. Our 12-page Bond Circular No. 10 describes a number of Corporation Bonds, which we recommend as safe and conservative investments.

Spencer Trask & Co.

William & Pine Sts., New York

Branch offices

Albany, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. Boston, Mass.



5% One Advantage Worth Considering

Because you cannot always accommodate your needs to a fixed "interest day" you often lose the earnings of your money for longer or shorter periods. From the day we receive the funds to the day you withdraw them, you receive full earnings.

WE PAY 5% PER ANNUM

More than [illegible] years of [illegible] and regular supervision by the New York Banking Department assure safety of principal. We can gladly refer you to patrons in your own locality.

Write us for free booklet.

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.

1 Times Bldg., Broadway and 42d St. New York

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. NEW YORK CITY

# 4% Bonds

of the City of

# New Orleans

*maturing in 1942*
*interest payable semi-annually.*

We have for Sale in lots of $1000 each or more $500, 100 of the new public improvement Bonds of the City of New Orleans. These Bonds will be sold at par and accrued interest. This is part of a series of eight millions of dollars sold for the purpose of completing the new Sewerage and Drainage System and is an obligation of the City of New Orleans. This is our first offering of these bonds. They constitute a very high grade and safe bond investment.

Bids will be received up to May 15th, 1909. The apportionment will be made in the order that checks are received.

To responsible parties, who prefer, we will draw through their local bank. Further particulars upon request.

**Peoples Savings, Trust and Banking Company**
(ESTABLISHED 1866)
**Capital and Surplus $600,000.**
**4% paid on savings deposits.**
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

STATESMAN FENCE SIGNS

## These Salesmen work 2 to 5 years for 1½ cents each

A Statesman Weatherproof Fence Sign 10 x 14 inches in two colors will advertise your business 2 to 5 years at a cost of less than 1¼ cents per sign. These are the only signs that can be used on wire fences because of our

**Exclusive Wire Fence Clasp**

Our new "wax process" makes Statesman signs withstand all weather conditions. Any size and variety of colors. Printed in permanent oil and alkali colors on heavy board. We prepay freight. Write today on your letter head for free samples, prices and more about these business boosters. Ask for book "Do you believe in signs?" *High Class Salesmen Wanted.*

**THE STATESMAN COMPANY**
26 Jefferson Avenue — Marshall, Mich.

# 6%

The most attractive investment for Savings or Surplus Funds that we know of is our

## Certificate of Deposit

running for 2 years or longer, and bearing 6 per cent interest, payable semi-annually.
These Certificates are amply secured by First Mortgages deposited in Trust and are issued in amounts of $100, or more

**5%** is paid on Savings subject to withdrawal at any time without notice.

*Write for Booklet*

**Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Company**
1047 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

## MONEY INSURED

**5%** IF DEPOSITED WITH US

5% interest paid. Highest financial reference in America—over 20 years' record. For further information, write

**Bankers' Financing Co., Atlanta, Georgia**

## 5 1/2% INVESTMENTS 6%

For more than twenty-five years this company has furnished its patrons with first mortgage securities.
Please write for our booklet "E"
**E. J. LANDER & CO.**
Grand Forks, N. D. — Minneapolis, Minn.

## FRACTIONAL LOTS

We make a specialty of executing orders for all Stocks listed on New York Stock Exchange in Fractional Lots from one share upward.
Write for circular A 19
*Daily Market Letter sent on request.*

**J. F. PIERSON, JR., & CO.**
(Members of the New York Stock Exchange)
66 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**125-Egg Incubator and Brooder**
FREIGHT PAID East of Rockies BOTH FOR $10
Hot water, double walls, copper tank, best construction. Guaranteed. Write a postal today for Free Catalog
Wisconsin Incubator Co., Dept 101, Racine, Wis.


but send gold to France, because England is lending there.

Having seen how and why the gold is shipped let us now ascertain what becomes of it after it reaches the other side. Most of the gold bars that go to England find their way to the vaults of the Bank of England, forming the reserve of that institution. The influence of this splendid yellow treasure reaches out everywhere. Against it the Bank issues notes and it becomes the very backbone of the money market.

When the Bank of England gold reserve declines the rates for money go up. Right here is where the average investor gets his connection with the gold supply. When money rates go up the prices of securities go down. Bonds are included in this decline. A man who wants to sell his bond at such a time may have to sell it for less than he paid for it.

Taking up another phase of gold you find on reading the figures of the United States Treasury balance that there is always a reference to gold coin and bullion. The amount on hand is usually about $150,000,000. This is our gold reserve.

### The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street

The Secretary of the Treasury is required to keep a gold reserve on hand constantly for the purpose of redeeming the so-called "greenbacks." This is paper money. This reserve cannot properly be greater than $150,000,000 or less than $100,000,000. It has been the subject of endless discussion and controversy.

In explaining the various movements of gold reference has been made from time to time to the Bank of England. It may be helpful to conclude this article with a brief statement of the power exerted by this great institution and its rate. Founded in 1694, "The Bank," as it is familiarly known, is the very pillar and arch of the world's money market. It is the most important, with the possible exception of the Bank of France, of all financial establishments. The imposing and noble proportions of "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" are familiar to every visitor to London. This great bank employs a thousand clerks (most of them, even the humblest, wear silk hats). It is the repository of the reserves of all the other London banks, pays no interest on deposits, receives and disburses the Government funds, manages the Government debt, issues banknotes and performs a national financial service like our Treasury.

Its rate of discount, commonly known the world over as "the Bank of England rate," is the minimum rate at which it discounts paper. This rate governs the rate of interest paid by London stock banks on their deposits, establishes the rate which London banks allow on the balances of foreign correspondents, and is the discount generally in the open market throughout the United Kingdom. More than this, it "sounds the keynote of the international monetary situation." It is cabled everywhere and is often eagerly and anxiously awaited. It becomes the barometer of the world's business. When the rate is advanced it is a sort of warning to trade that storm clouds are gathering. It often means that the vast reserve of the Old Lady is diminishing and it is her way of calling a halt. At the present time the rate is three per cent. For many years it was two and a half per cent. During the October panic of 1907 it rose to seven per cent. This was because the United States was draining the British gold supply. In 1873, after the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., the rate went to nine per cent. The rate is fixed each Thursday at a meeting of the board of directors.

## Be Careful!

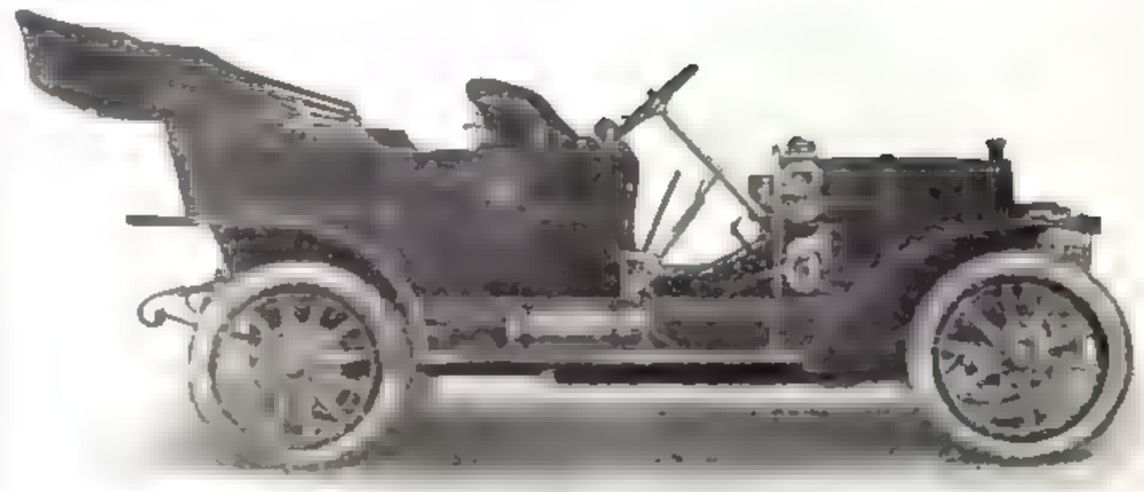
WHEN they were Japanese-war-scaring the Naval Appropriation Bill through the House of Representatives, Bourke Cockran went into action and in a few minutes was in a tremendous state of language eruption.

He said "ratiocination" several times.

"Quit it!" shouted Chairman Tawney, of the Appropriations Committee, after the last one.

"Quit what?" asked Cockran, stopping in astonishment.

"Quit that," replied Tawney; "first thing we know the Japs will think you are calling them names."

**Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—$2,750.**
*Made also as a Roadster and with Toy Tonneau.*

# The Utmost Value For the Money

We make the statement boldly—there is no better car than this. You want the utmost value at the lowest price, and here it is, in the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty," at $2,750.

Prices have interest only in their relation to values. As between equal values, you will choose that offered at the lowest price. As between equal prices, you will decide to pay that which will buy the greatest value.

Settle for yourself by careful investigation the question of value. See the "Forty." Examine it thoroughly. Compare it with all others, first in *value*; then in *price*. This is all we ask.

What more could you want in a motor car than you get in the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" at $2,750?

Any "Forty" will go as fast as sixty miles an hour. Of course you will probably not want to drive that fast but you will be glad to realize you have a car with that much power. For you can use the power in other ways than getting speed—on hills, on rough roads, and in the sand and mud.

The lines of the "Forty" are as beautiful as any car can show, and it is painted and upholstered as well as any car can be.

For its engine power, it's a light car. This means saving of tires—low cost of upkeep. The design of the "Forty" is one of the best proved in the world. More than any other American car, it has been standard from the start. Very few changes—minor ones—have been necessary.

## Every Owner Enthusiastic

The "Forty" is sold by its friends. There are more than a thousand owners to tell you what they think of this car. Ask some of them. Let us give you their names if you don't happen to know them now. They will tell you they wouldn't own another car, having used the "Forty."

Aside from what owners say, the "Forty" has a public performance record which has probably never been surpassed.

At the Pasadena, Calif., hill climb, February 22, it won two principal events, one of them the free for all for stock cars, and made the fastest time of any stock car that day. A short time before this it had defeated all gasoline cars at the great Riverside, Cal., hill climb, making there also the fastest time of the day.

During 1908 it [illegible] first or with a perfect score in twenty five nationally known cars, hill climbs, and endurance contests. The car which stands up under such severe strains as these is pretty sure to meet satisfactorily the lesser demands of the average owner.

Over muddy winter roads last December, Mr. J. S. Harrington drove his new "Forty" from Detroit to Providence, R. I.—858 miles—in 34 hours and 50 minutes actual running time.

Mr. Thomas D. Murphy, of Red Oak, Iowa, touring abroad writes: "In our 'Forty' we have completed 5,000 miles since leaving London, and I have not paid out a single dollar for repairs."

A New England owner says: "The car has just covered 1,000 miles on a trip through the White Mountains, where we used six quarts of oil and 36 gallons of gasoline, or a little over *fourteen miles travelled per gallon*."

We have now in our factory store rooms, $33,000 worth of unused extra parts.

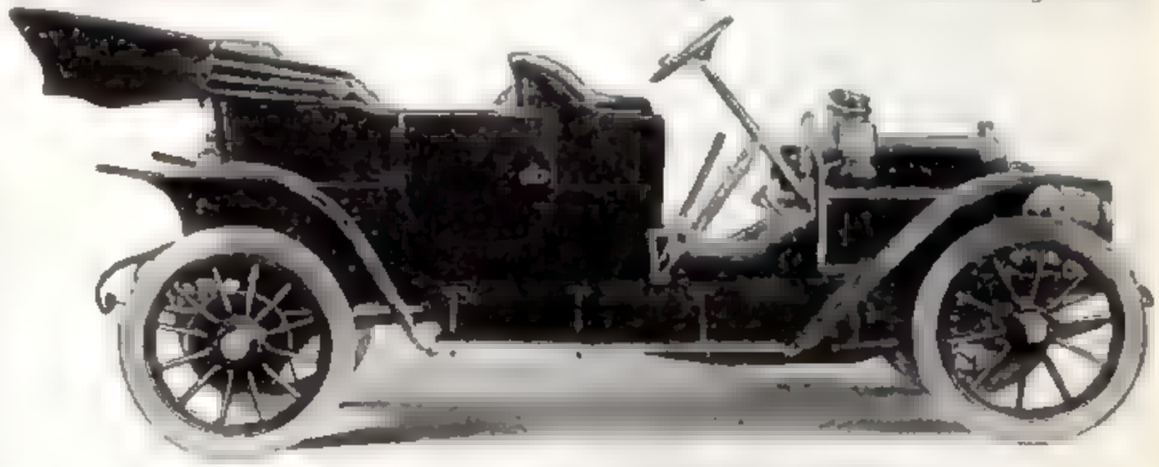
This stock was laid in for any repairs that might be found necessary—to guard against every emergency.

But the car has proved so good that we might as well not have reserved this supply.

For instance, in all our experience we've not had to replace a single crank shaft.

We [illegible] build 548 of these cars this year. We have just decided to increase our schedule by 52 cars, making an even 600 in all. We do this in response to a demand which becomes ever more insistent as more and more people come to know the true quality of this car.

See one of these cars. Or write for a catalog. Learn the facts and you will not have trouble making a decision.



**Chalmers-Detroit "30"—$1,500.**
*Made also as a Tourabout and Roadster.*

Our "30" is the car which Mr. Coffin spent two years in designing. We are putting out 2,500 this year at a profit of nine per cent. About 1,500 are already delivered.

No car on the market gives nearly so much for the money. No car in its class can stand for a moment in actual mechanical comparison, made by unbiased engineers. No car at any price has stood more trying endurance tests than has the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

Please write for our catalog to learn all the facts, then see our nearest dealer.

## Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Members A. L. A. M.

THE L SYSTEM
Clothes
for young men fittingly represent the joyous spirit of the season.
They have that distinctive quality of exclusiveness that marks the wearer as being in close touch with current modes.
The Best dealer in your town will show you designs, fabrics and fashions for early Spring wear.
H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS
New York
Chicago
THE POMEROY
THE STANLEY
Send 2c for Style book or 25c for set of four original "College Posters" in colors.


# YOUR GARDEN

## How to Plant for Successional Crops

BECAUSE you have done your early garden planting don't think for a moment that your planting days are over; or because other people have done their early planting while you haven't been able to begin, don't feel discouraged and think that it is too late to have a wide variety.

If you have missed the earliest dates, perhaps because you are only now getting ready to go to your summer home in the country, you may still have a procession of vegetables to the end of the season. A late beginner may have as wide a variety (if not, of course, *too* late) as the early beginner, although his gustatory pleasure will not be distributed over so many weeks. And as to a constant succession, from the beginning of the season to late fall, for those who are able to begin early—well, even the amateur gardener may nowadays practically have a succession "from frost to frost."

In this there has been a marked advance and change.

It used to be that there was a certain time for planting each vegetable. Once given its planting that vegetable was finished for the season. There was a time for beans and a time for peas, a time for rhubarb and a time for corn. Now it is known that planting may be done for a long succession of maturings. You may almost, as Markos Bozzaris might have exclaimed, plant till the last warm day expires. In vegetable growing the art of succession is the art of success.

With some vegetables the matter of succession takes care of itself. A single planting of tomatoes will furnish a continuity of blossoms and fruit till heavy frost comes. And if you didn't get in your young tomato plants early in May, you may still put them in throughout June, and have your rich reward.

And here let it be said that, as to times and seasons, it is impossible to give dates that will apply equally to every part of the country, with its wide differences of climate, and therefore we use such dates as will apply in a general way to the latitude between New York and Philadelphia. For farther north the dates should be later, and for farther south earlier.

### Jack's Perpetual Stalk

Pole limas are the same as tomatoes, in that a single planting insures a succession. There may likewise be wide variation in the time of planting, so that you need not feel discouraged because you did not get in your seed as soon as the earliest. Of course, those who plant earlier begin to get earlier returns, but those who cannot plant till a little later are still able to have returns that are delicious and plentiful.

Eggplants and cucumbers and peppers are also among the kinds which, like tomatoes and limas, may, when once in the ground, be depended upon to furnish continuous crops.

But it is really curious that because numerous vegetables, with only a single planting, give their produce through a lengthy period, it came to be generally customary to give only a single planting to vegetables whose time of cropping is short.

Such vegetables as peas and corn and beans yield their product for only a few pickings; perhaps the crop will mature during two weeks; and then there is an end. But there ought not to be an end! The pleasures derived from eating fresh peas and green corn is too keen to be lightly given up. And that is why the practice and art of crop succession is of such value.

Now men boast that they have the delicacy of fresh green peas "from frost to frost," and they certainly come near enough to this achievement to justify the slight degree of exaggeration. In a great part of our country it is impossible to obtain a good crop of peas in the month of August, for in that dry month the pods are liable to be thin and practically empty, but if the month should be wet it would well pay for the labor of growing them.

The first peas may be sown in late February, and after that they should be sown at intervals of two weeks until into July.

There are two classes of peas: the round and the wrinkled; and of these the wrinkled are the late ones and the round those which are sown for early maturity. The round ones will stand cold ground and frost

And it may be remarked, for the consolation of those who have not been able to make a planting until perhaps the first of June, that although they have missed the delicious pleasure of the earliest tender peas, coming as they do at a time when the palate craves the taste of fresh green things, yet there is a rarer and sweeter fineness in the wrinkled peas, which mature later.

It is a good idea to begin with the Prosperity, the Eureka, or some similar pea, for the earlier planting, these being excellent kinds.

And right here it should be said that there are so many varieties of seeds, each with its own distinctive name, and, in particular, so many varieties of peas, that no one, even a professional grower for the market, can hope to know of the special merits or qualities of all. In mentioning some kinds by name, therefore, it is not for a moment to be understood that these are the only excellent ones out of a host, or even that they are the very best unless that statement is specifically made.

### The Pursuit of the Early Vegetable

For the second crop of peas, the early summer crop, the Telephone is among the best and the best known. The pods are long and very full of peas, of sweet and excellent quality. A pea like this, indeed (and the figures are given as a test for comparison), averages eighteen pods to the stalk and may even have twenty-four. And having six to eight peas in a pod makes the work of shelling for dinner an easy task. Of the Telephone, or some similar excellent pea, there should be several plantings, to furnish crops between the earliest ones and the late.

Among late maturing peas, which may be planted from late May into July, the Champion of England is excellent. This pea is a coarse and high grower and therefore requires high brush or wire. It is often, indeed, a five-foot plant, whereas peas like the Telephone range a foot or more lower.

There are, however, some disadvantages even with excellent late peas like this of the English name. Lush growers, indeed, are likely to be of the much cry and little wool order, in that they are likely to take up a good deal of room in proportion to their total returns; this being a disadvantage of a sort particularly noticeable when the garden space is limited. But drawbacks such as this are minor compared with advantages of succulence and flavor and the obligingness of peas which are ready at hand for the man with a late garden.

On the whole, peas are a cranky crop. Sometimes those which seem to be the finest are so to outward seeming only and haven't much but vines. And, too, the white blossoms are a gleaming temptation to birds, and a descent of sparrows, in force, may wreck a whole line of peas in a single afternoon.

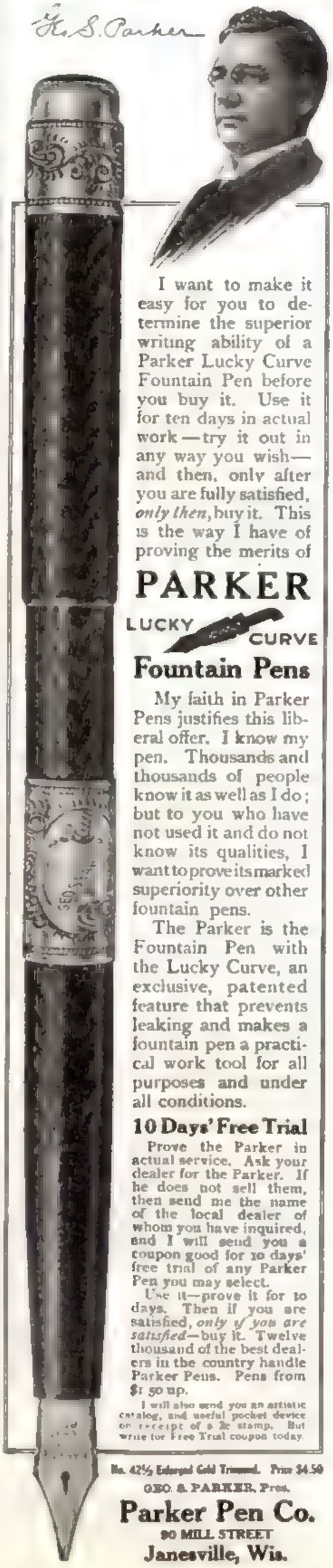
On the whole, tall peas are more satisfactory than the dwarf varieties. Yet the growing of the dwarf kind means the saving of work or money in the matter of supports; work, if brush supports are used, and money and time, if wire is employed. Many an old gardener, by the way, insists that pea vines will not flourish upon wire as they do upon brush.

In spite of the trouble and expense connected with tall vines, most people prefer to have them instead of the dwarf on account of their finer qualities. And those delicious peas must surely have been of the tall-vine kind which, in ever-delightful Cranford, were eaten with such difficulty with the two-tined forks!

Corn is another of the crops which experiment and experience have shown can be cultivated in a long succession.

There is, first, the earliest, which yields its ears early in July. For ourselves, we have found none better than Peep o' Day, and racing, one spring, as is the friendly way of folk who grow things in the suburbs, with a dear old gentleman, a neighbor, who loved his garden with an almost human affection, it turned out that there was but one day between us in the getting of delicious new corn to the table, and that he,


# Will you try my pen—the Parker?




I want to make it easy for you to determine the superior writing ability of a Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen before you buy it. Use it for ten days in actual work—try it out in any way you wish—and then, only after you are fully satisfied, *only then*, buy it. This is the way I have of proving the merits of

**PARKER**

LUCKY CURVE

**Fountain Pens**

My faith in Parker Pens justifies this liberal offer. I know my pen. Thousands and thousands of people know it as well as I do; but to you who have not used it and do not know its qualities, I want to prove its marked superiority over other fountain pens.

The Parker is the Fountain Pen with the Lucky Curve, an exclusive, patented feature that prevents leaking and makes a fountain pen a practical work tool for all purposes and under all conditions.

**10 Days' Free Trial**

Prove the Parker in actual service. Ask your dealer for the Parker. If he does not sell them, then send me the name of the local dealer of whom you have inquired, and I will send you a coupon good for 10 days' free trial of any Parker Pen you may select.

Use it—prove it for 10 days. Then if you are satisfied, *only if you are satisfied*—buy it. Twelve thousand of the best dealers in the country handle Parker Pens. Pens from $1 50 up.

I will also send you an artistic catalog, and useful pocket device on receipt of a 2c stamp. But write for Free Trial coupon today.

No. 42½ Enlarged Gold Trimmed. Price $4.50

GEO. S. PARKER, Pres.

**Parker Pen Co.**

90 MILL STREET

**Janesville, Wis.**

# SIEGEL COOPER & CO.
## The Big Store
## Chicago

Founded 1887

# We Will Send FREE

**Our Red, White and Blue Booklet,** if you will just send us your name and address on a postal. The Chicago Idea is expressed in the great values at low prices shown in this booklet. See for yourself. Send for it today. See what the purchasing power of our great Store will mean to you. Let us tell you what **Our Guarantee Means.**

**23 B 150 New Flower Pot Turban.** Handsome model, as shown from Paris—one of the most graceful and popular shapes. Top is covered with rosette and quills. Velvet is used for facing and underbrim. Colors—Black, brown, navy, cardinal, emerald, gray or tan. Price postpaid **$2.48**

23 B 150 **$2.48** Postpaid

**6 B 5 Batiste Waist**—the yoke formed with Medallion of sheer embroidery and Val. Lace over bands of tucking. Lace down front—cuffs tucked and shaped. Back has cluster tucking—long sleeves tucked and lace trimmed—sizes 34 to 44. Price postpaid **$1.25**

6 B 5 **$1.25** Postpaid

**$3.48** Postpaid

La Rosa 23 B 600

## Paris Styles

**23 B 600 La Rosa.** A stunning dress hat, hand made throughout, fine straw braid with lace braid band, velvet and ribbon bows with rich ornaments. Back, brown or navy with cream and band in contrast. Price postpaid **$3.48**

## French Hipless Cutaway Suit, Express paid $5.75

**French Hipless Cutaway Suit**—of our Grade of cream prunella suiting with a silk finish. Perfectly tailored to give the coveted long straight lines. **Skirt**—plain gored—lined throughout. **Colors**—White, tan, catawba, blue or violet. Sizes 34 to 44. Price express paid **$5.75**

**Our Guarantee** If your purchase from this announcement in any way does not entirely satisfy you, we will refund your money without question. We take all the risk. We pay express charges both ways.

Send for the Red, White and Blue Booklets to-day to Dept. N.

## SIEGEL COOPER & CO. CHICAGO
The Big Store — Chicago's Economy Center

*Our Candy's So Good We'll "Stand Treat" To Prove It*

Just to introduce Sorority Chocolates—"Taylor-Made"—to the few who have not yet enjoyed them—we're making this special offer of a miniature "Treat" box of

## Sorority Chocolates
"Taylor-Made"

Sent to any address, on receipt of your dealer's name and 5 two-cent stamps for postage and packing. You can buy the regular pound boxes at leading dealers—60 cents the pound.

Or send $1 for full pound box (craftsmanship design) and three artists' duplicates (11 x 14 in., full colors, no advertising), of our famous Sorority Girls, all charges paid. Address today

**Taylor Bros. Company**
158 Taylor Building
Battle Creek Michigan

like ourselves was using Peep o' Day. The stalk is small, but it hangs out its tassel almost as soon as it has two blades to boast of. The cob is also small, almost popcorn size, but the kernels are sweet and tender as well as being early.

There are other extremely early and fine kinds, and some claim that there is nothing earlier than Pocahontas, for example. And this shows, again, the impossibility of becoming acquainted with very many. Each seedsman strives by experiment to have earlier and earlier corn and finer varieties than in preceding years. Some kinds prove successful and survive the years in the market. Others, though heralded loudly, drop from the catalogues in a few seasons.

No great quantity of the very earliest corn should be grown, for, delicious though it is because of coming fresh and at an early date, it is not, after all, equal in quality to that which comes later; being in this like the early peas. Just enough should be planted to carry the family along till the coming of the later varieties.

Following the earliest come such varieties as the excellent Cory, which may be planted from May on and matures in from fifty to sixty days from planting time. This, differing from most of the earliest kinds, matures an ear of what may be termed full size.

For the main crop, at least so far as the enthusiasm and experience of a host of gardeners goes, there is really nothing to equal the widely-known Country Gentleman in flavor and quality.

The kernels of this variety are of great depth, thus offering a good and satisfactory bite for the teeth. Many a country boy knows this as "shoe-peg" corn on account of the shape of the kernels. There should be five or six plantings of Country Gentleman, beginning with early May, and then you will have a succession until the cold of late autumn puts an end to the season.

It is well, with corn and peas, if there is room in the garden, to put in, toward the end of planting time, some of the quick-growing extra-early varieties as well as the slower-growing late ones, for thus the maturity of another crop is insured if the later varieties are nipped by frost.

### Pull Out the Pindling Ones

For corn of any sort, whether early or late, the ground should be well fertilized and well worked. Corn may be planted either in hills or in rows, and a method observed by many is to plant almost twice as many kernels as are needed and then, on the principle of the survival of the fittest, to pull out the pindling ones when the stalks have reached the height of a few inches.

Hills are preferred to rows by many, and it is the more time-honored way. One advantage of hill culture is that it permits of putting the horse across the field in two directions, thus lessening the space that is to be cultivated with the hoe; but this is not a point of importance with the average suburban or home garden, and the planting in rows is increasing in popularity.

It may be mentioned that when an Englishman refers to corn it is wheat that he means; when a Scotchman speaks of corn he means oats, and when an American speaks of corn (outside of Sunday-school) he means, of course, the maize, so called, which the Indians cultivated long before the time of Columbus, and which that great discoverer introduced into Europe, where it promptly assumed high importance, especially in the southern countries. One wonders what the world would do without the potato and corn, both of which were unknown to the rest of the world until after the discovery of America—but, after all, the world did manage to get along for sundry thousands of years without them, indispensable though they now seem to be.

Potatoes were not known in Europe till nearly a century after the first voyage of Columbus. They were new in the time of Shakespeare, yet they must have made a swift impression, for Falstaff is made to exclaim, as of a product well-known and popular, "Let the sky rain potatoes!"

With potatoes most people have got into the habit of doing two things: first, planting early potatoes, and second, planting late ones. In this way, of course, the end is accomplished of securing enough for a year's supply—although the pleasurable possibilities are by no means exhausted.

For the earliest crop—the crop sown, say, in late April or early May to give

# As The Master Would

You have certain enjoyment in music.

You appreciate good piano playing.

Maybe you sometimes envy a good performer's mastery of the technical difficulties—his creative power.

You'd like to play as he plays—you'd like to trill and perform difficult passages with the same ease, the same nerve and dash.

You, Mr. Business Man, or Mistress Housewife—you'd like to do these things whether or not you've had any previous experience or instruction.

* * * *

To you there is a means of gratifying your musical ambition—your joy of sound creation.

The Cecilian Player Piano.

And the Cecilian for the reason that it enables the most nearly perfect control of sound production at the least effort.

You can Produce gradations of touch on a single note on Cecilian Player Pianos.

You can make a solo sing out melodiously above a soft accompaniment. You can accent individual notes or chords.

You can alter the tempo.

You can secure the same effects the human performer obtains—without having to fuss with levers, push buttons, screws, or other appliances that fairly bristle on the ordinary player piano.

And above all things, you won't murder a composition, as ordinary 65-note Player Pianos do, for Cecilian Player Pianos play the entire key board of 88 notes. They play a composition as it is written.

One point more—the construction of the Cecilian being metal—non-affectable by climatic or atmospheric changes—and not wood; liable to warp, twist and get out of order—the Cecilian Player Pianos last longer than the ordinary Player Pianos.

## Prospective Piano Purchasers
**Free Brochure**

If you are considering the purchase of a Piano—or of a Player Piano—please send coupon today for our handsome art brochure. You will receive information of vital importance to you, free of charge. This booklet gives you piano information you could obtain in no other way. Please fill out the coupon to-day—now—and send to us immediately.

**Cecilian Player Pianos play the entire key board of 88 notes, not merely 65.**

# Cecilian Player Pianos

**The Farrand Company**
Dept. D.
Detroit, Mich.

S. E. P.

COUPON

**THE FARRAND COMPANY**
Detroit

I am interested in a Piano-Player Piano (please check thus ✓ which)

My name _____

St. & No. _____

My dealer's name _____

St. & No. _____

City & State _____

Please send me your handsome art brochure promptly.

# A BUSINESS
OR AN
# INVESTMENT

**Safe, Permanent, Profitable.
Pays Higher Returns Than
Any Ordinary Staple Line**

VACUUM cleaning—old enough to be thoroughly established, yet new enough to afford the advantages of a new field, and, under our protection, to give you practically a monopoly in your own exclusive territory.

Aero portable vacuum cleaning outfits are in operation all over the country, each earning from $3000 to $5000 a year for owners, some of whom personally engage in the business, and others of whom own the outfit, leasing it, or employing operators, themselves giving the business only supervisory attention.

## Singularly Without Risk

More than any other staple line this business is outside the ordinary hazards of business. It supplies a growing, recognized need. Its acceptance by physicians, school and health boards as the only hygienic cleaning method, and its obvious convenience vouches for the stability of the demand.

## For Small Capital

Vacuum cleaning offers a rare opportunity. Your original investment—from $1450 to $2700, according to type needed—practically is the total capital required, and is represented by tangible property in the shape of machinery and appliances. Running expenses are small, the profits high.

We are the pioneers of mechanical cleaning. Our sole ownership of basic patents which are absolutely essential to vacuum cleaning apparatus of actual utility—our established success—our assured permanency, give us the distinctive position in the vacuum cleaning field.

If you are looking for a safe, profitable business, or want to make a conservative investment, this is an opportunity not often equalled. Regardless of the character of your previous business training, this is a business that can be readily established with success from the start.

Write and we will tell you how men all over the country have made successes. Write today for details, and our free booklet "Turning Dust Into Money."

If seeking investment write for booklet "A"
If seeking business write for Booklet "B"

## Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Systems

**We lead the world in installation of stationary plants. Aero Systems are installed in government buildings, hospitals, public buildings, etc., all over the United States. If you are interested in stationary plants, write for Booklet "C," stating character, size of building and kind of power available.**

**AMERICAN AIR CLEANING CO.**
F. J. MATCHETTE,
Vice-Pres't and Gen'l Mgr.
702 Sycamore Street
Milwaukee, Wis.

3000 to 5000
DOLLARS PER YEAR


"new potatoes" in June or early in July - no potato has as yet arisen to take the place of Early Rose in popular estimation. Later, the crop is sown for fall and storage supply, and for this such potatoes as the State of Maine are admirable. And thus you have potatoes for the year.

But suppose that you would like a greater variety; that you would like a continuance of the taste of the new potato. Let us suppose that you garden largely for the very joy of getting epicurean delights from a simple expenditure of time and trouble.

We can continue to have the delicate flavor of the new potato throughout the summer and the fall by the simple expedient of making successive plantings of the rapid-growing kinds. Oddly enough, it is in the South, much more than in the North, that this custom of giving the rapid growers several plantings in succession is already followed; and it is a custom highly good to adopt.

### A Continuing Salad Bed

And as to radishes—well, it is only from a long line of plantings that any long-continued pleasure is to be derived; for their chief charm is in their taste when small and snappy, and to obtain this charm they must be set out in a swift succession of little rows and tackled in the "one down, t'other come on" way. For August radishes it is a good idea to use the rich ground and glass shelter of the unused and empty cold-frames, for the dry, hot month makes woody, fibrous radishes if grown in the open.

Lettuce is markedly a vegetable to grow in successional development, and it may be enjoyed not only by the one who begins his gardening early but also by him who begins late. If seed is planted in April you may have your first crop of heads in June. You may thin out your rows and eat the small leaves much earlier. It takes five or six weeks to mature a head, and, as it is exceedingly difficult to sow the seed sufficiently thin for a crop, it is the custom to sow it rather thickly and then, as the plants come crowding up in three weeks or so, to transplant them to where there is space between them. After the first planting, keep on with a succession, at intervals of two weeks. And if you wish a salad still earlier than June, begin in a hotbed in February.

The Big Boston and the long-time favorite, the Boston Market, are very good heads with blanched interiors, and, of course, there are other excellent kinds as well.

It is interesting to know that lettuce was introduced into England, from Flanders, less than four hundred years ago. As a plant of high excellence for salad—practically its sole use still—it was known in England before that time, and some of the nobility used to send to Flanders for it, before it was known that it would grow in the English climate and soil.

Snap beans and yellow wax beans are also among the vegetables which require a succession of plantings and are ready to reward the late beginner. They must be planted every two weeks or so, for although their crop continues to develop for a longer time than that it rapidly becomes so "wooden" as not to be desirable.

Spinach is literally, and without exaggeration, a crop which one may have "from frost to frost." In the first place, it is an easy vegetable to grow. To have it in the very earliest spring it should be planted the previous September. From severe cold it requires some protection, with leaves or mulch, but if this is seen to there is no real danger throughout the winter.

Spinach is the earliest of crops, and it is in the spring that the taste, with most people, is the strongest for it. It is not a highly popular vegetable during summer months, but as fall comes on there is a recurrent readiness for it, and it is to meet this late-season taste that you will aim the time of your successional planting of it.

It is well that there are the many possibilities that come with successional crops; and not the least, as we have remarked, is that it permits the man who begins his garden late to have a wide variety. For anything is good that makes home-gardening more pleasant and profitable, and adds to the number of its ardent devotees.

The care of a garden is good for all of us, for, as was long ago sagely remarked, a garden raises not only vegetables but the average of human life!


# Korrect Shape
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
# SMART OXFORDS

The FIT STYLE PRICE and WEAR are KORRECT

Insist on Korrect Shape Trade Mark on Sole

**Our Guarantee**
If the upper breaks through before the sole is worn through, we will replace with a new pair. All Burrojaps leathers come under this Guarantee.

BURROJAPS WARRANTED
This Label Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

GRAND FREE CATALOG IN COLORS. Send for it.

Free Toe and Ankle Movement

$4.00 $5.00 BENCH MADE

*In Tan, Black, Green and Patent.*

5000 dealers sell them. If yours does not, we will supply you—it's easy to do so. SEND FOR CATALOG
DEALERS, write for our special trade catalog of shoes carried in stock.

BURT & PACKARD COMPANY, MAKERS
25 FIELD STREET, BROCKTON, MASS.

# Stretch—be comfortable —in a ROXFORD Shirt

**Now** you can get the new style short sleeve, knee length, coat-shirt underwear in good long-wearing balbriggan—that satisfactory knitted material that follows every movement of arm and shoulder and muscle. Your size will fit you; ample and easy in crotch and seat. Non-shrinking. Absorbs perspiration; prevents chilling.

*There is a little book on*

## Roxford Underwear

*For Men and Boys.* It tells about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It is well worth writing for.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Long sleeve shirts | Ribbed and flat union suits |
| Short sleeve shirts | Ankle length drawers |
| Sleeveless shirts (no buttons) | Knee length drawers |
| Bachelor shirts (no buttons) | Short stout drawers |
| Coat shirts (short or long sleeves) | Long slim drawers |

**Any style, any weight, for any climate. 50c., 75c., $1.00. Send your name for the Book and please yourself.**

**Roxford Knitting Company, Dept. K, Philadelphia**

# "GUNN" SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

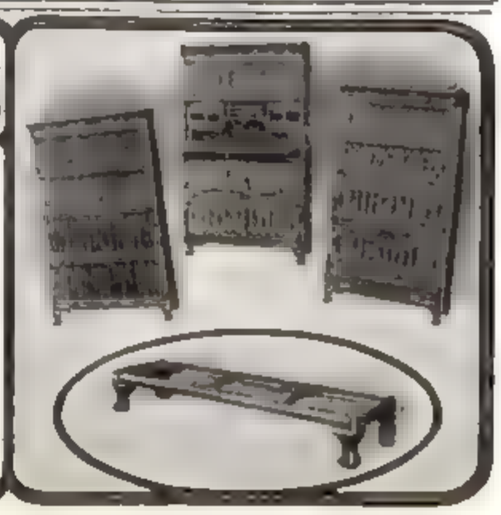
## The Gunn Claw Foot Case

is the very latest creation in sectional bookcases—artistic, charming and practical. The carved legs raise it from the floor, giving it the appearance of the old-fashioned bookcase, with all the conveniences of the sectional case. Like other bookcases made by us, this *Claw Foot* Style is lower in price than other cases.

It is not necessary to tear down for whole stack to fit in the four- and [illegible] ft. wide by [illegible] Made in oak or mahogany, any finish. Regular glass doors, [illegible] drawers. Or the full length doors and [illegible] drawers. Or [illegible] writing [illegible] roller bearing doors that can be removed by simply unhooking—workmanship, [illegible] and finish unsurpassed.

*Dealers sell the Gunn line or we ship direct.*

THE GUNN FURNITURE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.



# This Beautiful Rocker

will bring luxury and comfort to the Library, Smoking Room, or any part of the home.

**It is one of the Leaders of**

**The Bronze Seal Line**

When you know the relation the Bronze Seal bears to the Rocker—*seal on, the Rocker.*

***We had to make a PERFECT ROCKER before we dare put on the seal.***

Every seal has a number—*no two alike.* This means a perfect Rocker.

**Why?** Because every operative knows his work is identified—from the designer to the man who delivers the Rocker to your home. For their own protection, all do their very best.

Rocker No. 252, illustrated herewith, is our [illegible] and the greatest [illegible] we make. The [illegible] seat is entirely stuffed with [illegible] the [illegible] It is one of the most [illegible] rockers ever made, and it will last a lifetime. Write today for

## Our Free Style Book of the Bronze Seal Line

It contains much valuable information that will help you make your home more beautiful. We will also refer you to the nearest dealer where you can see and inspect the goods

**Mueller & Stack Co., Dept. 10, Grand Rapids, Mich.**

Always protects Jewelry, Valuable Papers and Plate from house thieves and fire.

Our Cement-Asbestos Cellular Filling is [illegible] making the [illegible] safe the world [illegible] ... from [illegible] ... *which ruins jewelry, silverware and papers.*

## $8 and up Fire and Thief Proof

$0,000 in use—thieves haven't opened one yet. You believe in safes, of course. Let us show you [illegible] styles of House, Office and [illegible] safest and cheapest. Ask for [illegible] Don't lose time—the house that [illegible]

*If you are thinking of building you will want to know about our vault [illegible]*

**THE MEILINK MFG. CO.**
**116 Jackson Street, Toledo, Ohio**



# "Mum"

A pure, harmless, odorless cream that takes all the odor out of perspiration

Chemically neutralizes all bodily odors. Doesn't soil the clothing

**25c** at drug- and department stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum" send us his name and 25 cents, and we'll send it postpaid.

**MUM MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia**



Established **HOSKINS** Since 1843
QUALITY ENGRAVERS

50 CARDS—Copper Plate—$2.50, $1.50 and $1.00
STYLE SHEET SENT UPON REQUEST

WEDDING INVITATIONS OUR SPECIALTY

PHILA. 900 Chestnut Street PENNA


# Tree Blight

TO CONTEND successfully with plant diseases the farmer must have grit, courage, and the determination to win. If he loses hope his plants are doomed. The stronger the fighting-blood runs through his arteries, the better his chances to conquer. Telepathic mental treatments will not heal his plants, but a good dose of the faith cure taken by the patients' nurse will work wonders. Howard Reed, of Sacramento County, the largest grower of Bartlett pears in California, was one of those who took the faith cure when a bacterial disease, the pear blight, appeared in the district. Having hope and faith, he worked incessantly. Now he has cause to be cheerful. While the pear blight was killing many thousands of trees, ruining the crops and spreading dense, gray gloom, thick enough to be cut with a knife, over the desolate orchards, Reed was harvesting record crops. Last fall, with pear blight at its height, with the panic and despair of the growers increasing, Reed's sixty acres yielded twenty-three thousand boxes of choice pears, which sold for two cents a pound and brought him more than twenty thousand dollars. Reed will increase his pear acreage.

How did Reed do it? By putting his faith in the advice of the blight specialist and following his directions to the letter. When the pear blight, after having destroyed all pear orchards in the southern part of the State, appeared in the great fruit districts of central and northern California, the Department of Agriculture sent Professor M. B. Waite, the leading authority on pear blight, into the field to assist the growers. Aseptic surgery was the specialist's remedy for the disease. In winter, when the trees were bare, he ordered a painstaking inspection of the orchards. Every infected limb or twig was to be removed with sterilized tools and the wound covered with an antiseptic solution. If the sickness had reached the trunk the tree was to be taken out and burned. Every winter, sometimes in summer, the work had to be done over again.

### Ignorance Proves Costly

For two years Professor Waite and his assistants, together with experts supplied by the State, worked in the pear districts, giving demonstrations of their methods and inspecting millions of trees. Reed saw the demonstrations and imitated them in all their details. When the Sacramento River overflowed its banks he and his men used it as a stepladder. They traveled through the orchard in boats, pruning and cutting out every infected spot. It was hard, expensive, tedious work, but it was worth the effort. Last fall's crop proved that. Meanwhile, hundreds of growers sat idly by and watched their trees die, with no abiding faith to stir them to action. Many others put their trust in patent medicines, advertised to cure pear blight while the grower slept, and they, likewise, saw their crops vanish. Still others, in districts but little affected by the disease as yet, scorned the necessity of taking out apparently healthy trees, and pooh-poohed the idea of crawling through the bare crowns in winter hunting for blight spots. Their eyes will be opened later.

Not all plant ailments are of parasitic origin. Plants as well as animals suffer from stomach-aches, indigestion, impeded circulation and other purely physiological disturbances. The study of this class of diseases may be said to be just beginning. Out in the arid and semi-arid regions of the West these functional disorders, as well as diseases caused by parasites, attack the plants with a virulence as a rule unknown in the East. In the sunny Southwest the crops lead a hothouse existence; instead of Nature, the farmer supplies them with water and often food in quantities and at intervals which he considers necessary, and his judgment is not always sound. The forced growth of the plants and their artificial mode of life will necessitate frequent and prolonged calls by the plant doctor. But for this very reason they will receive more and better attention, their condition will be noted more closely, and, at the hand of science, the growers will develop varieties better adapted to their surroundings, yielding larger returns of superior quality and thus adding to the nation's wealth.


# The Kelly-Springfield Pneumatic Tire *for* Automobiles

MORE Kelly-Springfield Tires are used than any other make

As soon as automobile owners find that the Kelly-Springfield Pneumatic is as good as the Kelly-Springfield Solid Tire, the Pneumatic will lead as the Solid Tire always has led.

**CONSOLIDATED RUBBER TIRE CO., 20 Vesey Street, New York, and Akron, Ohio**

Branch offices in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, and San Francisco



The New Models 10 and 11 *of the*

# Remington Typewriter

are the ripest fruit of Remington experience, the highest achievement of Remington skill and the perfect evidence of Remington leadership.

*Some of the New Features:*

New Single Dog Escapement
New Column Selector (Model 10)
New Built-in Decimal Tabulator (Model 11)
New Two-Color Dial
New Back-Space Key
New Variable Line Spacing Lock
New Shift Lock
New Paper Feed

**Remington Typewriter Company**
Incorporated
New York and Everywhere

"Tremont"

The one distinctive style of the season—
in the non-crackable, non-shrinkable

ARROW Quarter Size COLLARS 15c 2 for 25c

In Canada 20c. Send for "Proper Dress," a booklet. Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers, 459 River Street, Troy, N.Y

*"Stratford"*

A shirt imparting that atmosphere of correct style so thoroughly characteristic of

*Cluett* Town and Country Shirts. *$1.50 each*

In Canada $2.00.

Send for "To-day's Shirt," a booklet.

Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers, 459 River Street, Troy, N Y.

## The cap is the thing

Do you realize the difference in caps? A man looks fine in a fine cap and he looks cheap in a cheap one. The finest cap in this country is the

# HEIDCAP

made of exclusive English cap cloths and Harris Island Homespuns. It has the lines and the "kick," and it makes you look a thoroughbred.

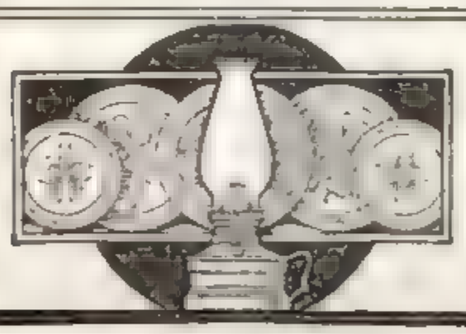
It is sold by the *best* hatters and haberdashers in the leading cities. Send for the Cap Book. It shows the cap styles followed by the best dressers.

**THE HEIDCAP—**
**$1.00, $1.50, $2.50**

Send for book to Department "D"

**Frank P. Heid & Company**
PHILADELPHIA





MACBETH lamp-chimneys cost a few cents apiece more than the breaking, ill-fitting ones, but much less by the month or year. The ordinary kind must be bought continually, because they break from heat, in use. MACBETH lamp-chimneys never break from heat, and my name MACBETH is on them.

My Lamp Chimney Book insures getting the right chimney for any burner, and gives suggestions about lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils, and tells how to keep lamps in order. I gladly mail it, free, to anyone who writes for it.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh



VANCO BEST PASTE HAND SOAP

REMOVES GREASE

Agents wanted everywhere. Full [illegible] our 10c Dept B

The J T Robertson Co Manchester Conn


# The First Performance

By JOHN R. HALE

J. M. BARRIE never goes to the first night of any of his plays, and there are a lot of other dramatists, too, who stay home, or go to the opera, or the country or anywhere, rather than see what is happening to their plays. And this isn't a question of cowardice, or nerves, or pose of indifference; it is largely because, no matter how much time and brains have been expended before the first night to make things perfect, there seems to be some evil god of little things who presides over opening performances and with demoniac skill puts obstacles, and usually comic ones, in the way of success. And if you're an author and you see your play going to smash because of something that isn't your fault, but just fate—well, you are very likely to suffer and have a very bad quarter of an hour. Probably all these little things that go wrong on first nights have a very practical explanation—nerves—but no one has discovered a way to prevent them.

When the curtain went down on the opening night of the New York Hippodrome—for the curtain there descends into the floor instead of disappearing into the ceiling—it was a foregone conclusion that the god of little things would be present at his worst, for the Hippodrome's stupendous production employs seven hundred people on the stage and behind the scenes, and when you have seven hundred people rehearsing eight weeks, with dress rehearsals till two in the morning the concluding week, and then postpone the first performance for four days, you have a concentrated nervous strain that is bound to produce some mishap. But at the Hippodrome this season they had for a stage-manager a genius of discipline, hard work, technical knowledge and being on the job—R. H. Burnside, who was almost a match for that ingenious little god of first nights.

Three-fifths of the performance passed off without a jar—so far as the audience knew. Then came the stunt where forty-eight girls mount a sort of trelliswork of ladders joined together. Their costumes of red, white and blue make a gigantic American flag, and then the girls connect a hidden wire or two and thousands of electric lights glow into a sparkling national emblem. But on the first night, as the ladders were being wheeled on, the main electric cable was pulled apart, and the electric flag failed to light. Instantly Burnside, who had all evening been at each crucial spot, prepared for some such episode, took advantage of the applause to order an encore—although in all the rehearsals no encore had been provided for—and this time he held the broken, spluttering ends of the parted cable together and the flag lit. The little god was frustrated!

### The Problem of the Circus Tent

One of the Hippodrome features is a circus parade and the raising before the audience of a huge circus tent. At the final dress rehearsal the stage hands took fifteen minutes to raise the tent; at the beginning they had taken but three. Fifteen minutes was, of course, preposterous, and the kind of delay that might ruin the whole performance. Burnside ordered a special rehearsal of the tent scene for eight o'clock the next morning, the day of the opening.

"Now, boys," he said genially, "when you first tackled the tent you took three minutes to put it up and three to take it down. Let's see what you can do now. You were fifteen minutes last night just putting it up." The boys, beguiled, perhaps, by the boss' gentle manner, dashed in and the tent was in its place in three minutes. Then Burnside's manner changed.

"You see," he snarled, "you can do it if you want to! Now, why didn't you last night? There's a nigger in the woodpile. Some of you fellows are trying to spoil this show, and I know it. If that tent doesn't go up in three minutes and come down in three minutes tonight you're all fired, and what's more, I'm going to run amuck among you and when I find the men who are responsible ——" He stopped, but his eyes flashed; they knew he meant what he said.

"And, boys," and his whole manner changed again, "if she goes up in three


THE

# Ohio

CAR
35 H.P.
$2000

**Big Value for $2,000**

We are building only a limited number of cars this year, but are determined that each one shall be a reputation maker. We mean the OHIO to be the leading car of its type—made so by extraordinary quality not by forcing a heavy output. Here is what we are giving to make it so:

*Motor:* 35 horse power—four-cylinder, four-cycle, 4½ inch bore, 4½ inch stroke; thermo-syphon radiation with honey comb radiator; integral oiling system; speed 4 to 50 miles an hour.

*Transmission:* Nickel steel selective type, fitted with annular bearings multiple disc (copper and steel) clutch, two universal joints on drive shaft.

*Frame:* Reinforced, cold-rolled steel, drop pattern. *Springs:* Semi-elliptic in front, platform springs in rear. *Wheels:* 34 inch by 4 inch, artillery pattern, fitted with "Diamond" quick detachable tires. *Wheel Base:* 110 inches. *Axles:* Drop forged "I" beam front, floating rear. *Brakes:* 12 inch internal expanding emergency brake; 12 inch external contracting foot lever brake. *Steering Gear:* Irreversible type. *Electric Source:* Low tension magneto, coil and batteries.

*Body:* Straight line with mahogany dash, very roomy five passenger tonneau (26 inches between seats), luxuriously painted and trimmed, heavily upholstered in finest grade machine buffed leather.

*Equipment:* Shock absorbers, large searchlights with gas generator, dash and tail lamps, large horn, and tool kit.

**Write today for OHIO Catalog "P"**

**The Jewel Carriage Co., *Manufacturers***
**Elmwood Station, Cincinnati, Ohio**

TO DEALERS: The OHIO quality has surprised all dealers who have seen it. They are enthusiastic and say it is bound to be the leading car of its type. We want only the strongest and best agencies in each city. Write today for agency and allotment. Deliveries can be made early in April.



## The greatest improvement ever made in shoe laces

*Nufashond Shoe Laces* combine the strength of tubular laces with the daintiness of flat ribbon laces.

# Nufashond Shoe Laces

Tubular where they go through the eyelets.
Broad and flat where the bows are tied.

*Nufashond Shoe Laces* have unusual strength. Not only is the center tubular, but it is doubly reinforced and firmly woven.

They slide freely through the eyelets and stay tied. They do not crush in tying—the bow is always neat and shapely.

*Nufashond Shoe Laces* are made from superior Japan silk. They retain their good looks and are so durable that they outwear two or more pairs of other shoe laces.

Every pair is

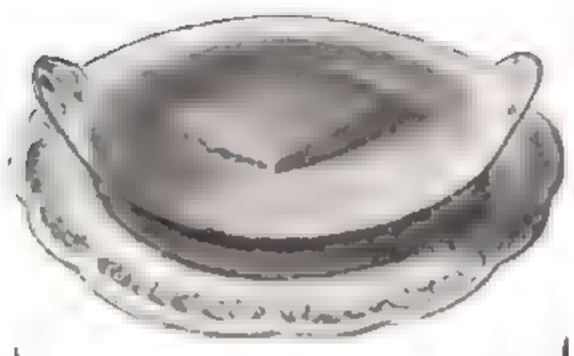
**guaranteed for 3 months**

**25 cents** per pair in black, tan and oxblood. Sold only in sealed boxes. At all shoe and dry goods stores. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, if your dealer can't supply you.

Write today for our illustrated booklet that tells about *Nufashond* and shows our complete line of shoe laces at every price.

For high shoes, you'll get the best service from our **10c tubular laces. Guaranteed for 6 months.**

**Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.**
**Reading, Pa.**



Try It On

**WELSH RAREBIT**

It is made digestible and much more palatable with

**LEA & PERRINS SAUCE**

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

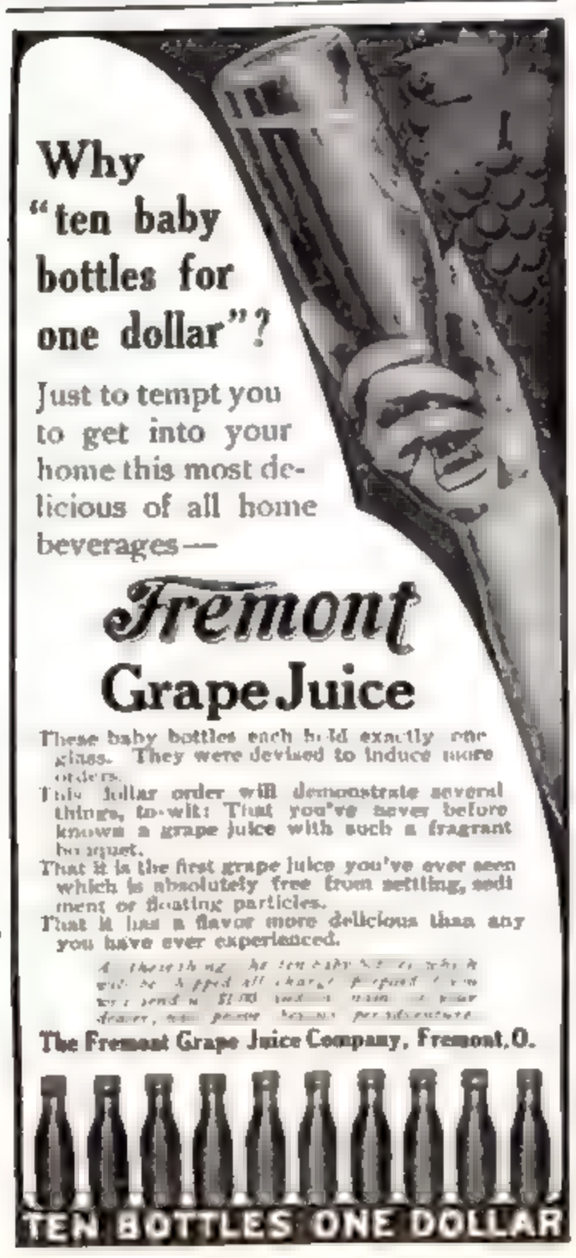
Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and Salad Dressings are greatly improved by its use.

**For four generations it has stood unrivaled as a seasoning.**

**Beware of Imitations.**

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts. New York





**Why "ten baby bottles for one dollar"?**

Just to tempt you to get into your home this most delicious of all home beverages—

*Fremont*

**Grape Juice**

These baby bottles each hold exactly one glass. They were devised to induce more orders.

This dollar order will demonstrate several things, to-wit: That you've never before known a grape juice with such a fragrant bouquet.

That it is the first grape juice you've ever seen which is absolutely free from settling, sediment or floating particles.

That it has a flavor more delicious than any you have ever experienced.

*At the risk of [illegible] we will be happy to send a $1.00 [illegible] your dealer, we prefer [illegible]*

**The Fremont Grape Juice Company, Fremont, O.**

TEN BOTTLES ONE DOLLAR


minutes I'll give you fifty dollars out of my own pocket to divvy up."

When it came time for the tent scene that opening night you might have seen a man in a dusty, brown suit and a slouch hat come walking on the stage slowly, for all the world as if he were a dollar super and had no interest whatever in the raising of that tent. But he was Burnside, and he was watching, and watching very keenly That tent went up in three minutes and came down in three minutes and Burnside gave the men the fifty dollars. And they gave it back to him! Which goes to show that Burnside knew his men and his business and that they knew he knew. And if Burnside had not had supreme authority there would have been no tent the first night, for the proprietors, alarmed at the delay at the rehearsal, demanded that the tent be eliminated—but it wasn't!

### The Misnamed Doxy

When Austin Strong's The Toymaker of Nuremberg was produced at the Garrick Theater a year ago, one of the characters was a dachshund called Nebuchadnezzar in the play and Hans in private life. Hans fell ill and a substitute was sent for at the last minute. The understudy was a lady dog, and many of the critics in their reviews devoted the bulk of their remarks to the fact that Nebuchadnezzar should have been called Julia, yet that was hardly the fault of the author and had nothing to do with the merit of his play.

When Rachel Crothers' The Coming of Mrs. Patrick was played at the late Madison Square Theater one of the situations was the mixing of a cocktail by Mrs. Patrick, which she gave to a character in order to make him intoxicated and prevent his running off to marry a lady who was more avaricious than loving. The ingredients furnished by the property-man made Mrs. Pat's cocktail look like black coffee, and the first-night death-watch, which in its sophistication could recognize a block away a Bronx, Martini or Manhattan cocktail by its color, of course, laughed, and again the critics took this episode as one of their texts for censure.

In The Marriage of William Ashe, with Grace George in one of the most important scenes, a character waited for the arrival of another by carriage, and the horses' hoofs were to be heard outside to convey the impression of an approaching vehicle. On tour the hoofbeats were most effective, but at the first night in New York they sounded like nothing so much as a man beating a board with a hammer in a *tempo* never approached by a trotting, pacing or walking horse. Nine reviewers out of ten began their articles with elaborate descriptions of the hoofbeats and most of them were very funny, yet, after all, a property-man's incompetency should really have little effect on a criticism of the play, or the author, or the actors.

In the third act of Glorious Betsy, in which Mary Mannering, after a two years' run on the road, appeared in New York this season, the setting of the third act was on the deck of a yacht, and several references were made to the thick fog that was rising. For the metropolitan opening it was decided to create the illusion of real fog by the use of live steam, but when, at the proper cue, the steam began to spiral on to the stage in little eddies it had all the effect of curling smoke from a fire in the wings. At first there was a certain physical restlessness manifested in the audience, which suddenly grew into a buzz as people turned to one another and asked: "Is that a fire?" The murmur grew louder; here and there a white-faced, scared woman rose from her chair and started to leave. No one paid any attention to the actors or to the lines of what was designed to be the big situation of the piece. Suddenly, as if one had pressed a button, the dull hum of frightened conversation grew into a panicky roar, and half the audience was on its feet. A sane person yelled out: "It isn't fire; it's only a stage effect. Sit down!" and the audience, which had been on the verge of flight, subsided again into a whisper of "My goodness"—"I thought"—"Didn't you"—and it was a minute more before it recovered its equilibrium. In the mean while, the third act had been utterly spoiled and deprived of any effect whatever.

Maxine Elliott produced on tour last spring a new play, Myself—Bettina, in which, in the second act, as an episode, she was to give a suggestion of the Salome dance at what was supposed to be a rehearsal of

**STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS**

Your day's work is governed by your night's rest. Why risk it by any but the best of beds?

Our 60 night's FREE trial makes it well worth your while to send that lumpy old hair mattress to the attic and test the invigorating difference in a buoyant STEARNS & FOSTER.

**Of Springy Cotton Felt**

**Cotton felt has the springiness that makes a mattress comfortable. Also the cleanliness that makes a mattress safe. Stearns & Foster mattresses are made of pure, fresh, new cotton crossed and recrossed by our wonderful web process into clean, buoyant, elastic sheets, forty to a layer and nine layers to every mattress.**

**Brings Lasting Comfort**

**Soft yet firm—half yields to your body yet supports it. Gives perfect relaxation and absolute cleanliness. Germ proof, dust proof and needs no renovating except an occasional sun bath. The same to-day and always. Not only the best of cotton felt mattresses but the best of *all* mattresses.**

Don't confuse it with an ordinary cotton mattress. The word "cotton" is the only thing they have in common.

**SEND FOR OUR BOOK of BEDROOM FURNISHINGS**

**FREE** It not only tells all about mattresses—how to choose them, how to use them and how to care for them, but more than half of it is given to hints and suggestions as to the furnishing of modern bed rooms, all that is best in hangings, wall coverings, furniture, linen, etc., is discussed fully by Isabel Gordon Curtis, the noted authority. Illustrated with photographs of actual bedrooms as tasteful as they are inexpensive. Your name on a postal brings it with our compliments.

**60 NIGHT'S FREE TRIAL** is the offer that we make on every Stearns & Foster Mattress. Every dealer (probably there is one in your town) is authorized to return your money without question if you are willing to part with the mattress after a test of 60 nights. Write to us if you have any trouble in finding a Stearns & Foster dealer and we will see that you are supplied.

*CAUTION—The name "Stearns & Foster" is our stamp of quality, and your protection. Look for that name and DON'T BUY unless you see it.*

**STEARNS & FOSTER CO.,**
**Dept. P, Cincinnati, O.**

**Four Grades of Superiority**

**Anchor Grade**—Soft and springy, better than most $15 mattresses. Price . . . . . **$10.50**

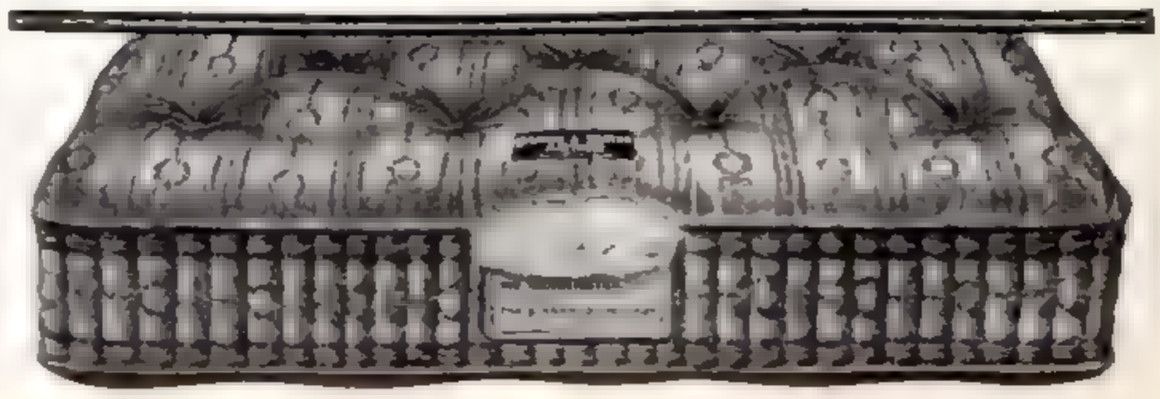
**Windsor Grade**—We guarantee it better than any other advertised make at any price. Price . . . . . **$13.50**

**Lenox Grade**—A little better a little more comfortable, a little more durable than either of the others, at . . . . . **$16.00**

**Style "A"**—A mattress de luxe superior to any mattress, of any material, at any price. Price . . . . . **$22.50**

*Mattresses made in two parts, 50c extra*

Never buy a mattress unless you can see what it contains. Our laced opening makes seeing easy.



# The Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobe

AIR TIGHT

WHAT do you think of a moth, dust, soot and moisture proof protective service, not for $15.00, the price you would have to pay a regular storage agent, but for one dollar, *right in your own home*—and the possibility of getting at your garments not merely once a year, but whenever you want to—every day if you wish?

That would be pretty fine, wouldn't it?

And that's just what you can do with the Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobe (air tight).

* * * *

The Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobe (air tight) is made of jute hemp paper, cedarized, looking like cedar and smelling odorously of cedar.

Is tough, pliable and will last for years.

When the Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobe is closed it is practically *air tight*.

That's the *basic reason* of its excellence—that's why no moth or other injurious insect—why no smoke, no soot, no dust, no moisture—can get into the Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobe.

You can easily put the costliest dresses, or your husband's uniforms or dress suits, into the Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobe (air tight) without creasing them or wrinkling them in the least. There's a row of metal hangers in each Wayne Wardrobe to hold your clothes up in shape—they won't fall in a heap in the bottom of the bag. Then you can take your clothes out whenever you want them just as easily, and they won't smell disagreeably either. You can wear them immediately after taking them out.

Then you can hang the Wayne Wardrobe up anywhere in your own room, in your closet, in the garret, in the basement, or in the back hall just as you wish without the least fear of injury to your clothes.

**Send for "How to Care for Clothes"—It's Free**

We have a neat little booklet entitled "How to Care for Clothes" that we will send you free of charge upon receipt of the attached coupon from you. This little booklet contains some very practical suggestions to the housewife on the care of clothes, and every woman should have one. Please fill out the coupon and mail to us today.

The Wayne Wardrobe is good enough for anybody—cheap enough for everybody.

| | | Each | Per Doz |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1. | Children's Garments, 22 x 6 x 24 | $0 50 | $5.75 |
| No. 2. | Business Suits, Tuxedos etc., 24 x 6 x 40 | 65 | 7.50 |
| No. 3. | Dress Suits, Frock Coats, 30 x 6 x 50 | .75 | 8.50 |
| No. 4. | Women's Skirts, Dresses, etc., 22 x 6 x 46 with skirt hanger | 75 | [illegible] |
| No. 5. | Auto Coats, Lodge Uniforms, Overcoats, Gowns, Opera Cloaks 30 x 6 x 56 | 1 00 | 11 40 |
| No. 6. | Dinner and Reception Gowns, 24 x 6 x 58 with de luxe hanger | 1 25 | [illegible] |
| No. 7. | Fur Coats, Ulsters, Ball and Party Robes, 30 x 6 x 66, with garment hanger | 1 50 | 17 10 |
| No. 8. | Muff and Fur Bag, 22 x 6 x 30 | .40 | 4.50 |

See the Wayne Wardrobe at your better class dry goods or department store—your haberdasher's or druggist's. If your dealer hasn't the Wayne Wardrobe in stock, fill out coupon, advise us as to the style and size of Wayne Wardrobe you wish, enclose price, and we'll send same to you transportation prepaid. You will find the wardrobe just right, otherwise return to us and we'll refund your money.

**WAYNE PAPER GOODS CO., Fort Wayne, Ind.**

WAYNE PAPER GOODS CO., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please mail me a copy of your booklet How to Care for Clothes promptly. The dealer from whom I would like to buy a Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobe (air tight) is

*St and No.*

It is distinctly understood that I am under no obligation to buy a Wayne Wardrobe

*My Name is* _____

*St and No.* _____

*City and State* _____


Oscar Wilde's piece—and last spring the Salome dance had not become a fad. But by the time Miss Elliott came to Daly's Theater in October there was a gauzy person dancing Salome in every musical comedy and in every vaudeville theater, and though Miss Elliott eliminated as much of her dance as she could and still retain it for the sake of the plot of the piece, many of the reviewers harshly criticised the dance as being a cheap attempt to take a cheap advantage of a popular *furore*. Yet the slightest investigation would have conclusively proved that Miss Elliott's play had not only been written but originally produced long before the Salome madness had come into vogue.

When the first act of The Pied Piper, recently produced at the Majestic Theater in New York, had ended, the musical comedy seemed to be a sure success. But the second act dragged interminably and did not finish until half-past eleven. It was not so much that the audience was bored with the concluding part of the play as that it became physically restless—three hours with only one short intermission is a bit long. In consequence, the attitude of the spectators was one of fatigue, and the delightful impression made by the first act was partly offset by the latter half of the piece.

### The Realistic Steam Pipes

Episodes such as these bring up the question of the importance of going on the road for a few preliminary performances before the play opens in New York. It is a curious fact that no matter how many dress rehearsals are held or how many invited guests there may be at these, one never is absolutely sure of a play until it is produced before a paying audience.

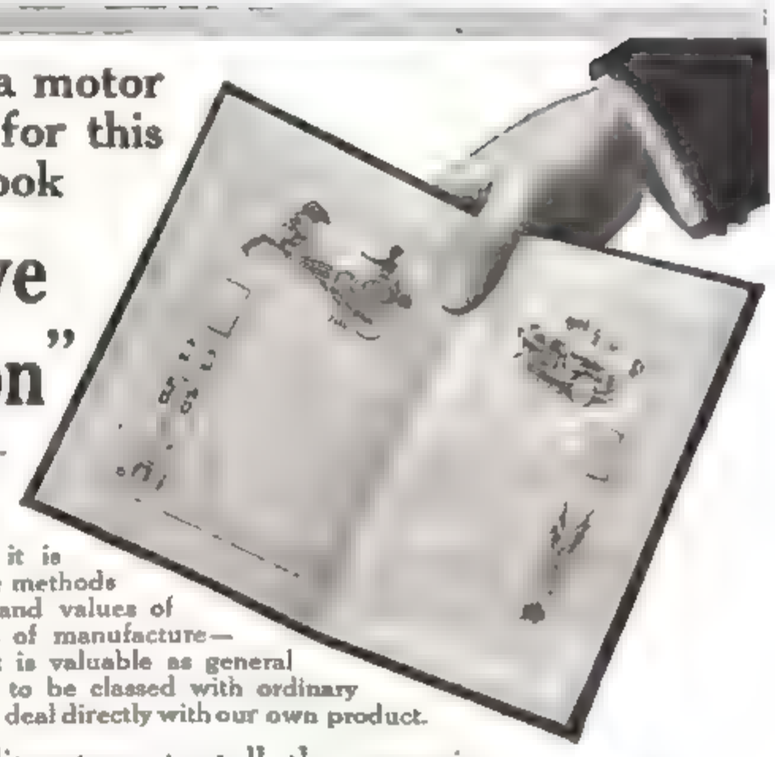
In Austin Strong's The Toymaker of Nuremberg, in the last act the old toymaker's son, who had gone to America in his youth, returned a very rich man—"not German rich, but American rich"—to find his parents almost penniless and about to hold an auction-sale of their few remaining effects. The son rushed in to find his mother alone on the stage, and in his ecstasy and joy at having returned at the psychological moment he kneeled down before her, crying: "Mommer, I have come back! Mommer, your little son has come back!" As the little son was a six-footer, the effect desired was obviously one of comedy and pathos mingled; but, unfortunately, in the son's speech he had occasion to use some seven or eight times the word "mommer," until it became very nearly ridiculous. It had seemed all right at rehearsal, but with the sounding-board of a real audience it took on an entirely different effect. The second night the word "mommer" was eliminated, but the morning and evening papers devoted paragraphs to this episode, most of them exaggerating what really had occurred.

The god of little things was very much at work the night Jameson Lee Finney appeared at the Madison Square Theater in The Man in the Case, last season. There was supposed to be a violent rain and wind storm in one of the scenes, and Mr. Finney's hat was to be blown by the breezes entirely out of sight. Unfortunately, when the time came for him to say, "My, how it is raining!" the rain apparatus failed utterly to work. It didn't leak even a single raindrop! When the wind blew off Mr. Finney's hat one of the calcium lights was so situated that it gave the strongest illumination to the entire length of string attached to his hat. There was no rain and there was a string, and the audience howled with laughter.

Sometimes, however, it is the little things that go right that count tremendously toward a favorable appreciation by a first-night audience. For example, when Clyde Fitch wrote Girls, in his manuscript were several stage directions to the effect that in the first act, laid in the girls' room, the steam pipes were to bang. No one at rehearsal paid any special attention to this effect, but when the play had its metropolitan *premiere* and the three girls got into bed and said good-night and the pipes began to rumble, there was one tremendous roar of laughter from orchestra to gallery, from a crowded house, most of whom were entirely familiar with the vagaries of steam heat in their own experience. This is one of those little things that by its absolute reality to human life has a value all out of proportion to its importance. In this instance the episode received many paragraphs of creditable notices.


**Every owner of a motor car should send for this most valuable book**

# "Progressive Locomotion"



This is a history of vehicle evolution from the ancient chariot to the modern automobile. It tells the story of rubber; where it grows wild, where it is cultivated; the various native methods of gathering; the quantities and values of production; figures and facts of manufacture—everything about rubber that is valuable as general knowledge to you. It is not to be classed with ordinary business literature. It does not deal directly with our own product.

We use other literature to tell the superior materials and manufacturing mastery that produce

# "Firestone" TIRES

We want every man who owns or drives, makes or sells a motor car to learn about and profit by the unequaled economy and dependability of "Firestone" tires—long proved and still proving in service—*particularly the user of large-sized tires to whom the difference between best quality and popular price quality means the most.*

**But first write Dept. C for the book, "Progressive Locomotion," giving size of your tires. Then you will be better able to appreciate what we tell you elsewhere; how we employ the highest skill and best materials in the world to produce the most serviceable tires.**

**FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO**

*Largest Exclusive Rubber Tire Makers in America*

NEW YORK [illegible] PHILADELPHIA [illegible] CHICAGO [illegible] PITTSBURG [illegible] LOS ANGELES [illegible] CLEVELAND [illegible]

H. S. Firestone

*President*

# Brighton

FLAT CLASP

GARTER

The flattest clasp, the surest grip, the strongest metal parts, the finest silk webs, the lightest weight, the best work ever put on a man's garter. Perfect in support, absolute in comfort, greatest durability. *Unconditionally guaranteed.* At your dealer's, **25c**—or sent direct from the factory on receipt of price.

## PIONEER SUSPENDERS

Made of the costliest webs, made by the most skilled workers, made for the longest and most satisfactory wear—all lengths and weights—*absolutely guaranteed.* At your dealer's 50c a pair—or we send them direct.

**PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia**

*Makers of* PIONEER BELTS

## CAN'T YOU WRITE WELL?

Then fill out $1 00 worth of my Patented Pen Practice Sheets either [illegible] and if not [illegible] return at once to me and get your $1 00 back at once

WALTER THOMSON, Box 55, FARGO, N. D.

**Save 25 per cent on your rugs**

Why should you pay a dealer's profit when you can [illegible] at the factory's prices and get [illegible] greater variety? We've been making rugs for a quarter century and [illegible] or we will return your money.

## Hancock Rugs

are honestly made—strong and durable. They wear like oak. The [illegible] are distinguished and the colorings exquisite. They will [illegible] any room in your home.

We are particularly proud of our **Duchess Tapestry**, 9x12 feet at $[illegible], and our **Gold Medal Axminster** rug, 9x12 feet, at $20.50. We pay the freight east of the Mississippi.

These and other Hancock Rugs from $2 00 to $30 00 are illustrated in colors, and fully described in our handsome free catalogue. Let us send it to you. Write a postal for it to-day—right now, before you forget. It will save you money. Also ask for our money-saving catalogue of imported mattings.

**HANCOCK RUG MILLS, Dept. K, Philadelphia**

# MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Remedy for Prickly Heat

**Chapped Hands, Chafing,** and all affections of the skin. "*A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it.*" Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

# STAMPS

**FREE** 100 all different stamps, including stamps from 20 different countries free. Postage and mailing 1c. Large album 15c. 1000 hinges 2c. We buy stamps. **Quaker Stamp Co., Toledo, O.**

**Keeps the ink from air and dust**

All glass sets. Clean and sanitary and make a beautiful desk display

**No. 30 Set** (Pressed Glass) **$2.50**

**No. 31 Set** (Cut Glass) **7.50**

Saves its cost by preventing evaporation of ink. Impossible to get ink on the fingers. At all dealers or

**Write for catalogue.**

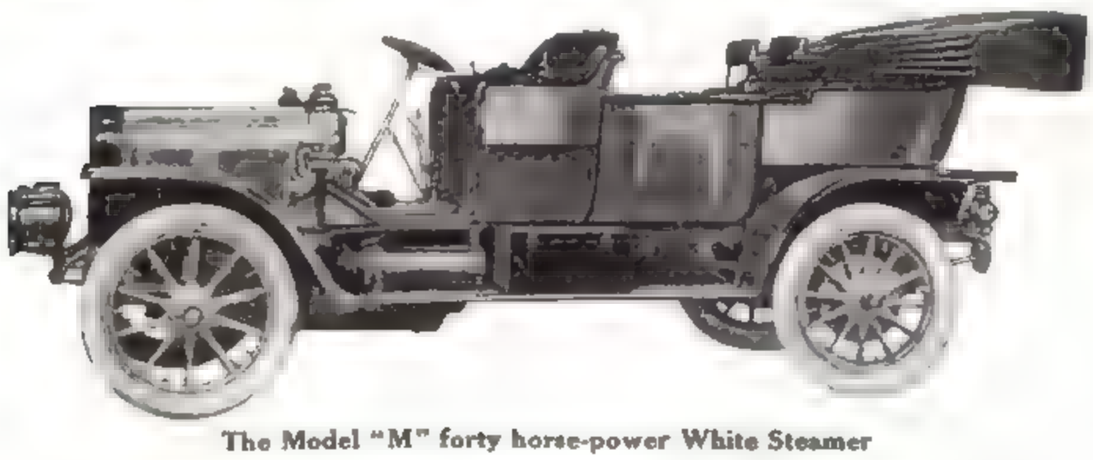
# The "Capitol" Inkstand

**Cushman & Denison Mfg. Co., 240 W. 23rd St., N. Y.**

# THE WHITE STEAMER

## Is the Most Desirable Car

THE White Steamer has many desirable qualities not possessed by any other automobile. It is the only car which is noiseless, odorless, smokeless and free from vibration. It is the only car which can be driven at any speed without the shifting of gears. For these reasons, the passengers in a White enjoy a degree of comfort not obtainable in any other type of car.



The Model "M" forty horse-power White Steamer

The superiority of the White in these respects was well summed up in the following official report by the Quartermaster-general of the United States Army:

> "The White is simple in operation. The means of propulsion being steam, it is better suited for the transportation of the sick and wounded than gasoline cars on account of its free and smooth running, freedom from violent vibration and ease of controlling the speed between maximum and minimum without jerks or jolts."

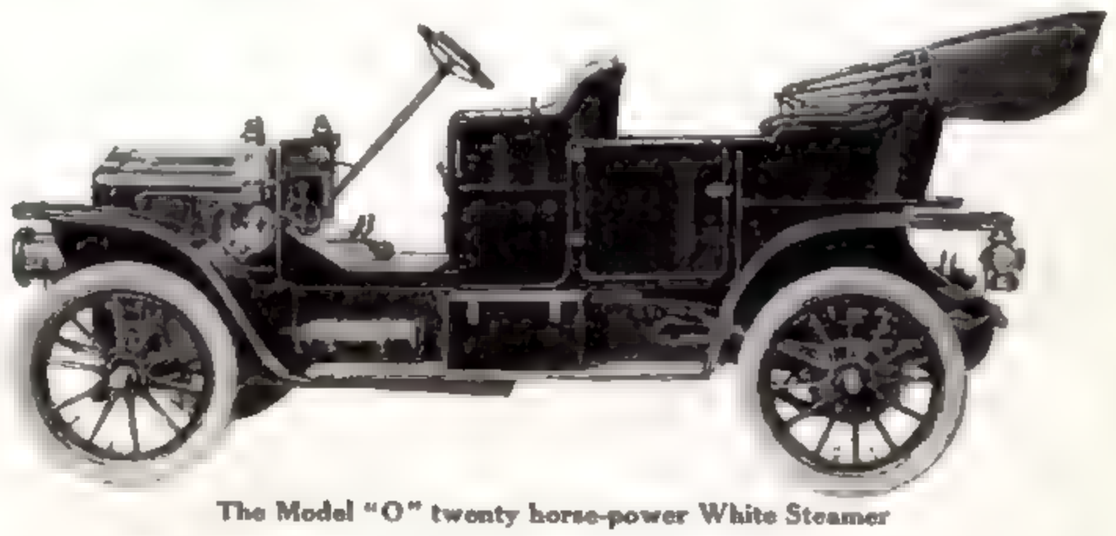
These considerations, which influenced the War Department (and later the Navy Department) to adopt the White exclusively for motor ambulance work, should be kept in mind by the private purchaser. You will quickly become dissatisfied with your automobile if you cannot ride in it with perfect comfort.

The White is the simplest car to operate and it is the ideal machine for the man who wishes to drive and to care for his own car. The directions for driving the White are summed up in the phrase, "Just open the throttle and steer." It starts from the seat without "cranking." It has no delicate parts and none requiring frequent adjustment. The temperature and pressure of the steam remain constant, without in any way requiring the attention of the driver.

The White generator — or steam-maker — is absolutely unlike the ordinary boiler. It is made of nine coils of tubing joined together and placed one above another. Water is in the upper coils and steam in the lower coils. The total capacity of the generator is less than one-third of a cubic foot, the principle on which the generator operates being to make steam almost instantaneously, when and in the quantity desired.

During the nine years that the White Steamer has been before the public, it has gained a reputation for unequalled reliability. This reliability may readily be accounted for. First of all, the steam engine has been brought to a higher state of perfection than has any other type of engine. Secondly, the White is more readily controlled than any other type of car, and therefore it can be driven over the rough American roads with fewer bumps and jolts and consequently less danger of breakage. Thirdly, as the White starts without jerk, and the power is applied smoothly and continuously, there is less wear and tear on the mechanism (and on the tires), than in any other type. Fourthly, more White cars have been made and sold than any other make of large touring car, and therefore the purchaser of a White receives the benefit of an experience in designing and building not obtainable elsewhere. Finally, the White is built part by part entirely in the White Company's factory, which is one of the model manufacturing plants of the country.

The White is made in two distinct models, which although differing widely in size, in power and in price,



The Model "O" twenty horse-power White Steamer

resemble each other in their general lines of construction. The twenty horse-power White sells at $2,000 and the forty horse-power White sells at $4,000, f. o. b. Cleveland.

Your automobile education is incomplete until you have ridden in a White Steamer. In fact, if you purchase a car without investigating the White, you are acting with only a partial understanding of present-day attainments in the construction of automobiles.

*WRITE FOR CATALOG*

## THE WHITE COMPANY, 9th St. and Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

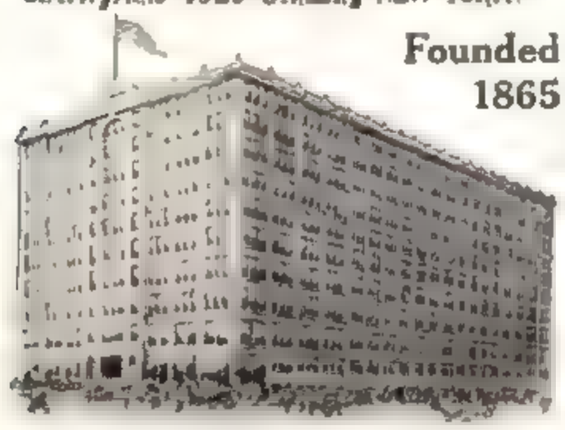
BRANCH OFFICES

Broadway at 62d Street, New York City
320 Newbury Street, Boston
1460 Market Street, San Francisco
629-33 North Broad Street, Philadelphia
240 Michigan Avenue, Chicago
407 Rockwell Avenue, Cleveland
35 Kingly Street-Regent Street, London
138-148 Beatty Street, Pittsburg
120-122 Marietta Street, Atlanta
170 King Street West, Toronto

30 Years Leaders of Fashion

**Simpson Crawford Co.**

SIXTH AV. 19th TO 20th STREET NEW YORK



**Founded 1865**

**Our Fashion Catalogue is Free**

to every reader of this magazine who will write for it. We want to show every woman the new low prices we are able to quote for

**Suits, Waists, Hats, Dresses, Muslin Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear — in fact everything for a woman's wardrobe.**

Here is one of the daintiest of the New Style Waists. Our illustration does not do it justice, as you will see

**No. 407 P.**

**Price $2.75**

**Postpaid**

**Waist No. 407 P, made of Imported Batiste.**

This is a waist which displays the latest New York Style features. The model has the fashionable rolling Dutch collar so popular in New York. The collar is Van Dyck effect handsomely trimmed with fine French Val lace insertion and edged with a dainty frill of the same lace. Two medallions of **Real Cluny Lace** are set in at the front as illustrated. The Waist is daintily trimmed and fastened effectively with Val insertion and frill and tucks. The same idea is carried out in the three quarter sleeves which are finished with Val Lace frills. Sleeves may be had in long or three quarter length. White only and ¾ sleeves only.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the beauty or quality of this Waist or the style it will impart to your figure. You must see the exquisite detail of the material and the skilful workmanship to appreciate fully its value.

**Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Our price $2.75**

but genuine $5.00 value by the most critical comparison.

**OUR GUARANTEE**

**If you are not perfectly satisfied with anything we send you — we want you to return it to us immediately, and we will promptly and cheerfully refund your money.**

**YOU TAKE NO RISK**

**For 30 Years Recognized Leaders of New York Fashions**

We own and operate four of the largest stores in America, therefore it is reasonable that we have advantages as regards **Style, Quality and Prices** not given to any other house anywhere. No matter how small or how large your purchase **we pay postage and express charges,** thus enabling **YOU to shop in New York a Foremost Fashion Store** with genuine pleasure and economy just as if you visited it personally

**Write TODAY for your FREE copy of Catalogue**

***Address Dept. M. P.***

30 Years Leaders of Fashion

**Simpson Crawford Co.**

SIXTH AV. 19th TO 20th STREET NEW YORK

**COMPLETE STENCIL OUTFIT FOR $1.00**

This outfit contains

1 CUT Stencil (here illustrated actual size 6 x 8 inches.
2 Herrick's Special Stencil Colors state colors preferred.
2 Imported Stencil Brushes large and medium size
6 Thumb Tacks and a COMPLIMENTARY copy of THE HERRICK DESIGNS BOOK.

**You Can Stencil** your own curtains, table runners, lamp shades, cushion covers, child's nursery, book covers, etc., in beautiful designs and colors.

THE HERRICK DESIGNS BOOK will give you complete instructions; show you how designs are applied without tracing or cutting; what fabrics and colors are used and illustrate articles already decorated. The Book contains fifty illustrations of CUT stencils for your selection. Send 25 cents to day for the Designs Book or One Dollar for Complete Stencil Outfit.

**HERRICK DESIGNS CO., 955 Fine Arts Bldg., CHICAGO**

**CUT STENCILS AND COLORS**

**LAME PEOPLE**

BEFORE

All persons afflicted with a shortened or weak limb should write at once for our booklet "A." **The Pittsburg Orthopedic Company,** the largest manufacturers of deformity appliances in the world, **635 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.**

AFTER


# THE VANISHING CENTENARIAN

*(Continued from Page 11)*

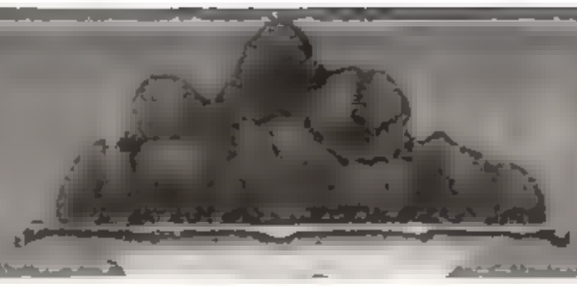
for what they are worth, though personally regarding them as typical of all these claims One of them was that of a very aged woman, the last survivor of a one-time flourishing tribe, whose face was simply one mass of wrinkles, out of which a pair of beady black eyes glistened, who, after being dramatically "played up" in one of the local papers as a remarkable instance of savage longevity, and reported to have remembered the first coming of the white man to the Pacific Coast, over a hundred years ago, and hence to be at least one hundred and ten to one hundred and twelve years of age, became an object of great curiosity to tourists. The extreme incoherence of even the newspaper reports of the good lady's recollections excited my suspicions, and I proceeded to make inquiries, with the result of finding three well-known citizens of that community who had been among the earlier permanent settlers, and who distinctly recalled the old woman as a young and buxom girl, certainly not to exceed twenty-five years of age, and, in their judgment, nearer seventeen or eighteen, barely forty-five years before, thus making the extreme possible limit of her age seventy. Their estimate was that she was about fifty-eight.

Another celebrated old lady of the Umatilla reservation gave me the pleasure of a personal interview. She was crouched in a shapeless heap on the dirty floor of a cabin, behind the stove, with the dogs and children sprawling about her. Her hands were like bunches of lean, brown tree-roots. Her back and neck muscles were so weak that her head drooped forward upon her chest, her chin resting upon her knees, and it was only with difficulty that she could lift it, so that we could see her face. One glimpse at it was enough, so far as appearances were concerned. I was ready to believe her not merely one hundred and fifteen but two hundred and fifteen. For some reason the old dame was out of sorts and refused to talk at the time of our visit. But a friend of mine awaited a more favorable opportunity, and by means of an interpreter had a conversation with her.

### Tales Without Foundation

Her sole claim to be one hundred and fifteen rested upon the statement that when she was a young girl of about fourteen or fifteen years of age she remembered the coming of Lewis and Clark into the Oregon country, which occurred exactly ninety-nine years before. What the conversation through an interpreter actually developed was that, when she was a very young girl, she recalled two white men riding into a village of the Cayuse Indians, of which her father was head man, and conversing for some time with the men of the clan. She had absolutely no recollection of the name of either of the men, had never heard her father say who they were. The sole point that identified these two unknown white men with Lewis and Clark was that one of them rode a white horse, and the other was tall and had flowing blond hair. And upon this broad and substantial basis was founded an identification of the great explorers which has found its way into some of the local histories. More than this, the two white men, according to the best of her recollection, were alone, whereas Lewis and Clark were accompanied by a large and well-armed party, and never at any time were both separated from it at once. In other words, the frequency of centenarians among Indians and negroes is simply the product of our ignorance and lack of accurate information.

Finally, as to the modern instances in white Americans, which, if one were to believe the newspapers, occur almost every day, these again have the age-long preference for the foreign-born, the ignorant and the inhabitants of remote country districts where no accurate records of any sort are kept. The precise date of birth of the average European peasant, or even of one of the poorer classes of the less thickly-settled districts of our own farming country, is difficult to establish for two reasons. First, in a very considerable percentage of cases it has not been recorded at all in any official records, or even in the renowned Family Bible." Second, and even more

**Perfect Cleanliness**

is easily maintained in a

**BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATOR**

(GENUINE PORCELAIN LINED)

¶ No pipes and tubes to clog and become breeding spots for countless germs — no hidden parts difficult to reach.

¶ Every part in sight and easily accessible.

¶ The Bohn Syphon System produces an enforced, vigorous circulation of air in the refrigerator. This condenses all impurity-laden moisture on the ice, which then drains off. It dries the air and produces a temperature 10° colder than in any other refrigerator and thus insures the perfect preservation of the food.

¶ *Adopted by the Pullman Company and all American Railroads as standard.*

¶ *Send for "Cold Storage in the Home." Free.*

**WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY**

Main Office and Works:
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

New York Office and Salesroom:
59 W. 42nd Street

**BARNEY & BERRY** ROLLER ICE SKATES

Repeated improvements in both ice and roller skates have resulted in this, the first and only well supported **EXTENSION ROLLER SKATE.** Made to withstand the rough wear of street and rink use. Easily adjusted to fit large or small shoes. Especially adapted for the growing boy or girl. Improved rubber cushion action for turning. Improved wheels, and the "quality that made the name famous." For universal use, encouraging the most healthful exercise.

Booklet of plain and ball-bearing styles sent upon request.

For sale by dealers generally.

**Barney & Berry** 111 Broad Street
Springfield, Mass.

**PATENTS** Books free. Highest references. Best services. I PROCURE PATENTS THAT PROTECT. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Box 9478, Washington, D. C.

**Saving Money by Mail**

**at 4% Interest**

This bank was established in 1868 and is one of the oldest and largest savings banks in the country, with a record of which it may be justly proud, its assets amounting to over Forty-Two Million Dollars.

As to its financial strength, however, it is exceptionally strong in management. Its Board of Directors, Executive Committee and Advisory Board are composed of over sixty men of unquestioned integrity and financial standing, whose tireless efforts, ripe experience and wise judgment have made it what it is to-day — **an adequately safe place for the deposits of savings, whether large or small.**

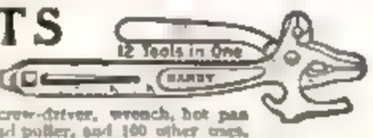
Send for booklet "M" telling how you can send deposits by mail — no matter where you live

**THE CITIZENS SAVINGS and Trust Co.** Cleveland, Ohio

**FREE** To prove that our BLIZZARD BELT EVERGREENS will grow in all parts of the country we offer to send 6 Fine Spruces by parcel post **FREE** to property owners. Write your name and mailing address over 30 cents. To help pay postage and packing we ask you please send 10 cents in stamps as you please. A postal will bring the trees and our catalog containing many colored plates of our choice Blizzard Belt Fruits. Write today

**The Gardner Nursery Co., Box 21, Osage, Ia.**

**AGENTS**




wanted to sell this most complete of all combination tools. Serves as stove-lid lifter, screw-driver, wrench, hot pan lifter tack hammer and puller, and 100 other uses. Sells at sight to farmers, storekeepers, in homes, offices, etc. Write today for our **FREE OUTFIT OFFER** to workers.

**T. THOMAS MFG. CO., 223 Bazaar Block, Dayton, Ohio**

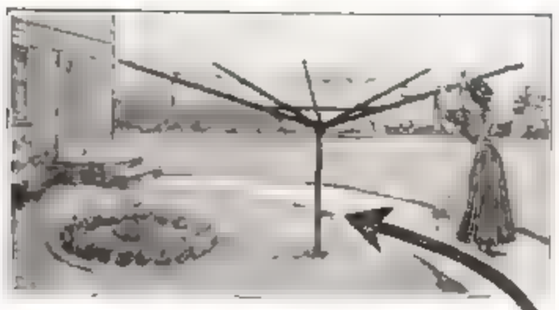
**KITCHEN BOUQUET**

GIVES A DELICIOUS FLAVOR AND RICH COLOR TO SOUPS, SAUCES, GRAVIES, ETC.

USED BY LEADING CHEFS AND EMINENT TEACHERS OF COOKERY

SAMPLE FREE

THE PALISADE MFG. CO 227 Clinton Ave., West Hoboken N. J.



# Which

## Hill Dryer or Clothes Yard?

**Why** have your yard a network of ugly clothes posts and poles and lines?

**Why not** have a Hill Dryer that folds up when you are through with it and leaves only a socket below the level of the grass?

**Why** have your washing spread out so every passerby can see everything you have on the line?

**Why not** have a Hill Dryer on which you can hang your washing with sheets on the outside so as to have the pieces of intimate personal apparel hidden from view?

**Why** tramp all over the yard every wash-day dragging a clothes basket after you and wearing all the grass off your lawn?

**Why not** have a Hill Dryer so you can hang up all the clothes from standing just in one spot?

## Hill Clothes Dryers

**For Lawn, Balcony and Roof**

do away with unsightly clothes posts and the bother of putting clothes lines up and taking them down. No tramping through deep grass or snow or mud. Hold 100 to 150 feet of line.

**Hill Balcony and Roof Dryers** are just as convenient as the Lawn Dryer. Insist on your landlord getting one.

**You Should Get Our Folder S**

We want to send you Free our handsome Folder printed in colors, showing the Hill Dryer in use. Gives full information. Sent free for postal request. **Get it today**

**HILL DRYER CO.,**
**366 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.**

## "KOH-I-NOOR" PENCILS

For writing, drawing, copying or retouching. Superior quality. All degrees of hardness. Long, perfect leads that never break and always mark smoothly.

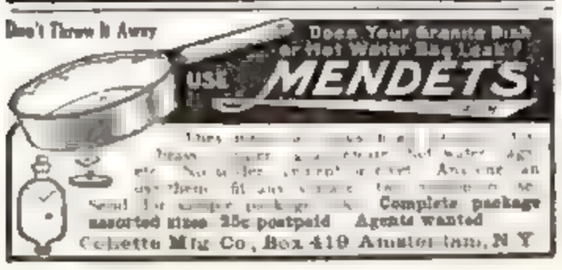
**Often Imitated but Never Equalled**

The "KOH-I-NOOR" has been the world's record-maker for many years. It represents perfection in pencil making. It costs 10 cts. A dozen for $1. Is your pencil a "KOH-I-NOOR" or only an imitation? The genuine is

Made in Austria. Sold and used everywhere.

**L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 34 E. 23d St., New York**

Don't Throw It Away


Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?
MENDETS
Complete package assorted sizes 25c postpaid Agents wanted
Cohette Mfg Co, Box 419 Amsterdam, N Y


puzzling, that, as is well known, in a given country neighborhood in Europe, the family names of the peasantry inhabiting a district are apt to be exceedingly few in number, and alike. Certain parishes, even in England, will have all their laboring population, something like two-thirds of their total number, divided among three great family names. A similar state of affairs obtains in Scotland, and even in Scotch and Irish settlements in this country.

One case came under my own observation which illustrates so beautifully how centenarians get to be one hundred years old that I think it is worth a brief description.

Two years ago I was attracted by the report with large headlines, in several newspapers, of the celebration of her one hundred and nineteenth birthday by an aged woman in a town in the Middle West. Naturally, the event was made much of, the town decorated in honor of the occasion, and a formal address and presentation of valuable books to the good dame were carried out. A full and detailed life history also was published in the county, stating that she had been born in Georgia, recalled as a young wife her father going to fight in the War of 1812, had been three times married, the last time at seventy-six years of age, had a daughter nearly eighty and a son of eighty-five, had a record of her birth in the family Bible, and had resided in the town where she then lived for nearly fifty years.

This certainly sounded authentic, but I fortunately happened to be acquainted with two gentlemen who lived in that town, and I determined to get their account of the matter. Both of them were men of good education and standing, and I knew I could rely upon the truth of their statements absolutely. One was a well-to-do business man, and the other a lawyer of unusually cautious and critical type of mind, with a keen appreciation of the value of evidence.

### The Muck-Raking of Mrs. X

The first one said that Mrs. X had a family Bible containing the date of her birth, that he had no reason to doubt the newspaper account of her age, and that the good lady herself firmly believed that she was one hundred and nineteen years old, and her mind was clear.

My lawyer friend, in his letter, said that he had sifted the matter thoroughly, and this was the net result. He had visited the old lady and thought she looked the age; but ——

The family Bible was not to be found. Her "recollection of the War of 1812" simmered down to a memory of seeing her father start out to fight Indians, and instead of being a young married woman she was only a child of eight or nine, thus making her, even if the date were accurate, one hundred and three instead of one hundred and nineteen. The only date in her life that could be positively proved was that of her arrival in the town fifty-two years before.

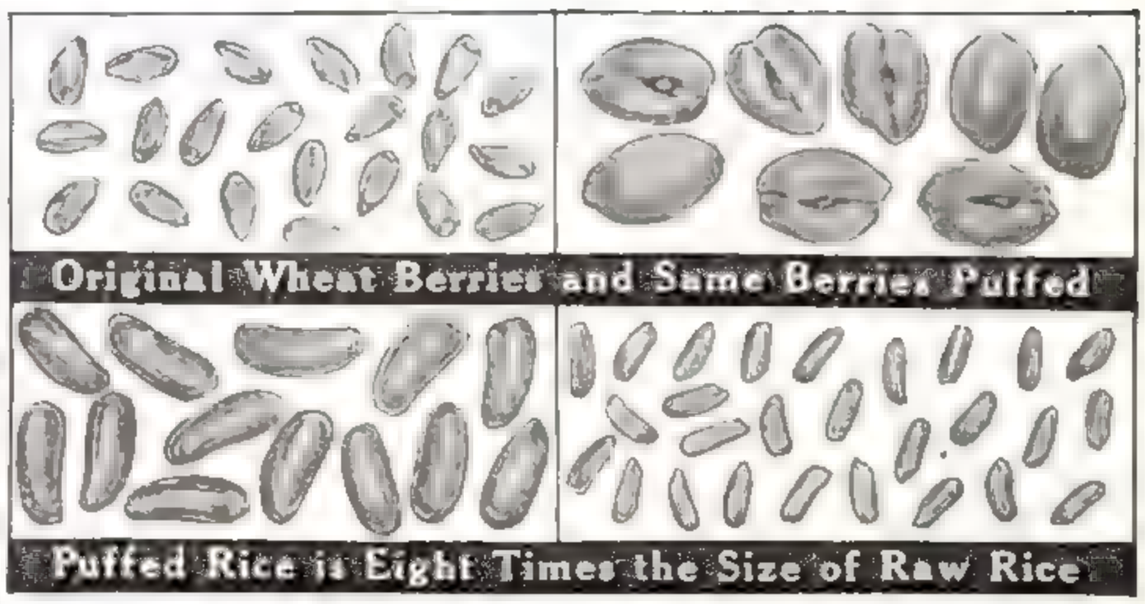
Four old settlers united in declaring that Mrs. X at that time, instead of being seventy-six years old, *appeared and claimed to be about forty-five or fifty*. One said that Mrs. X had always claimed to be the same age as her mother, and the latter, if still living, would be ninety-six. Another, aged eighty-seven, stated that forty years ago the "centurion" had told him she was just ten years older than he was.

None would admit that she could possibly be one hundred, and most regarded her as about ninety-five or ninety-six. Finally, none of the older settlers could recall any claims to such advanced age on her part, or even reports of them, until about eight or nine years ago, and the story was ultimately traced almost directly to a "josh" of the town joker on a "drummer from Chicago," to the effect the old lady was one hundred and ten.

The drummer was taken to see her, and was convinced by her appearance. The story spread, and the town began to take a pride in its centenarian. Said town joker was still living, and, though not openly admitting it, strongly hinted that he had had a part in developing the tradition.

One of the most amusing features of the records of centenarians is the eager credulity with which most of those who study them have besought them for their "secret"—the means or method by which they succeeded in living so long.

The fact of the matter simply is that the centenarian has eaten just exactly the food


# The Latest Curiosity Foods Shot from Guns

We deal with the curious features of these new foods, because that seems the best way to interest you.

That is our whole problem—to get you to try them. Then nobody could possibly get you to stop.

But Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not mere curiosities. They are delicious cereals—better than we can say.

They are more wholesome, more digestible than cereal food ever was made before.

The starch granules are literally blasted to pieces, so the digestive juices can get to them. Neither cooking nor baking does this even a tenth so well.

## Done by Steam Explosion

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson. And this is the curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then those guns are revolved, for sixty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That terrific heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are fired. Instantly the steam explodes every starch granule into a myriad particles.

The kernel of grain is expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken. The grains remain shaped as before.

## Quaker Puffed Wheat, 10c
## Quaker Puffed Rice, 13c

(Except in Extreme West)

We make all sorts of cereal foods, but these are our pride. There is nothing else so enticing.

At our New York lunch counter, where we serve all cereals, these are more popular than all others together.

Think of giant wheat or rice kernels, eight times their natural size. They melt in the mouth, because they are four times as porous as bread. Yet they are crisp.

Can you imagine foods more inviting?

## Surprise Your Folks

Surprise your folks tomorrow morning with Puffed Wheat, and note how the children smile.

Next morning serve them with Puffed Rice, then ask them to choose which they like best.

If you placed on your table all the cereal foods in existence, your people would all choose these.

Please don't wait, while other children have foods twice as good as yours. Let yours have the best.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

**All Patents controlled by The Quaker Oats Company**

MOU can crowd a lot of individuality into a suit of clothes—if you know how. The people who make

**MICHAELS—STERN CLOTHES**

know how, and the result is that fine distinction of appearance for which these clothes are famous.

**PRICED WITHIN REASON**

*The season's newest models should be on sale in your City. If not, we'll tell you where to obtain them and will also forward you one of our handsome Portfolios of Styles if you'll send us your local dealer's name*

**MICHAELS, STERN & CO.,**
MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE CLOTHING
ROCHESTER, DEPT. S

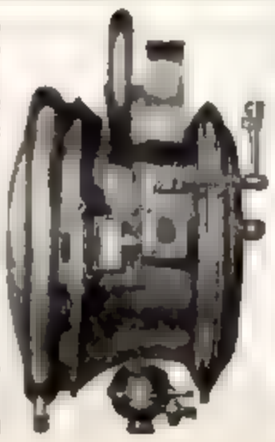
**Michaels, Stern & Co.**
Rochester N.Y.



# SOLARCLIPSE
(Two Distinct Rays)
# Motor Lamps

DEFINITELY solve the lighting problem. They positively give from two to three times more light than the ordinary lamp. The light is thrown in **two distinct rays**—one having the penetrating power of one thousand feet—the other short distance ray is thrown directly in front of the car.

**The Automatic Self-Eclipsing Mechanism**



operated from the dash, makes it possible to "eclipse" or cut out instantly the long distance blinding ray, when the car is used in the city.

*Complete description of this wonderful Lamp in our 1909 catalogue. Sent free upon request.*

**BADGER BRASS**
**Manufacturing Company**
437 Eleventh Avenue, N.Y.
Kenosha, Wis.


and drunk the drink and lived the life common and habitual in the rank or community in which they happened to be born, and as this is usually the lowest and poorest, his habits have been those of the day-laborer and the peasant the world over. To attempt to draw any conclusions from them would be about as absurd as anything that can be imagined. First, because we have absolutely no evidence that these habits have any connection with such degree of longevity as may have been attained. Second, because the degree of longevity itself is open to the most serious doubt in the great majority of cases.

Last, it is a little difficult to conceive why any intelligent individual in this twentieth century should have the slightest desire to live to be one hundred. The record of the last ten to twenty-five years of these apparently very old people, whatever may have been their real age, is invariably one of eating, dozing, mumbling a little in the sun and sleeping—mere animal, nay, vegetable existence—or, more accurately, *persistence*. The only feature about it which would appear to contain any sort of satisfaction or enjoyment is such celebrity and notoriety as they may attract on account of their great age. Explain it as we may, the discouraging fact stares us in the face that not a single human being has been proved to pass or attain the age of one hundred years who had any celebrity or reputation outside of his own town or country, save merely for the fact of age.

What is the use of living to be one hundred, if your life has been one hundred years blank? A majority of these alleged centenarians are found in almshouses. The only man of international, or even national, reputation, who is accepted by statisticians as having positively passed the century mark, was Chevreul, the chemist. Of all the numerous collections of men of genius that have been made, while their average life is long, well above that of the rest of the community, many of them living to be seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five and ninety years of age, not one save this exception passed the one hundredth year. It is better to do one thing that the world thinks worth remembering and die at thirty, than to *exist* one hundred or even a hundred and fifty years. So that, frankly, there doesn't appear to be very much rationality or profit in any of the more or less visionary schemes so far advised for making the average span of human life a hundred years or more.

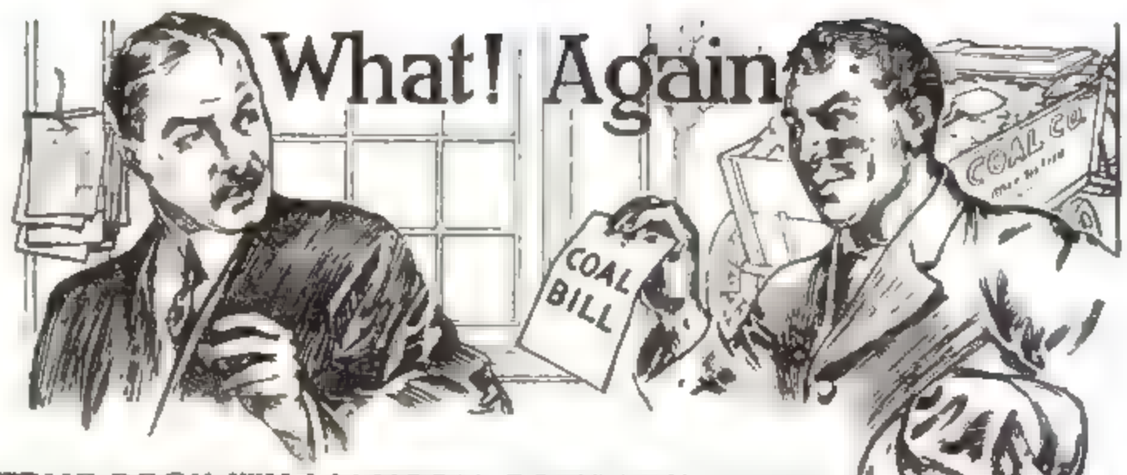
### The True Measure of Life

The length of the life of an individual is determined by the interests of the race. And when we have lived that period which is best adapted to doing our share of the active work, bringing into existence the new generation, and giving them a good start in the race, Nature cares little what becomes of us, nor should we ourselves be very much concerned.

To do our work, to enjoy a fair period of rest and contemplation of the results, then to depart as swiftly and painlessly as possible, this seems the really rational ambition, and not a mere clinging to profitless persistence on the planet. This, so far as we can determine, is actually the tendency of the course of civilization thus far. While the average age at death is rising, and the average longevity of the race increasing, this is more by the diminishing of infant mortality and the suppression of the diseases which find their victims in youth and young adult life, enabling each individual born to live out his fair share of days, rather than by increasing the actual length of life of those who survive to middle age.

In fact, such statistics as are available indicate that it is doubtful whether the percentage of those in the community who pass seventy-five or eighty years of age has in any substantial degree increased. This, I frankly confess, seems to me as it should be. We have increased the period of growth, of development, of adolescence, the period of vigor, of happiness and of effectiveness. We have enabled and are enabling a larger and larger percentage of men to live their life and do their work before being cut down by the hand of time.

Why should we endeavor, or desire, to prolong the twilight of life, which at best is little more than a holding at even level of the balance between comfort and discomfort?


THE PECK-WILLIAMSON COMPANY UNDERFEED HEATING WAY is the *One Sure Way* of escaping *big* and frequent coal bills. The UNDERFEED System of Heating—applied either to warm air furnaces, steam or hot water plants—makes it possible to get from *cheapest* slack, not *burnable* in other plants, as much clean, even heat as *highest grade* anthracite will yield.

**Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED** } **Furnaces**—Warm Air, **Boilers**—Steam and Water

## Save ½ to ⅔ of Coal Bills

Coal is fed from below. All the fire is on top. Smoke and gases *must* pass thru the flames and are consumed. This UNDERFEED Coal-burning plan *solves* the smoke nuisance, insures clean homes and better health. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces.

Dr. E. B. Doan, of West Carrollton, O., clearly defines what UNDERFEED economy really means. He writes.

**"There was at one time a thing called a furnace in the basement of my house. It consumed from $40 to $60 worth of good coal each winter in a vain endeavor to heat the house to 65 degrees. Nearly two years ago you installed an UNDERFEED furnace and during the past two winters we have had more heat than we needed at a cost of about $25 per winter and less than half the work the old furnace required."**

We've hundreds of letters just like this. We'd like to send a lot of them in the circle with our Underfeed Book of for warm air heating or our Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Underfeed Boilers.

Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours ALL FREE. Write today, giving name of coal dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

**The Peck-Williamson Company,**
329 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.
Furnace, Hardware Men and Plumbers are invited to send for our New Selling Plan.



**Palliser's Up-To-Date House Plans**

**is just off the presses**

Two sheets of these plans in miniature present day elegance, convenience and comfort in a house of moderate cost.

They afford the home builder an opportunity to consider several plans before deciding on the one exactly suited to his wants.

They also contain a full description of all the material necessary in building. **Palliser's Up-to-Date House Plans** is a well bound book of 160 large oblong pages containing complete plans and working drawings for

**150 Houses Costing from $500 to $18,000**

Published in limited edition and priced at less than the cost of one hour of an architect's time

**Paper Binding $1.00. Cloth $1.50, postpaid**

**J. S. OGILVIE PUB. CO., 57 G Rose St., New York**

**AGENTS—MONEY**

$75. to $100. monthly regular income, not on premiums. We furnish large complete sample case of 40 full size Flavors, Cakefillings, Toilet Goods, Soaps, etc. Our agents' big success due to our high class goods. Catalogue and new offers now ready. Address

**T. H. SNYDER & CO., 8-10 North St., Cincinnati, O.**

**PATENTS** SECURED OR OUR ATTORNEY FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office records. Our four guide books sent free. How to Obtain a Patent, Inventions that Pay and What to Invent, containing list of over one hundred inventions wanted. Patents advertised free.

**Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.** (Formerly Evans, Wilkens & Co.)

**Agents, Good Money**

J. C. Poling, O., made $44.50 first 8 hours. W. L. Cory, Ind., sold 145, 4 weeks. Mrs. Lee, Okla., made $3,000 last year.

**Selling Improved Ideal Steam Cookers**

Cooks meal for 3 to 15 over 1 burner. Onions, cabbage, meat, pudding. All cooked at 1 time. No intermingling of odors. We want STATE and district MANAGERS and AGENTS.

**TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 29, Toledo, O.**

**FILMS DEVELOPED**
**10 CENTS PER ROLL**
ALL SIZES
VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;
3½x3½, 3¼x4¼, 4c; 4x5, 5c.

Send us two negatives and we will print them *without charge* as a sample of our work, we are film specialists and give you better results than you have ever had

**COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.**

**PHOTOGRAPHERS**

Send 10c today for the SENECA EXPOSURE SCALE regular price, 25c and a copy of our catalog of cameras and accessories, sent for 2 cent postage. Covers all conditions of lighting. The exposure scale tells what stop to use and correct time of exposure for all kinds of subjects, in all kinds of weather. Saves $$ worth of films and plates. Easy to use.

**SENECA CAMERA MFG CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

**"Old Town Canoe"**

**Wouldn't you like to join** the throng of satisfied **"OLD TOWN CANOE"** owners? It numbers nearly ten thousand and we've doubled our factory to keep pace with the demand. **"OLD TOWN CANOES"** are the acknowledged standard because you get the **most value** for your money. Speed, safety, beauty and durability are built into every canoe we send out.

Prompt Delivery. Write to-day for new Free Illustrated Catalogue with prices. Agents wanted in new fields.

**OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY**
344 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

# A Floor Finish That Smoothes Out Over Night

The heel prints left in a floor finished with the wonderful new *Elastica*—will be gone in the morning.

The castors on a heavy table, will make but a temporary print—the varnish will smooth itself back into shape.

Any pressure that does not break into the wood of the floor will not break this floor finish.

It is a floor finish so tough and so flexible that it will not crumble or crystallize.

So waterproof that it will not turn white.

## We Age Our Oils

The secret of this new *Elastica* lies in our exclusive process of ageing our oils.

By this process of manipulation, we overcome the "deviltry" in oils.

It is this "deviltry" in oils which makes common varnish too brittle for floors.

It is this "deviltry" in oils which makes common varnish turn white under water.

Try mixing different oils in the palm of your hand, and you will know what old varnish makers mean when they talk of the "deviltry" in oils.

It is the mastery of the special oils we use, that has enabled us, after thirty-nine years of patient experiment, to make a varnish still tough and elastic, when it is dry on the floor.

The common varnishes which you have seen on floors are unfit for the purpose.

They are not tough like *Elastica*. They are not flexible like *Elastica*. They are not waterproof like *Elastica*.

Where *Elastica* stretches, these common varnishes break.

Where *Elastica* gives, they puncture.

After a month or so of use, they present a whitened, cracked, uneven surface.

While *Elastica*, to the end, is smooth, beautiful, unbroken.

## No Care—No Attention

A floor finished with *Elastica* needs no care, no attention.

It stretches back into smoothness.

# Elastica

## Floor Finish

Once on, it looks well always.

It is easier to apply than common varnishes—and it is as nearly permanent as a floor finish can be.

Think of this, you who have preferred the slavery of wax.

Think of this you who know the disgust which scratchy, crumbling varnishes bring.

## Wax a Makeshift

You, who have used wax and wax preparations, have done so only because you have not known of a perfect varnish.

For wax is but a temporary finish—a makeshift.

Two weeks—a month—or perhaps tomorrow, and a wax finished floor must be done over.

For a waxed surface is perfect only *before* it is used.

The first footstep leaves its heel mark. The shuffling of chairs leaves zig-zags. The movements of a table are recorded in the paths which castors leave.

Wax is costly. Wax is an endless nuisance.

And now, with *Elastica*, wax is needless.

## Beware the Wrong Varnish

In choosing a varnish for floors, beware of the substitute for *Elastica*. For there are a thousand common varnishes, but only one *Elastica*.

Before deciding how to finish *any* floor, learn the facts about all kinds of floor finishes.

Learn why some floor finishes last only a week—and are gone—while others, costing no more, last a year.

## Get This Free Book

Simply send for our free book, "*The Right and Wrong Finish for Floors.*"

This book is brimful of practical points on finishing all kinds of floors.

It tells not only about the wonderful new *Elastica*, but about other kinds of floor finishes—and gives the right treatment for each kind of floor.

In asking for this book, please address Department 3, 29 Broadway, New York, 2620 Armour Ave., Chicago, or International Varnish Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

**Elastica Floor Finish is made only by the**

# Standard Varnish Works

**Sold by dealers everywhere**

## It is dangerous for the advertiser to take too much for granted.

He is apt to neglect important facts in his advertisements that are perfectly obvious to him but are not so clear to the advertisee.

These facts in regard to my business I want to make and keep absolutely clear

1st. I manufacture every cigar that I sell.

2nd. I sell them to the smoker by the hundred at wholesale prices.

3d. My Panatela cigar is a straight hand made cigar. The filler—and all the filler—is long, clean, clear Havana tobacco. No shorts or cuttings, doctoring or flavoring. The wrapper is genuine Sumatra tobacco. It is the "ten cent goods" of the trade, and retailers are paying $55 to $60 for cigars no better.

4th. I sell them to my customers at $5.00 per hundred. Sounds like too much for the money! I know it—but the above are facts, and so are these that follow.

My factory is open to any one interested to give me the opportunity to prove my statements or him an opportunity to disprove them.

Again, the cleanest cigar factory you ever saw in America.

Please bear in mind that my entire selling expense does not amount in per cent to what a good cigar salesman commands in commissions and expenses, and cigars, "etc.," "etc."

Then the jobber and his profit and his salesman and the retailer. These are all saved, with the result that my customers are getting better cigars at about half retail prices, and I have a snug, comfortable business. The secret is: Over 90% of my output goes to my customers on *repeat orders*. These orders cost me practically nothing, so I can afford to spend a little to persuade men to accept

**MY TRIAL OFFER: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.**

In ordering, please enclose business card or send personal references, and state which you prefer—light, medium or dark cigars.

MY BOOK FREE—It tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars and smoking in general that every man should know. Write for it.

Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, INC.,
913 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



# Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

Every Esterbrook pen is sure to give satisfaction.

A style for every writer.

Quality guaranteed by a half-century's reputation

At all stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co. 26 John St., New York



## PLAYS For AMATEURS

The Largest Stock in the U. S.

We have everything That's in Print. Our FREE Catalogue includes Plays, Recitations, Dialogues, Hand books, &c.

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 923 Arch St., Philadelphia


# PUTTING ON THE SCREWS

(Continued from Page 5)

"I missed your father," said Miss Peale. Her voice was very sweet, gentle, a little husky and low, but at the same time a voice that you could not help but hear and listen to. "So I had my things expressed; was that frightfully extravagant?"—with a glance of half-humorous, half-pathetic appeal at Mrs. Coles. "And I thought of having myself expressed, and then, suddenly, I came face to face with Mr. Frohman, and he's always been so kind, and he sent me out in his car. What a pretty room!"

"I do hope you'll like *your* room, Aunt Margaret," said Mrs. Coles; "and that you'll be comfortable with us, and happy."

Miss Peale made no direct answer to this, but she smiled very brightly at Mrs. Coles.

"I even expressed my hand luggage," she said; "and that was very stupid of me. I'm sure I'm a sight for dust and travel stains."

She was not. Even the veil thrust carelessly back over her hat had an appearance of well-studied arrangement. And her trailing, black dress looked just as if it had never been put on till that moment, and then by the most famous dressmaker of Paris, assisted by the most expert maids in all the world. She seemed the epitome of neatness, of grace and good taste. And when any of a thousand gracious and charming expressions moved her face out of its sad, set lines, she looked wonderfully young—as young as Mrs. Coles.

She stood now with her back to the fire and her left arm thrown lightly about Alice, who was red as a beet and beaming at being thus singled out by her famous relation.

"How wonderful," said Miss Peale, "to have so many wonderful children. But I mustn't praise them or they will come to misfortune. But I shall love them all with all my heart, and that won't hurt them, will it? Oh, Ellery!" and she smiled at Mrs. Coles, "I do envy you. I do wish I could begin all over again and have what you have. But I couldn't begin now, could I?"

Then, looking more youthful every moment, she made the really astonishing statement that she was sixty-five.

"You will never make me believe that," said Mrs. Coles.

Now, although Miss Peale showed every mark of a wish to please and to praise, she showed also much of that absent mind so common among distinguished people. As, for instance, many a great man would leave his deathbed to talk, but would not abandon one single, solitary moment of his time to listen. When Mrs. Coles said, "Would you like to see your room?" (and that the room should give pleasure meant much to Mrs. Coles, for she had been working since early morning to make it attractive), she received no answer whatever. Miss Peale suddenly crossed to a picture on the opposite wall, and stood before it in silence for some moments. It was a picture of a little, old-fashioned house, covered with vines and fronting upon a village street of elms.

"Oh!" she said, "I haven't seen it since I was a girl—except here"—she touched her forehead, and her eyes were very bright. "That was my room—where the pipe vine makes an arch—what a little room that was—not much bigger than a double bed, and the roof came down so—and so—and cut off big chunks of standing-room. The paper had pictures of Venice on it, and in winter when I was almost frozen to death they used to seem terribly satirical and out of place. This was your great-grandfather's room—on the northeast corner. He might have had a south room; but he was like that—always combative and stern, and making himself uncomfortable on purpose. He always slept with his window open—I don't believe that there was another person in New England who did that when I was a girl—and sometimes the snow had to be shoveled out of his room with the big, wooden snow-shovel. And sometimes, when it was even colder than usual, birds would get in and shelter themselves—poor things, it must have been cold comfort. And I remember the first time a man proposed to me—I was sitting in the first fork of the cherry tree—see, just to the left there. And I giggled so that I fell out. And I've


# GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor

WITH NEW BAR

## Bar and Blade

## Two Great Features

The *New Bar*, (Pat. No. 686,143), gives the GEM Junior Safety Razor a big advantage *over all other shaving devices.* Without it, no safety razor of *any* make, at *any* price, can possibly do what *it* makes *practical.*

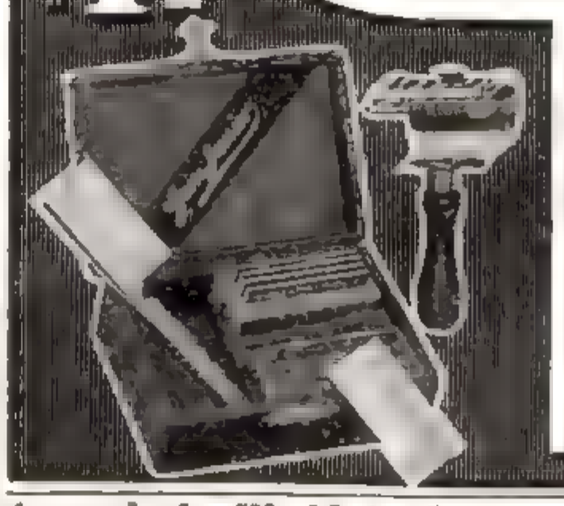
Any razor can *shave on the level* but the face *isn't level.* With the *New Bar*, the razor edge doesn't have to *dig down* into ruts, after short, stiff hairs, but the skin is smoothened, and the hairs *raised* to meet the coming blade. It makes a clean sweep of the bristles, and leaves the face smooth and comfortable.

We have been *30 years* making the *finest* steel cutlery. The *GEM Junior Blade* is a result of that experience. The steel is the finest known, and the rolling, tempering, polishing and sharpening, *have been reduced to a science.* The keen edge lasts, and when dulled *can be renewed by stropping.*

The *New Bar* and *GEM Junior Blade* combined, make this razor indispensable to men who shave.

The Complete One Dollar GEM Junior Outfit includes a handsomely finished silver-nickel plated frame, extension and stropping handles, 7 *selected blades of the finest steel*, and a substantial case.

SET COMPLETE $1.00



If you don't care to strop *any* will. **Dull Blades Exchanged, 25c** for 7. See that you get a sealed package.

**EXTRA SET, 7 BLADES, 50c**

See that you get a sealed package.

*Don't take a substitute. If your dealer is behind the times, send us One Dollar and we will mail the complete GEM Junior outfit, postpaid, to your address.*

***Booklet "Shavology" free on request.***

**GEM CUTLERY COMPANY**
**34 Reade Street, New York**
360 Fremont Street, San Francisco, Cal.
564 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

If your dealer can't supply you, We are the original Safety Razor Makers



## Around the World in Luxury

### The Greatest Vacation Trip the World Can Afford for a Fraction of the Usual Cost

Circling the globe ordinarily requires 6 months, 12 changes of steamers, with indefinite connections, trouble and discomfort, and costs nearly $3,000.

**Clark's Cruise AROUND THE WORLD**

starts Oct. 16, '09, by the S. S. Arabic, 16,000 tons, largest, luxurious, unusually steady; berths now available, shore trips, hotels, etc., included. From $800 to $1,200, avoids all the changes, delays and worry. Visits ports usually accessible only by "tramp" steamers or sailing ships; a route that would require 18 changes to cover all it does. Less than 4 months. All first class; no steerage.

**The First Opportunity in History**

made possible by the enterprise of the most successful cruise conductors. Write for booklet.

12th Annual Orient Cruise, February 5th, 1910—$400 up.
30 Tours to Europe—$270 up.

F. C. CLARK 412 Times Building, New York

PATENTED
AGENTS WANTED
Write us today

Lasts a lifetime and needs no attention. No expense after attachment. Simple, sensible and of no end to users. References anywhere in Chicago.

## Reduces Gas Bills

Our GAS CONTROLLER stops that **Blowing** and **Breaking Mantles** and will actually save you 15% to 30% on every gas bill. We guarantee it.

Gas Users Association 576 Madison St., Chicago

Order Your New Bicycle Equipped with INDIANAPOLIS

## G&J TIRES

**Highest Grade Bicycle Tires Made**

They wear the longest, ride the easiest and are less liable to give you trouble. Cost but a trifle more than cheap tires but are worth it, and are the most economical in the end.

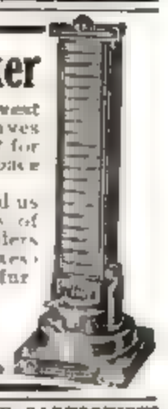
Don't accept imitations or substitutes. Insist upon **Original G & J**—the trade mark tells. For sale by all local dealers and will be supplied on new Bicycles when you specify them.

Write for free catalogue 11

G & J TIRE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.



## The Little Money Maker



Makes you a **Profit of 140%.** Sells a vest pocket box of matches for 1 cent. Saves giving away of matches. Convenient for customers. Occupies very small space and looks well on counter.

If your jobber doesn't keep it, send us $7.00 for machine and 720 boxes of matches, freight prepaid. Repeat orders for matches at $3.00 per case (720 boxes) f. o. b. St. Louis. Wholesale Prices furnished on application.

**Agents Wanted in Every City**

**Laclede Manufacturing Co.**
[illegible] Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.



**MAKE MONEY DRAWING**

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN $25 TO $100 a week. Send for free booklet, MONEY IN DRAWING, telling how we teach illustrating by mail. Women succeed as well as men.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
87 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.



*One Man Control*

Our new models designed by Whittelsey & Whitaker, New York, embody the most advanced ideas in launch and motor boat designing.

## *The New Mullins 1909 Models*

are trim, fast, safe and seaworthy. Built of steel like torpedo boats and fitted with large air chambers like life boats. They are speedy and absolutely safe. Many new improvements—**Concealed Machinery—One Man Control—Improved Reversible Engine, Mullins Silent Underwater Exhaust, etc.** Made of the best materials—perfect in mechanism, construction and finish, superior to any other craft built. We want you to know the full specifications of these remarkable new models and their low cost.

***Write today for our catalog*** of Launches, Motor Boats, Marine Engines, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats.

**W. H. MULLINS COMPANY, 180 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio.**

# MICHELIN

FRANCE ENGLAND ITALY AMERICA

**The Paris-Bordeaux speed and endurance contest of 1895 was not only the first important automobile event ever held in the world, but it possesses additional historic interest because on that day pneumatic automobile tires were first introduced. It is to Michelin that this honor belongs.**

Michelin was the pioneer then and is the leader now. Dating from that first appearance in 1895, Michelin Tires have carried to victory the winner of practically every speed and endurance contest in the world

MICHELINS IN THE BRIARCLIFF

*A Sterling Tire-feature of that Historic Event Will Stand*

**1908 MICHELIN Victories—"as usual"**

International Grand Prize Cup, Savannah
Vanderbilt Cup, Long Island
Briarcliff, New York
Savannah Stock Car
Grand Prix de A. C. F., France
Brighton Beach
Ormond Beach
Jamaica Bay, Long Island
Denver Stock Car, Colorado
Lowell Stock Car, Massachusetts
Targa Florio Cup, Sicily
St. Petersburg-Moscow, Russia
Fiat-Napier Match, Brooklands, England. Speed,
Motor Parkway, Sweepstakes
Meadowbrook, Sweepstakes
Garden City, Sweepstakes
Nassau Sweepstakes, Long Island
Morris Park, N. Y.,
and others too numerous to mention

**1909 MICHELIN Victories—"as usual"**

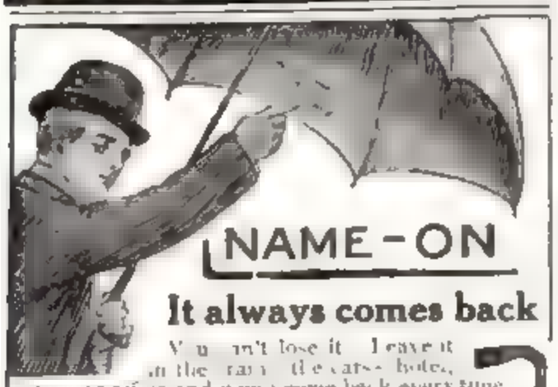
NEW ORLEANS Mardi Gras

**Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, N.J.**

BRANCHES

Boston, Mass., 901 Boylston St. Buffalo, N. Y., 908 Main St. Chicago, Ill., 1344 Michigan Ave. Cleveland, Ohio, 2001 Euclid Ave. Denver, Colo., 15 East Colfax Ave. Detroit, Mich., 24 Jefferson Ave. New York, N. Y., 1763 Broadway.





NAME-ON

**It always comes back**

You can't lose it. Leave it in the cab, the car, the cafe, hotel, store or office and it will come back every time. For every NAME-ON has your name and address indelibly worked right in the fabric where it must be seen as soon as the umbrella is opened.

Exclusive rolling—light as a feather—strong and durable. It is the best umbrella we ever carried and we've been making umbrellas for 35 years. And at last! That's why we can guarantee it.

**Better Still**

This guarantee goes with every NAME-ON umbrella. *If the cover or case of your Name-On umbrella cracks or splits, or if the rods break, become loose, or rust within a year after purchased, we will replace or repair your Name-On umbrella free.*

Cover and case are high lustre water-proof gloria silk, guaranteed not to crack or split. Ribs are tempered steel—strong yet light and flexible, guaranteed not to break. Only a NAME-ON will have the patented stitch. Can't jam up or pinch the fingers.

**28 size, For men and women, $2.50**
**26 size, For women, . . . $2.00**

We will send you this NAME-ON umbrella—men's or women's, express prepaid to be had with any name you wish marked in with any color silk. Your money back if you're not satisfied.

Send for book describing different grades of silks and handles.

*The best umbrella house in America. Founded 1829.*

**William H. Beehler, 204 W. Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.**



**Throw Away Your Matches** — Get the "DEVIL" Lighter

You are a smoker and for a "DEVIL" Lighter you have no matches. Never a chemical. A SURE LIGHTER in wind or rain. Send 50c. for the most perfect lighter known. Special proposition for Agents. Big profits. Write

**INTERNATIONAL SALES COMPANY,**
**Room 609, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York.**


forgotten the man's name. But I remember that he carried his handkerchief in his shirt-sleeve instead of his pocket, and we used to poke fun at him for it, but secretly we thought it a most distinguished thing to do. He caught me when I fell out of the tree, and I had decided to swoon in his arms, but he wasn't very strong, and he let go and fell down himself. And when we had got up, although his left knee hurt him very much, he began to propose again, but I said: 'United we stand, divided we fall,' and that the man who could catch me and not hold me was not the man for me——"

She broke off suddenly. She had allowed her voice to rise to unnecessary strength and she had been talking with an excitement not altogether necessary. She seemed to realize this. She subdued her voice almost to a whisper.

"I think I will go to my room," she said.

But at that moment Coles was heard letting himself in at the front door, and there was a stampede of children to meet him and tell him that Aunt Margaret had arrived in a big, red devil-wagon.

The two women were left alone for the moment.

"My dear," said Miss Peale, "I want to cry. Nobody was ever made so welcome before in all the world, and when I think that I can't hear those children's dear voices, nor yours, nor any sound of this happy house I—I could cut my throat. I thought you would find out sooner," she said; "but you didn't. You see, I wouldn't have had to come to be a burden on you—if I hadn't gone stone deaf."

Mrs. Coles started to answer with energetic affection.

"It's no use," said Miss Peale, smiling pitifully, "I haven't learned lip reading, and I can't hear a word you say."

Her back was to the door, but she did not move a muscle when Coles entered with loud and cheerful words of greeting.

"She can't hear a word," said Mrs. Coles; but she whispered it as if fearful that Miss Peale might hear.

V

IT WAS some time before the family got used to Miss Peale's deafness. Her face was so alert and intelligent that it was next to impossible to realize that the mind behind—so far as sounds went—was a blank. And at first, when she was present, unless directly addressing her, they spoke in low, embarrassed tones. The younger ones were the first to fall into their natural manners, and to credit her with no more ears than the umbrella-stand—and to argue and discuss before her without modification of statement or impassioned rhetoric. But she sat more often in the spare room that had been made over to her than downstairs. She had a few books in which she seemed to take pleasure, the list evincing a really singular catholicity of taste: The Bible was one, Roxanna was another, The Massarenes, Phroso, The Bar Sinister, The Bab Ballads, odd volumes of Shakespeare, the first Dooley book and Alice in Wonderland. And she could pass, in the hour, from King Borria Bungalee Boo to King David with perfect aplomb and enjoyment; or she would sit with Mr. Dooley in her hands and Hamlet, prepared to delight in either, unable to decide which. She had a large, half-finished square of ribbon-work embroidery upon which she sometimes employed herself, but to so little purpose that it was impossible to note any progress from week to week. Indeed, and she said it herself, she had been at the thing so long that for years it had resembled an antique.

In many ways she added to the pleasure of the family life. She could be very interesting, very vivacious, and very sympathetic. But, financially, she had begun from the very first to be a burden: in the smallest ways, but in a hundred of them. It was not, however, until a month after her arrival that Coles and his wife, with the fear of being ill-natured upon them, so much as mentioned the matter.

It was Sunday morning and Coles had waked half an hour before the time to get up. His mind, for he had not slept well, was full of the checks he had drawn on Saturday, and after hesitation he waked Mrs. Coles and asked her if she was too sleepy to talk. She said that she was, but Coles did not pay any attention to that, and went right on.

"I wish," he said, "that we could find some tactful and decent way to cut down Aunt Margaret's expenses. They're not serious in themselves, but they are just

Copyright 1909

# Society Brand Clothes

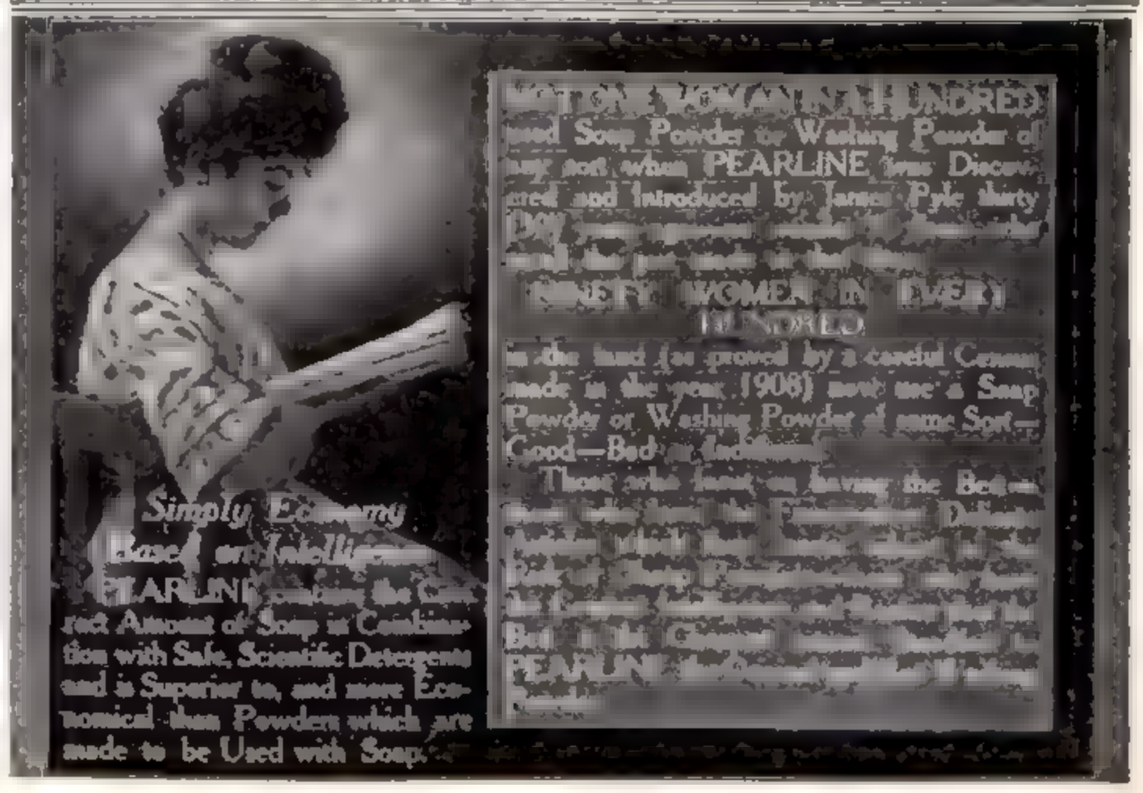
are to-day recognized by the trade in general as the standard of style for young men. They are different—yet dignified. Permanent crease (patented) in all trousers.

**Designed and made in Chicago by Alfred Decker & Cohn.**
Distributed through the better clothiers. Portfolio "B" free upon request.

**Four striking college posters for your "den" sent on receipt of 25 cents**

**Society Brand**





3 Years to Pay for the Splendid

# Meister PIANO

**Price $175.00** $1.00 Weekly or $5.00 a Month

No deposit required. No interest charges.
No freight charges. No extras.

## 30 Days Free Trial

**In Your Own Home and We Pay the Freight**

We want you to try this piano for one month at our expense to convince you of its excellence—its superior form of construction, beautiful finish and mellow tone. Rothschild & Company ten year guarantee bond protects you against any element of risk.

We do not desire a penny from you until you are thoroughly satisfied of the piano's merits If you find it short of your expectations we'll send for it and pay the return freight

Rothschild & Company own the Meister Piano Company and

**Sell Direct From Factory to You at One Margin of Profit**

Send for the new Meister piano book. It is free. It shows five grades of Meisters, $175, $225, $255, $285 and $350, also terms on each. It is a work of art. A postal card will bring it.

**Rothschild & Company, 313 State St., Chicago, Ill.**

SPRING 1909

# HARVARD CLOTHES

*A man may be better than his clothes, but he has to prove it.*

**At the Harvard Shops** the young man who wishes to improve his wardrobe without increasing his expenditures will find *America's highest type of ready to wear clothing.*

This statement would have no significance did not the clothes themselves carry the evidence of its truth.

"*Harvard Clothes*" have established a new standard in young men's dress, from all standpoints of *quality, fit and "classy" appearance*

Every careful dresser can make sure of obtaining the correct clothes for spring and summer wear by asking us for the name of a local dealer in "*Harvard Clothes*"

Write to-day for our free fashion book, which portrays authoritatively the correct styles for spring.

**Get that Style Book**

**DAUBE, COHN & CO.**
**381 Fifth Ave., Chicago**


heavy enough to destroy the balance between what I earn and what we have to spend to keep going. I drew the checks yesterday, and I had to let two small accounts run over. It's the first time in a good many years that I've had to do that."

"She really *ought* not to have any expenses," said Mrs. Coles.

"Perhaps," said Coles, "considering the money she has earned and spent in her time, she is showing wonderful self-control now. You see, she hasn't asked me for a penny of money, but she keeps me spending little sums that will amount in a year to a real sum. How many letters do you think she's averaged a day—since she's been here?"

"I've no idea."

"Eleven," said Coles. "I worked it out last night from my cash accounts. That's six dollars and sixty cents' worth of stamps a month—seventy-nine dollars and twenty cents a year!"

"Whom does she write to?" asked Mrs. Coles, for that side of the question interested her also.

"Ellery," said Coles, "if you were a cat I know what would be the death of you."

Mrs. Coles sighed.

"I don't see why she should have to write so many," she said.

Coles ignored this.

"She has been to town twice," he said. "She doesn't ask me for any money—so she has a few dollars left, probably—but she had a hack to the station each time, and a hack back, and she charged them to me. And it's only half a mile to the station—and both days were pleasant—and she takes much longer walks for exercise, so I don't quite see ——"

"I do think you could speak to her about the hacks," said Mrs. Coles.

Coles considered.

"Well, I won't say anything this time," he said. "Perhaps she's trying harder than we think to settle down and not be a burden."

"I wish ——" began Mrs. Coles, and then closed her lips tightly.

"What?"

"Oh, only that she would make a little more effort about getting down to breakfast. Sometimes she stays in bed till ten or eleven, and pretends she doesn't want any breakfast, and wouldn't eat any if she had it. Of course, I can't let her starve, and often as not I have to have something cooked especially and sent up. I notice she always eats it. And then she says: 'Ellery, dear—I'm such a burden—I wish I was dead. If you'll only call me in time I'll be down on time—every single morning. I declare I will!'"

"Why don't you take her at her word," said Coles. "She certainly seems to wish to be obliging about it."

"I can't take her at her word," said Mrs. Coles, "because she locks her door, and, of course, I can pound on that till I'm black in the face, and she doesn't hear."

"By George!" said Coles. "Locks the door—what an awful thought!"

"Silly—yes," said Mrs. Coles; "but why awful?"

"Suppose," he said, "the house caught fire and we couldn't wake her."

"Then," said Mrs. Coles with finality, "you must keep an axe handy."

"Oh, no," said Coles; "I'll speak to Aunt Margaret about locking her door."

"I wish you would," said Mrs. Coles, "because the extra meals do cost money—and then, somebody has to carry the trays upstairs and down again. I think if you'll write it all on Aunt Margaret's slate she'll understand and not be offended."

"Well," said Coles, "we'll try." And then, in the act of yawning and getting out of bed "Alice," he said, "is getting stage crazy. She talks about nothing but writing plays and acting them. She carries her manuscripts to Aunt Margaret and gets altogether too much praise."

"I think I was like that," said Mrs. Coles, "when I was Alice's age."

"You never were Alice's age," said Coles; "you never will be. Besides, you were the most rough-and-tumble tomboy I ever saw in all my born days." Then he laughed aloud like a boy. "Do you remember our first meeting? You had your foot caught in a picket fence and had been hanging head down for about twenty minutes." Then he roared with laughter. "You had red flann ——" But he was not allowed to finish.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)


# THE "STETSON" MODEL

**This is beyond question the most popular all-round shoe in the country.**

It is because it fits perfectly so many different feet that it is so well liked. It has enough style to suit the average man.

It has every Stetson advantage—this means that it is carefully made by skilled labor, of the very best material that can be bought.

Before buying shoes again, let the shoe man who shows the *Red Diamond* sign, put a pair of "Stetson" models on your feet. $5 to $9 the pair.

THE STETSON SHOE CO.,
**So. Weymouth Mass.**

Dept. C

New York Shop
7 Cortlandt St

**Write for this book, "The Right to Know," and learn to *judge* a shoe when you are buying a shoe.**

Most Burglars Enter Through Windows

ROSENBERG'S BURGLAR PROOF **Automatic Sash Lock**

**IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST BURGLAR INSURANCE**

No mechanical skill required to fit it to any sash—the only tool necessary, a screw-driver. By merely shutting the window, IT LOCKS AUTOMATICALLY. You can sleep by the open window without sacrificing security, as it locks the sashes securely at any desired point when open from top or bottom or both. You can not forget to lock your window; it is always locked when open or shut.

Cannot be pried off or picked.

Agents Wanted

## No Burglar's "Jimmy" Can Pry it Loose

It might splinter the sash to pieces, but the lock would hold. Cannot be picked from the outside—no knife can be inserted between the sashes to pick it. It is an entirely new principle and locks to stay locked. Draws sashes tightly together, no matter how far separated and

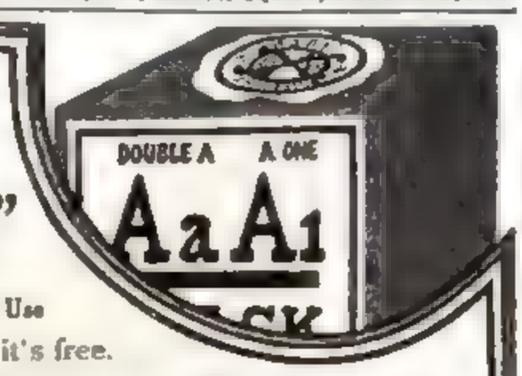
**PREVENTS RATTLING OF WINDOWS**

Fits any new or old style window and does not require a hole through sash like locks which are already in use. Retail Price 50 Cents at all hardware dealers. If your dealer will not supply you, write us.

An interesting Booklet tells more about this wonderful burglar proof lock. Write for it today. It's free.

**Climax Lock & Ventilator Co., Dept. A, Ellicott Square, BUFFALO, N.Y.**

# Bixby's "Double A-A One"




**The Ideal Shoe Dressing for Women's and Children's Use**

Send for booklet "Care of Shoes," it's free.

**Because**— Bixby's "Double A-A One" Polish is cleaner than any other. It will not rub off on the clothing nor fly about the room while being rubbed down to a brilliant shine.

**Because**— It requires less time and less labor to make the shoes look their best; and it contains no acid, shellac or varnish to spoil the leather.

**Because**— Being a liquid it is easily applied. Bixby's "Double A-A One" Polish is made of *Oil*, to soften and nourish the leather, *wax*, to take a high polish with only three or four rubs of a soft cloth and a little dye that restores color and finish of scarred spots.

**Because There are 100 Shines in a Bottle for 25c**

If not yet on sale by your shoe man, send 25c. for full size package.

**S. M. Bixby & Company, New York, U. S. A.**

# Accurate— at 1 mile or 100

The Warner Auto-Meter is the only speed indicating instrument you can buy—no matter what price you may pay—which is *accurate at all speeds* when you get it, and which will *remain accurate* as long as you have a car to put it on.

The Auto-Meter correctly indicates the slightest forward movement of the car, and will [illegible] every conceivable speed at which it can be driven.

All other "speed indicators" are inaccurate at speed whatever under 5 to 10 miles per hour. Watch them in use.

The Auto-Meter, because perfect balance in all its parts, works with the utmost [illegible] Insist on the Indicating dial always [illegible] and readable. No gear or belt of the car can affect it [illegible]

On all other "speed indicators" the value of a [illegible] continuously changes as the speed increases. [illegible] 5 to 10 miles. The [illegible] is somewhere between the [illegible] You must guess where.

The Auto-Meter, because of the Magnetic Induction principle upon which it works, can be made so sturdy, so strong and with such refinements of construction that practical tests have shown that with about a MILLION MILES of [illegible] and driving without appreciable wear or impairment [illegible] absolute accuracy. There is no other instrument like it.

## The Warner Auto-Meter

**Guaranteed Absolutely Accurate**

than *10 feet to the mile*. All other instruments are inaccurate when new, and [illegible] that the remaining parts must be [illegible] all day week after week, [illegible] lubricated springs are used. There is [illegible] friction everywhere. After a few months' use, wear of these delicate parts, [illegible] weaken the coiled springs which [illegible] cause them to indicate [illegible] that they are worse than [illegible]

The Auto-Meter is tested at the factory on a few minutes' test [illegible] (though this has never yet been necessary except in instruments injured by accidents). Therefore we are able to guarantee the Auto-Meter [illegible] FOR LIFE.

In certain [illegible] it is impossible to make or can be made for adjustments or corrections. When inaccurate they must be thrown away. How to [illegible] at the best [illegible] by a few weeks or months. Then [illegible] far worse than useless.

* * *

The Auto-Meter is built like an expensive Chronometer. It has [illegible] jewel bearings. These reduce friction to [illegible] The bearings are sapphire jewels and imported Hoffman Balls. Every part must test accurate to 1-1000. Can anything but such bearings will practically last a lifetime without wear?

The Auto-Meter, because made on the correct principle, is unvaryingly accurate and so durable that it will outlast a dozen cars.

No centrifugal instrument [illegible] the price of the Auto-Meter—can be considered in the same class, any more than a $1 watch can be classed with a $200 Chronometer.

* * *

The Odometer used in connection with the Auto-Meter is our own construction. It is as strong and durably built as the Auto-Meter itself. Seven dial registers 100,000 miles. Other odometers register 10,000 miles only. Two is often insufficient for a year's mileage. Future mileage has been [illegible] The trip [illegible] registers 1,000 miles and repeat. Other odometers register 100 miles only. A [illegible] turn of a knob resets to zero. It [illegible] easy to [illegible] observer on which the figures are partly concealed by the speed indicating hand.

* * *

We want every auto owner to know the comparative [illegible] we can prove the truth of every claim we have made. We have put the [illegible] book which will be sent to any one for the asking. In your own [illegible] any [illegible] of any kind about, you know. To buy the wrong instrument is to waste your money.

**The Warner Instrument Co.** Factory and Main Offices: 395 Wheeler Ave., Beloit, Wis.

New York, 1902 Broadway
Philadelphia, 303 North Broad St.
Indianapolis, 330 N. Illinois St.
Cleveland, 2062 Euclid Ave.
Seattle, 914 E. Pike St.
Detroit, 239 Jefferson Ave.
St. Louis, 3923 Olive St.
Boston, 925 Boylston St.
Pittsburg, 3432 Forbes St.
San Francisco, 560 Golden Gate Ave.
Buffalo, 723 Main St.
Chicago, 1502 Michigan Ave.
Los Angeles, 1212 S. Main St.
Cincinnati, 129 E. Seventh St.

***Are you a manufacturer*** who uses small power on individual machines?

***Do you need a motor*** to go out with your finished product?

Economy is what you want.

## Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors

*(Direct Current—All Purposes 1-30 to 15 H.P.)*

are far superior to any other [illegible] on the market.

Our Engineering Department will give you free advice. It has solved many problems similar to yours. It [illegible] years. We make a specialty of small direct current motors. Have given [illegible] attention to them.

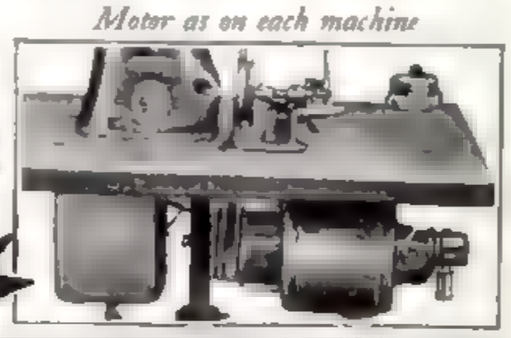
We have recently developed a number of different types for special purposes—sewing machines, ice cream freezers, coffee grinders, adding machines, piano players, air compressors, pumps, etc., which we [illegible] carry in stock.

Write us your needs. If we haven't the right motor in stock we will make it for you. Write for Bulletin No. 67, showing motors we have on hand for immediate shipment. *A motor for every machine.*

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY,
Main Office and Factory,
1305-1405 Lagonda Ave., Springfield, O.

Branches in NEW YORK, 49 Chambers St. PHILADELPHIA, [illegible] CHICAGO, [illegible] BOSTON, [illegible] CLEVELAND, [illegible] NEW ORLEANS, [illegible] ST. LOUIS, [illegible] KANSAS CITY, [illegible]

*Motor as on each machine*



## "For She excels all women in the magic of her locks" Who Uses

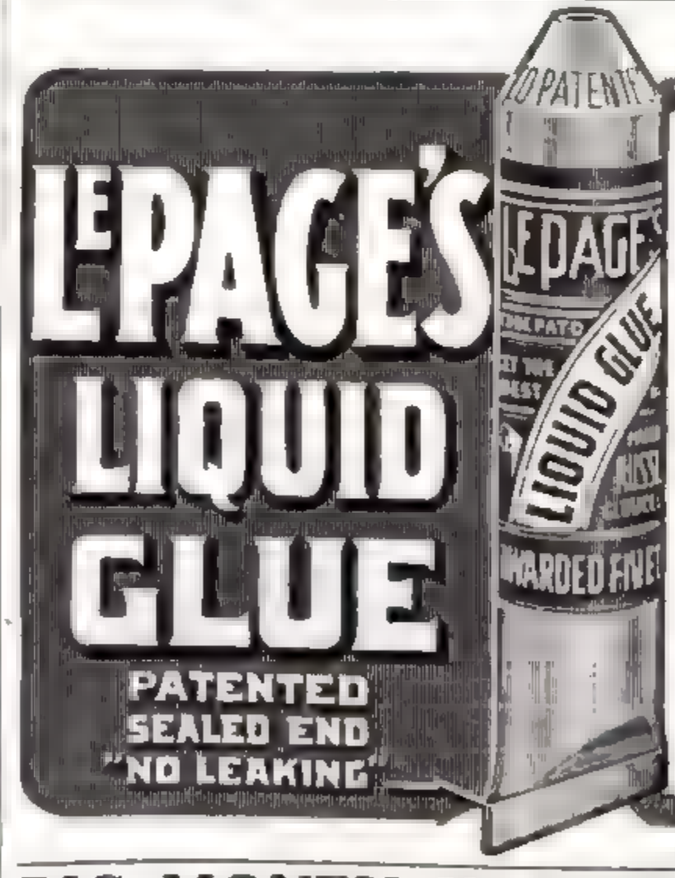
**The Dry Shampoo W & B SWEDISH Hair Powder**

that cleanses the hair without washing

The powder removes [illegible] grease and [illegible] excess of [illegible] after brushing [illegible] makes the hair [illegible] and fluffy [illegible] easy to arrange as [illegible] it [illegible]

Sizes 10c, 60c [illegible] 60c or $1.00. Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer won't supply you [illegible] and 10c and receive a liberal trial package and pamphlet "How to Have Handsome Hair."

WALDEYER & BETTS, Dept. S, 170 Fifth Ave., N.Y.




## Mends Everything

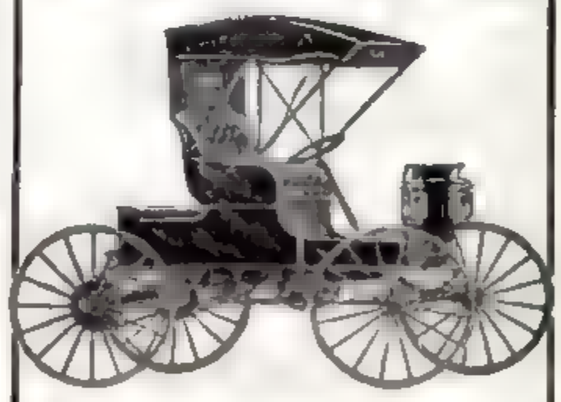
Now put up *in tube form* as well as in bottles. In this shape it is better adapted and more convenient for household use.

No waste, no brush, no soiling of hands. The glue is always ready for instant use.

If not sold by your dealer we will send, postpaid, a full-size tube (like illustration) upon receipt of ten cents.

**Russia Cement Co.**
Gloucester, Mass.

## The Pratt Motor Buggy



Is the simplest, strongest and best-grade motor buggy made. It will travel wherever a horse will take a buggy. Will positively climb hills that the large and expensive cars dare not attempt.

**Backed By Our Guarantee**

against imperfections in workmanship or material. Is high grade in quality of workmanship, material and finish. Engine—*12-horse-power*. Speed—5 to 30 miles per hour. Will travel 30 miles on 1 gallon of gasoline.

**Price $428.00**

complete with top, rubber tires, three lamps, horn, and all necessary extras ready to run. Send for circular and further particulars.

**Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co.**
ELKHART, IND.

## A Wonderful Automatic Pump

Supplying water for country homes is now an easy matter, and the expense [illegible] very great. If there's a stream or spring on your land install a

**NIAGARA Hydraulic Ram**

and it will pump the water just where you want it. Better than a windmill or gasoline engine, because [illegible] No [illegible] repairs [illegible] attention. Write for [illegible] of what [illegible] and testimonials. Write us [illegible] Tanks and Towers.

Niagara Hydraulic Engine Co.,
140 Nassau St., New York
Factory, Chester, Pa.

## BIG MONEY IN DRILLING

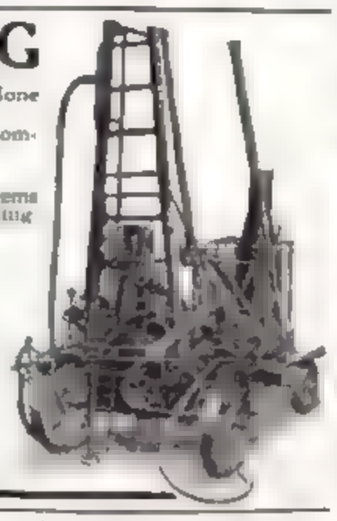
Our customers all over the Country are realizing big profits with the Cyclone Drill. No business offers such big returns for the money invested.

Contractors, prospectors, well drillers, find the Cyclone Drill more economical, faster and easier to operate than any other.

We make Hollow Rod, Cable and Core Drills, to meet every need.

We also make combination machines that will handle any or all of the systems equally well, a machine that will enable you to cover the entire field of drilling.

## Cyclone Drill



Our Diamond [illegible] and Steel Shot Core Drills cut faster and at a fraction of the cost of the old [illegible] We sell Cyclone Drills on an *easy payment plan*. Some of our customers have [illegible] while [illegible] one month. Our new traction Gasoline [illegible] made [illegible] where fuel and water are scarce. Send for our free books on Drilling and let us know in what branch of the work you are interested.

**Cyclone Drill Company, 10 Main Street, Orrville, Ohio**
Chicago Office, 419 Fisher Building

## LEARN BY MAIL. BE A CERTIFIED PUBLIC COST ACCOUNTANT

**$2500—$10,000 According to Ability**

Our courses are taught by Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants and Lawyers of the highest standing in New York [illegible] Cost Accountants' [illegible] Association, [illegible] Accounting Association, [illegible] and Business Practice. You are [illegible] being [illegible] by [illegible] suggestion [illegible] We [illegible] ADVANTAGE [illegible] practicability. **Write for Booklet M.**

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Inc., Dept. M
27-29 East 22d Street, New York

## A. B. C. AUTOMOBILE

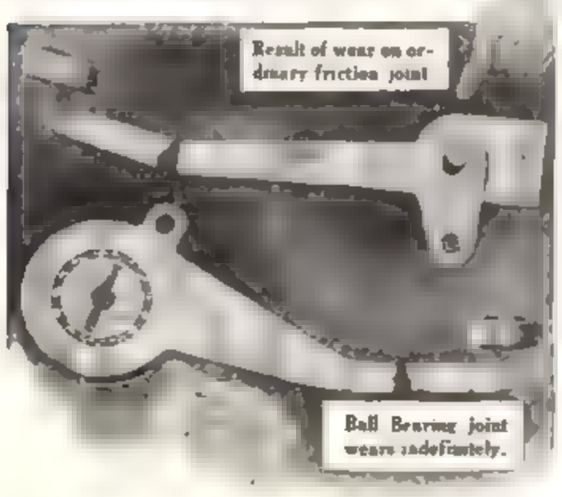
A [illegible] Speeds up to [illegible] an [illegible] for [illegible] Automobile [illegible] Cost [illegible] are no [illegible] parts—[illegible] Sold on [illegible] tires. Air [illegible] cooled. Sales [illegible] Runs [illegible] 3 to 4 passengers. 16 [illegible] Price [illegible] Catalog Free. Write us for particulars.

A. B. C. Motor Vehicle Mfg. Co., 3931 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.

## EARNING MONEY

Any one—man, woman, boy, girl—can do it and no experience is necessary. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have made it sure. All you need is faith in yourself. If you think you're going to amount to something, write to **The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia**, and get your start now.

# Which?




—By using not only the Gardner Ball Bearing in the Typebar joints, but also ball bearings for the Carriage and Segment of the NEW MODEL

## L.C.Smith & Bros. Typewriter

*all important frictional points have been made Anti-Frictional*

Instead of a bearing, whose every movement does just that much to destroy its adjustment, each vital wearing point of the L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER has the kind of bearing which tens of thousands of vibrations will cause to work smoother, if that were possible, than when first put together.

***WHICH APPEALS TO YOU AS A TYPEWRITER BUYER?***

Send for Illustrated Book

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.
Branches in all Large Cities

Head Office for Europe, Asia and Africa: 19 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

All the writing ALWAYS in sight



Huyler's
UNEQUALLED
CANDIES
A Most Acceptable
Easter Gift
Purity
Quality
& Flavor
AS ALWAYS
Unexcelled

## Southern California

Best place on earth to plant money and watch it grow and grow with it. Enclose 5c. in stamps for reliable information. Address

Dept. A, Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Cal.



GOOD MAN WANTED

As a Davis Agent. $1,018 in six months made by an inexperienced young man selling our Soaps and Toilet Articles. Our up-to-date methods of selling get the business. E. R. Davis Soap Co., 509 Carroll Ave., Chicago 133⅓% Profit


# THE NEW CANADA

*(Concluded from Page 6)*

and is bound in time to take manufacturers in such lines to Canada, where they will make their goods for the Canadian market instead of here.

The Canadian's tastes are much like ours. He wears and eats what we do, heats his house like a Yankee and is scolded for it by the English, just as we are; and is even learning to charge Yankee hotel prices. The Englishman in Canada is alarmed to find Yankee "contamination" so strong, and assumes that Canada is accepting the United States as a model. In truth, though, she is building up another democratic civilization under similar economic conditions, in an average climate not so strikingly different from ours, and is arriving at similar results.

A London periodical costs the Canadian subscriber less than a subscriber in England pays by mail, owing to Canadian postal preference. And, owing to postal discrimination, one of our periodicals costs a Canadian subscriber more than it does us. But our publications are closer to the Canadians temperamentally than are the English publications. They read more of ours, and are incidentally informed upon our merchandise, and this creates demand that has to be taken care of. The first few sales an American manufacturer makes in Canada, as a side issue to his home advertising, may very easily be the beginning of a chain of circumstances that will eventually compel him to establish a Canadian factory.

On New Year's Day such a factory was opened near Montreal by a New York maker of fountain pens.

As with many other Yankee devices, a fountain pen must be kept in good order by the maker after sale. This house built trade with little thought of Canada. But Canadians took our pens home, and saw them advertised in our magazines, and wanted them, and every time they sent them to New York to be adjusted, reground or re-pointed their canny Government charged them duties. So an office was established in Montreal to attend to this repair work, with a sales organization to create more Canadian trade.

New problems arose. Given an article sold wholesale at four dollars in the United States. This includes selling cost, advertising, accounting, rent of showrooms. But if the article goes direct from factory to a Montreal office those charges must be met by the Canadian branch. Yet to subtract them from the wholesale price at home, and enter the article for duty at factory cost—say three dollars—is a violation of the shrewd "dumping clause" in the Canadian tariff, and leads to imposition of extra duty if any Canadian concern makes a similar article. So duty must be paid on the gross wholesale price at home—in other words, duty is paid on items of expense for which the manufacturer must subsequently pay rents and salaries to Canadians. Again, the Canadian merchant selling such an article, buying it at five dollars wholesale instead of four, naturally wants discount and profit on duty as well as American wholesale price, and gets it.

So, sooner or later, the Yankee manufacturer of a novelty crosses the line and sets up a branch factory. Mechanics are taken from home, but stay only long enough to train Canadians.

Canada's population is only six million, while the territory to be covered there in any national business operations is overwhelming—the leading English newspaper in Montreal, for instance, maintains advertising offices in St. Johns, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, New York, Chicago and London. Canada's mercantile trades are not so well organized as ours, nor so well capitalized. Therefore, credit risks are greater. The invading manufacturer finds he must widen his base of operations. He makes other kinds of goods, and acts as selling representative for European manufacturers of still others. The outcome is a fine industry for Canada, new trade for her merchants, and training and good wages for her youngsters.

In Canada today more than one billion dollars of outside capital is invested. One dollar in ten is a Yankee dollar, and the rest British. But all the British money is dormant—capital put into the bonds of the railways, cities, provinces and Federal Government, and into mining and other shares.

**This is the first of three articles by Mr. Collins dealing with Canada and the Canadians of today.**


*Young men's clothes are so fanciful this spring* that there's the danger of over-stepping *good taste*. There's a sure way of keeping on the *safe* side—find this label

It warrants much *more* than *good* making and *good* fabrics—it's an *ear-mark* of *good* judgment. Ask at the *best* shop in *any* town. A book of young men's clothes (and *other* men's) sent for an "ask."

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
CHICAGO

## A Portable Home For the Summer

Don't sacrifice the comforts of your home when you go away for the summer. Buy a Springfield Portable House and you can move all the conveniences of your home wherever you may be. You avoid the rush and the waste of a big hotel. You can go where you can find a good location. And compared with the high rental you would have to pay for a really comfortable house, the cost is inconsiderable.

### Secure and Weather-Proof

You can get a portable house of any size, any number of rooms, arranged to suit you, finished and decorated according to your wishes. Ship it anywhere you want to go. Three unskilled men can erect it in a few hours without the slightest difficulty. And you're sure of a comfortable, weather proof, secure home for the summer.

When the summer is over the house can easily be dismantled, crated and shipped home to be stored away, the next year for where you wish—a new place every year—and live comfortably in your own home.

The illustration shows just one of the many styles of summer cottages we build. Write for our catalog. It shows pictures of our houses and other buildings, quotes prices, and tells how our houses are built. Address

The Springfield Portable House Co., 500-512 Allen St., Springfield, Mass.



## The Greatest Texas Opportunities

South Houston offers exceptional advantages to manufacturers, and to home seekers. Good facilities for the home seeker, the real estate seeker and the investor.

Our thriving little community is within 20 minutes ride of the heart of Houston, the Chicago of the South. Its present and wonderful growth promises, for the immediate future, a rapid increase in both wealth and population.

Situated in the fruit and orange growing section of Texas, the location of South Houston is ideal. The climate is delightful, frost rarely occurs, and overcoats are seldom needed.

Write to-day for full information of the best opportunities in the wonderful State of Texas. Address

The Western Land Corporation, Houston, Texas

## We Ship on Approval

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and wonderful offers on our 1909 model bicycles.

**Factory Prices** *Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price* until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our unheard of factory to rider prices and liberal terms on first sample bicycle going to your town.

**Rider Agents** everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell cheaper than any other factory. Tires, Coaster-Brakes, single wheels, parts, repairs and sundries at *half usual prices*. Do Not Wait; write *today* for our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-56, CHICAGO

## Better Bred Birds

Your choice from 100 strains, the paying kind. Bred from prize winners. Booklet on "Proper Care and Feeding of Chicks, Duck and Turkeys," 10c. Poultry Paper, 1 year, 10c. Catalog Free.

ROYAL POULTRY FARM, Dept. 232, Des Moines, Iowa



## Are You Pushing Your Business?

Get "PUSHING YOUR BUSINESS," a text book of advertising by T. D. MacGregor, publisher BANKERS MAGAZINE, 163 pp., 52 illus., cloth, and one year's subscription to "Advertisers Magazine," 64 to 96 pages each issue, all for $1.00. Trial subscription to magazine, 3 months for 10c.

Advertisers Magazine 718 Commerce, Kansas City, Mo.

This question of dust in public places is one of vital importance to the great mass of people

Dust is a breeder of disease germs and the most dangerous medium for the transmission of infectious maladies known. If all floors were kept free from dust, the evil would be eliminated. The best way to successfully accomplish this purpose is to treat wood floors three or four times a year with

STANDARD FLOOR DRESSING

It not only prevents dust from circulating, but catches and *kills* all germs of disease. Tests have shown that it reduces dust nearly 100%—preserves the floors, saves labor and lessens the cost of caretaking

*Not intended for household use*

Sold in barrels and cans of varying capacities by dealers generally

*OUR FREE DEMONSTRATION will prove our efficiency of Standard Floor Dressing. To localities far removed from our agencies, we will send free sample with full directions for applying.*

Write for [illegible]

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

The New Perfection in Polish

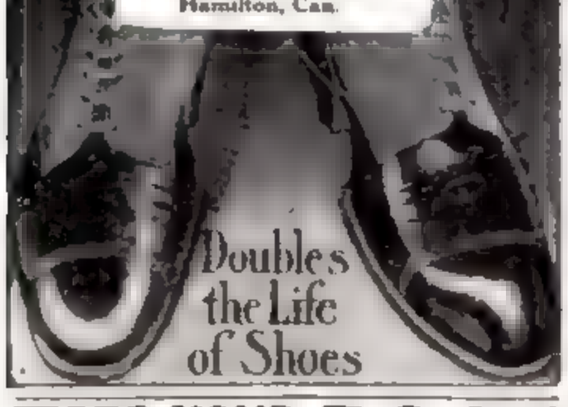
An entirely new and original preparation.

Easily and quickly applied—you can shine your own shoes in a minute

AT ALL DEALERS 10 cents

Apply as directed on box

The F. F. DALLEY CO. Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y. and Hamilton, Can.




FIX YOUR ROOF

5c Per Square.—We will guarantee to put any old leaky, [illegible] roof in perfect condition for 5c per square per year

Roof-Fix The Perfect Roof Preserver, makes old, worn-out roofs new. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Our free roofing book tells all about it. Write for it today

The Anderson Manufacturing Co., Dept. 68 Elyria, Ohio


# WANTED: $50,000 MEN

(Concluded from Page 17)

he heard that a large department store needed a buyer, and he went down and laid his record before the proprietor and gave him a chance to see his store of knowledge. It was enough; he got the place. He received $10,000 to begin on. Five years before he was getting $18 a week. Today, after holding the place two years, he gets $15,000. And he is thirty-six years old!

The retail dry-goods profession is singularly open to all. There can be no favorites, for a proprietor would have to be a Mormon three times over to have enough sons and nephews to fill all the high salaried positions that a big department store has to give out. And as success is measured solely by the number of dollars that go to make up the store's profits, and as these profits are itemized, the proprietor can tell instantly when his buyers are going behind. So there is no chance of old men holding positions merely through seniority, as in other lines. In fact, it is one of the professions where age does not count at all, and a man does not have to wait until those above him die or retire. He jumps over their heads.

Then again, the steps on the road to the top are open and clear. If a boy starts in a big city store and acquires proficiency he will be sure to receive an offer or hear of a chance for a higher position in a smaller city, and then, after making good, he can come back to a still higher salary in the bigger city. Or if he begins in a smaller city and makes good, he can always find rapid advancement in the big city. He cannot do the same thing in the same amount of time in any other profession.

### When the Cash Boys Struck

The department stores are trying to stave off this famine in the right kind of men, but the right kind of boys shun them, and even the wrong kind of boys do not stay long. Any large proprietor will testify to the fact that there are more second-rate buyers holding first-rate positions in their stores than there are warts on a potato. But they have to keep them because they cannot get better.

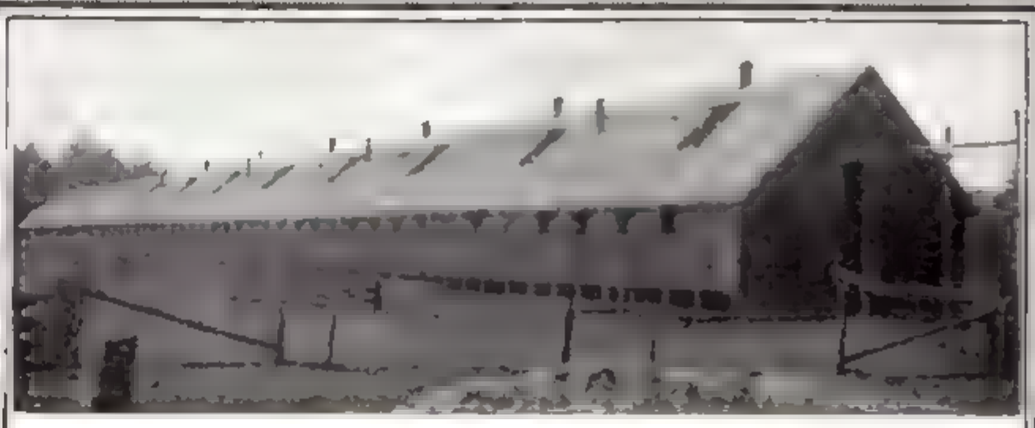
They have tried in every way known to man to get better ones. One store started a cadet corps, drilled them, gave them uniforms and tried to make the cash boys feel that they were worth looking at. They tried to make them take a pride in their store and their work; but no sooner did the boys learn how to march than they practiced in a march down to a broker's office to offer their services. Another store has organized an athletic club and given their men every facility to become strong and, at the same time, display a loyalty to the store; but they are still as much in need of good buyers as are any of the other stores.

Several of the department stores have organized classes where boys and girls are taught various subjects. Benevolent societies have been formed, summer homes inaugurated, but none of the schemes has developed the hoped-for buyers and store managers. The advertisement that appears at the head of this article is still standing.

Success in life, for the vast majority, is merely a matter of dollars and cents, and here is a strange paradox: A business that offers the greatest future for a bright boy is the least sought after. There is little trouble in finding boys to work in the coal-breakers of Pennsylvania, where the highest hope of their lives is some day to be a miner. There is little dearth of messenger boys for banks, where they look forward to nothing better than being a teller or, mayhap, a president, with a salary of from $5000 to $15,000. Yet in the department store, where $15,000 is far from the highest salary, there are not enough boys to fill the positions and few with ambition enough to work their way to the top

Yet department stores are in every city—in every village, in fact, for the store of the crossroads is a department store A man can always find employment if he is worth it. He can go from step to step on his way upward. While the wholesale houses are all in a very few cities, banks are frightfully slow, and most of the other positions are barred to the boy without an education by the better chances of the college man. And yet there is a famine, and the $100,000 man is yet to be found!


Amatite ROOFING



An Experience at the Belle Meade Farm

THE Belle Meade Farm of Bedford, Mass., is well known for its thoroughgoing and scientific methods, and is a model in many respects. Its big stables are all covered with Amatite Roofing The owners write us as follows

"It is now nearly three years since we put your Amatite Roofing on our new 300 ft. buildings This Roofing is now in its third winter and has gone through without a leak, and there is every indication that it will be good for many years. The buildings with this light, sparkling Roofing and the red trimmings as painted, are very attractive in appearance, and altogether we are much pleased with your Amatite Roofing. We are contemplating the construction of some further buildings for our Shetland Ponies, and mean to use more of your roofing

If the Belle Meade farm people had chosen a "smooth surfaced" roofing it would have cost them more in the beginning and the difference would have become greater every year. Those roofs were laid in 1905. In 1907 they would have required a thorough painting, which would have to be repeated in 1909, and every two years thereafter.

The Amatite, however, *has had no painting*, and needs none. The mineral surface takes care of that When the roof finally wears out and the owners of the Belle Meade Farm compute the cost of their Amatite Roofing they will put down "for the Amatite, so many dollars:" "for care of same, nothing." If they had used a painted roofing there would probably be several coats of paint to figure on, besides the original cost, and the total would be several times as much as Amatite.

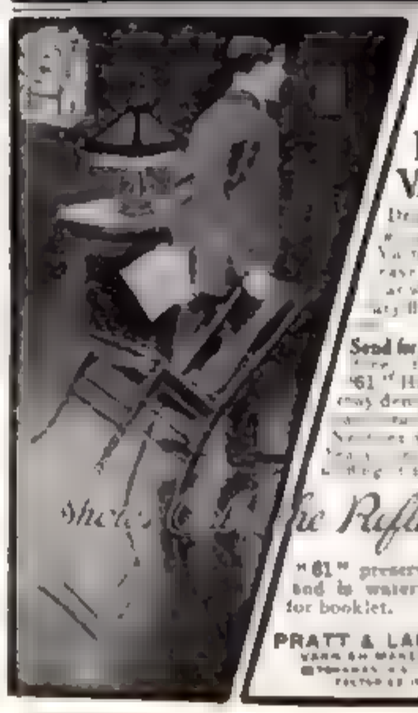
It does not matter whether your roofs be large or small, it is wasteful to use anything but Amatite.

Free Sample

Let us send you a free sample, together with a booklet telling more about Amatite. It will save you money later

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Cleveland, St. Louis, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Kansas City, London, Eng.



"61" FLOOR VARNISH

[illegible] a coat of "61" Floor Varnish [illegible] a scratch or scar [illegible] any floor varnish can

Send for Sample Panel

"61" Hard-wears [illegible] can't [illegible] white [illegible] Test it [illegible] Send for booklet.

"The Reflection"

"61" preserves the floor, and is waterproof. Write for booklet.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC

If you wear thin stockings

you need Togards to keep the toes from kicking through.

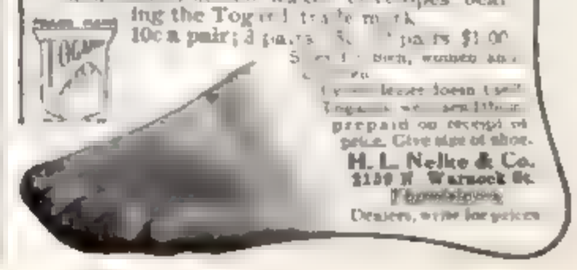
Togards

are worn over the bare foot. They are smooth, snug-fitting and elastic; take up little space, are perfectly comfortable, absorb perspiration, keep stockings and shoe linings dry, protect tender feet and make walking easier. Natural color, not loud, right [illegible] sanitary washable [illegible] envelopes bear ing the Togard trade mark

10c a pair; 3 pairs 25c; 6 pairs $1.00 [illegible] men, women and [illegible] [illegible] lesser [illegible] Togards [illegible] prepaid on receipt of price. Give size of shoe.

H. L. Nelke & Co.
2130 N. Warnock St.
Philadelphia

Dealers, write for prices



Nothing To Take Apart

THAT'S still *another* advantage of owning a Conklin Pen—there's nothing to take apart—no parts to lose—no joints to leak—no inky fingers or soiled clothing.

CONKLIN'S
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen

can be filled instantly, anywhere, by dipping it in the nearest inkwell and pressing the Crescent-Filler. Writes the instant pen meets paper, smoothly and steadily to the last dot.

Finest 14 k gold pens, made in all points. Nibs for manifolding. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Prices $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 to $15.00.

Write for catalogue.

The Conklin Pen Mfg. Co.,
195 Manhattan Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio



Iron the same day

With a Coffield Power Washer you can. It washes while you rinse and hang out.

It leaves you *time* to iron and the *strength* to do it; it gets your clothes snow-white and without rubbing—makes them last twice as long. It pays for itself many times over.

The Coffield costs a little more—$18.75 delivered anywhere east of the Rockies—*but it works*. It has no springs—no cog-wheels. Nothing about it *can* get out of order. It is guaranteed for three years.

Write for booklet and the name of our dealer. He will put one in and do your first week's washing for you. If you haven't a dealer we will ship you direct. If it doesn't do all we say we will refund your money. If you haven't city water write for catalogue of hand machines.

P. T. COFFIELD & SON, 1102-1112 E. 5th St. Dayton, O.

*City water runs it.*

Turn the faucet. The Coffield washes while you rinse and hang out. Don't be deceived by imitations.

Coffield



$25.00 Per Week

IF YOU EARN LESS

I can HELP your Salary or Income by teaching you how to write catchy, result-getting advertising.

My System of Instruction by Mail is the most complete and practical that has the benefit of the combined experience of the most successful men in this line. I have taught many people, by mail, to earn from $5 to $25 per week. I will show you how to earn $25 per week.

Geo. H. Powell 1191 Metropolitan Annex N. Y.

# THE NET AND THE QUARRY

*(Continued from Page 15)*

of me. Mrs. Hanscom was simply brilliant, and seemed to be enjoying her meal amazingly—which was not the case with me.

She asked for the check, tipped the waiter, and when he held out her coat she took it from him and handed it to me with a flashing glance of mischief and command.

As soon as we reached the street she slipped her hand under my arm and commenced rattling off bright, witty remarks about the men in the restaurant. She had me laughing all the way back to the office. The moment I entered my house that evening I saw that my wife was again troubled. There was a misery in her eyes which I had never seen during the twenty years of our married life.

Undoubtedly some busybody had seen me with the widow at Seiferd's or walking arm-in-arm with her—or both—and had told Susan. Since such stories never shrink in the telling, in all likelihood she now supposed that it was a common practice with us. I could not ignore her unusual manner, so asked her if she were ill; but she replied briefly:

"No, I am not."

Although her lips pressed tightly together I knew they were quivering pitifully as she spoke. Jealousy, like love, often closes the lips when they should be crying for help.

I passed a miserable evening with my thoughts, and for the first time in our married life we retired without clearing away any little misunderstanding which may have arisen. But I did not sleep.

The next morning Mrs. Hanscom drew a chair up close to me, in her usual confidential way, and said:

"John, I am fairly crazy to make a European trip."

"Then why not make it?" I exclaimed eagerly—as eagerly as a thirsty man clutches at a straw.

"The old, old reason, John; I've no money. I'm sure I don't know where it all goes to!"

"You ought to be able to manage such a trip," I urged. "A thousand dollars would cover it, and that's only a small part of your income."

"A thousand dollars!" she laughed merrily. "Why, John, my dresses would cost more than that. I couldn't think of starting with less than five thousand!"

I gasped at that, and she continued dreamily:

"And it would be so nice to feel that there was another five thousand to draw from if I wanted it. It sounds dreadfully extravagant, doesn't it? But it spoils all my pleasure to feel cramped. I do so hate petty economies!"

I stared at her, beginning lamely: "I cannot imagine ——"

"Of course you cannot," she interrupted with a laugh, "you dear, cautious old fellow! But my imagination is active, and has to be fed. Now, if my interest here was only in stocks I could sell a little block, you know, or, at least, I should know that I could sell it if necessary."

I knew that she was sizing me up from under her long eyelashes, although I didn't look at her squarely. I saw that this was my opportunity to clear away my troubles, and I hesitated only because I thought of the danger of her wasting her fortune. But my wife's drooping eyes and quivering lips came before me.

All hesitation vanished, and I snapped at the chance which now offered as a starving pickerel jumps at a fly.

"Well, if you've got your mind so deeply set upon it, Mrs. Hanscom, I'll withdraw my objections to the incorporation."

"Oh, that's dear of you, John," she replied. "I'm sure you'll find it will come out so much better for us both."

I felt like bucking at that, but what was the use?

"You may tell Pritchard to go ahead with the arrangements," I said. "He knows about such matters—I do not."

"Oh, goody!" she laughed, clapping her hands as gayly as a child with a new doll—and about as sensibly. "And I'll have to begin getting ready for my trip. There's so much to do, you can't imagine, John! Oh, I wish I was a man and didn't have to bother about clothes."

She lost no time in telling Pritchard, and Pritchard lost no time in acting. Perhaps


Crawford Shoes
FOR MEN 3.50 4.00 5.00

In the special "Hug-tite" patterns designed for all Crawford oxfords, a feature is the curved back stay, reinforcing that part of the oxford which is under the greatest strain, and preventing all stretching of the top.

Crawford oxfords will not gap at the ankles and, if properly fitted, they cannot slip at the heel.

Prove the value of Crawford points of merit by wearing Crawford Shoes. The name of your nearest dealer on request—also interesting and instructive style book.

Charles A. Eaton

No. 12522—Popular Mirror Patent Blucher Oxford. Sent, prepaid, $4.25.

CRAWFORD SHOES ARE UNION MADE

MIRROR PATENT DOES NOT NEED POLISHING unless its surface becomes marred or scratched. This leather is found only in Crawford Shoes!

Chas. A. Eaton Co., *Makers*
Brockton, Mass.

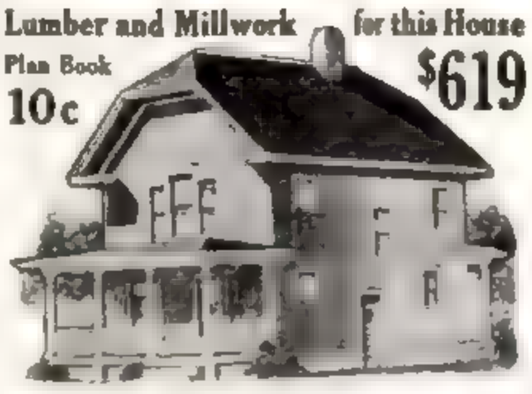
*In New York, the fashion centre of the country, Crawford Shoes are sold by Crawford Shoe Makers, at*

23d Street and 4th Avenue.
[illegible] Street
137 Fulton Street
10 and 12 Broadway
1363 Broadway,
103 West 42d Street.
141 West 125th Street,
433 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
1001 Broadway, Brooklyn



WRITE FOR GRAND FREE MILLWORK CATALOG

Lumber and Millwork Plan Book 10c for this House $619



Build, Remodel or Repair a House at Half Usual Cost

We will supply you with high-grade, guaranteed Building Material—the best made in America—at an actual cash saving of HALF the regular retail dealers' prices.

Doors, 77 Cents and up
Windows, 63 Cents up
Corner Blocks, 2 Cts.
Porch Columns, $1.85 up

5000 Building Material Bargains

Including Doors, Windows, Mouldings, Stairs and Porches—Flooring, Finish and LUMBER

Get our prices on everything you need to build a new house or modernize an old one. Free Catalog offers 5000 Bargains—the very latest designs in Millwork, approved by best architects. Quality, Satisfaction and Safe Delivery Guaranteed Anywhere.

We saved our customers a million dollars in 1908. We ship everywhere under an absolute guarantee of quality, safe delivery and satisfaction. Money refunded and freight paid both ways if goods are not as represented. Write for Grand Free Millwork Catalog.

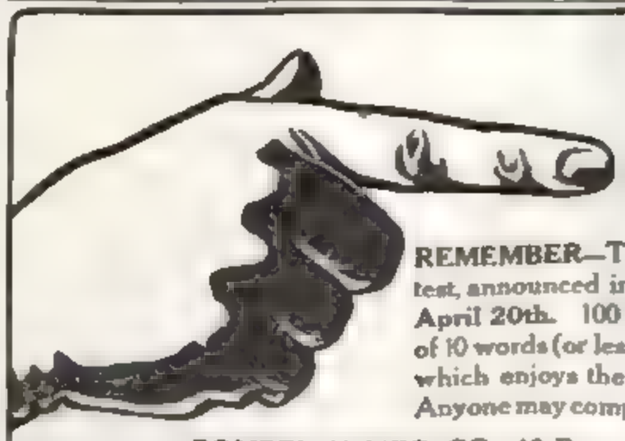
Flight of Stairs, Complete and ready to put together, $24.73

We offer a splendid variety of stair designs in Oak and Yellow Pine. Our designs admit of many variations. Our prices save you from $10 to $25 on a complete flight of stairs. See Catalog for latest stair designs.

Estimates FREE

Strong Door, 77c Gordon-Van Tine Co., 1732 Case St., Davenport, Iowa





$100.00 PRIZE CONTEST

REMEMBER—The Pompeian Massage Cream prize contest, announced in this magazine of March 20th, will close April 20th. 100 prizes besides the cash for the best line of 10 words (or less) describing Pompeian Massage Cream, which enjoys the most extensive sale of all face creams. Anyone may compete and the awards will be made June 1st.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio



PULLMAN AUTOMOBILE Send for our free [illegible] descriptive of our various models of 1909 and illustrations of trophies won in contest with other machines.
YORK MOTOR CAR CO., Inc., YORK, PA.



AGENTS

Get in on this. Combination Rolling Pin. Nine articles combined. Lightning Seller. Sample free. FORSHEE MFG. CO., Box 808, Dayton, O.

# A Man's Collar

is one of the most important factors in his personal appearance—that is why the average man should never think of wearing the *ordinary* waterproof collar.

**CHALLENGE** Brand WATERPROOF **COLLARS & CUFFS**

however, are rapidly and completely removing this prejudice and have jumped into favor with thousands of careful dressers. They are entirely different from any other waterproof collar ever put on the market—so perfect in fit and finish that you really can't tell them from linen

Challenge Collars are made in the latest, most up-to-date models. They have the dull finish and dressy look of the best linen collars—Our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water

Sold by furnishers and haberdashers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry Challenge Collars and Cuffs write us, stating size and style wanted, and we will see that you are supplied at once. Prices 25 cents per collar or cuff. Be sure you get the genuine Challenge Collars and Cuffs. We are the largest manufacturers of waterproof collars and cuffs in the world. Let us send you our booklet.

**THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "A"**
**725-727 Broadway, New York**

Boston, 65 Bedford St.; Philadelphia, 900 Chestnut St.; Chicago, [illegible] St.; San Francisco, 71 Mission St.; St. Louis, Mo., [illegible] Bldg.; Detroit, [illegible] Jefferson Ave.; Toronto, 56-60 Lemoyne Ave.

**Your Boy Wants One—Get It For Him**

Brighten your boy's play days with all the good healthful fun you can. He wants a King Air Rifle. It's a natural manly boy's wish you'll gratifying. Get it for him. It will give him lots of harmless, healthful fun, rugged body-building outdoor fun and good training for mind and eye.

**King 1,000-Shot Air Rifle**

Hammerless, Magazine Repeater, Lever Action, Visible Loader, Shot Indicator—and larger than other Kings. $1.00 to $1.50. The King Pop Gun shoots [illegible]—has no spring to get out of order. If your dealer can't supply you, send for free book telling all about Boys and Guns. We will ship [illegible] selected, express prepaid.

**Markham Air Rifle Company**
**100 Markham Street, Plymouth, Mich.**

**SPRAY** Your Fruits, Crops, Poultry Houses and do whitewashing with The **Auto-Spray.**

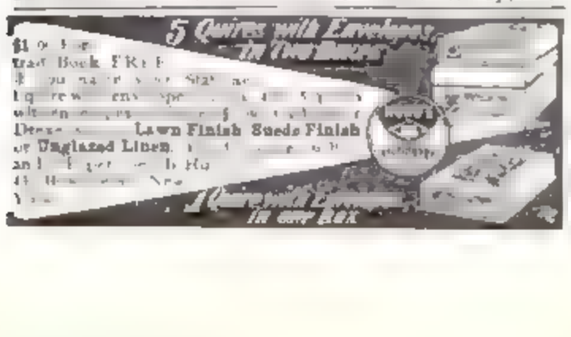
Every Auto-Spray is guaranteed to satisfy. Fitted with Auto-Pop Nozzle does the work of three ordinary sprayers. Used by Experiment Stations and 1,300 others. We make many styles and sizes. Spraying Guide Free. Write for book, prices and Agency offer.

**THE E. C. BROWN CO.**
**22 Jay Street, Rochester, N. Y.**

**Financing** An Enterprise

A practical book by Francis Cooper, telling how money is secured for enterprises. Capitalization, prospectus writing, methods of presentation, etc., discussed fully. The only successful work on promotion. Endorsed by best business men. 340 pages. Buckram binding, prepaid $4. Send for pamphlet and list of business books.

**The Ronald Press, Rooms 29-31, 229 Broadway, N. Y.**




$1 to [illegible]
trial Book FREE
If you want to [illegible]
Lawn Finish Suede Finish
or Unglazed Linen.
[illegible]
Dept. [illegible]
[illegible]
New York


they thought I'd change my mind; but I saw no alternative, bitter as the dose seemed to me.

On the morning after the new stock certificates were distributed I walked down to the bank to stow away my bunch in a deposit box. Although it represented my capital as being eighty thousand dollars I wasn't a bit foggy over it. I knew it was only twenty thousand. And the future looked black. Twenty-five hundred shares had been issued, of which Pritchard bought five hundred; and thus I was forced into partnership with a man who was shifty—to say the least. Of course, that was what he had been working for. He and Mrs. Hanscom, together, owned seventeen hundred shares against my eight hundred. What show did I stand? His influence over her was complete. He might as well have held the seventeen hundred shares himself. I knew that, in a short time, I should be expected to scrimp, and crowd and cut wages in order to earn dividends on that watered stock. And while I was doing that if I did do it—Pritchard would be juggling the same stock on the market. Nice business!

On the way I met Barker, and we went into Swan's to lunch together. I liked to lunch with Barker, for, besides being capital company, he knew how to order better than any man I ever sat at a table with. As we lit our cigars he said heartily:

"So you've got the new company launched, I hear. A good move that!"

I nodded moodily.

"And I understand you are going to lose your charming stenographer."

I responded more cheerfully—much more—"Yes! She's going to Europe, I believe, very soon."

"On her wedding tour," drawled Barker lazily.

"What are you giving me?" I demanded.

"The truth, as usual," he chuckled. "She's going to marry Gussy Harwich. He told me himself, last night at the club."

"Gussy Harwich?"

"Yes—dear little Gussy. They've kept it pretty quiet. I hadn't heard of any engagement—had you?"

I shook my head, but found nothing to say.

"Gussy's in luck," continued Barker. "In addition to being one of the most charming of women, Mrs. Hanscom is one of the cleverest. Gussy isn't very brilliant, but he's got some money, and if he invests it as she tells him to—and I think he will—he'll be a wealthy man some day. He's getting a magnificent chaperon—physically, mentally and socially."

Lowering his voice he said very earnestly: "Jack, old man, she's a deucedly-clever woman, also a bit unscrupulous. I think, in justice to yourself and your wife, you should know what I have heard. Gussy was boasting of her cleverness last night. Your charming stenographer's very noticeable flirtation with you, he says, was for the sole purpose of forcing you into the only way of getting rid of her—the formation of a stock company!"

I knew it before he told me. It had come to me in one lightning flash. The glass I was holding in my hand crashed into a thousand pieces.

"And—my wife—and -I—are the -laughing-stock—of—the—whole—town!" I muttered. The words came in gasps, and my throat felt like number two sandpaper.

"No, not that, Jack! I think I've stopped that. I made a remark to Gussy—no matter what—which gave him a new viewpoint upon his future wife's business methods. He'll not talk any more."

"I'm not particularly scrupulous myself, old man," he went on, "but I don't think I could risk upsetting as fine a couple as you and Mrs. Marvin, just to carry through a deal. Probably it was Pritchard who put her up to it; he insisted, positively, that the stock could be shoved up to par within a year, and that was a big temptation to her, you know. She's a tremendously-ambitious woman."

I went home and told my wife the whole story. I hated to do it, but as I thought of her miserable doubts and fears, and her patience with it all, I had to tell her.

And when I had finished she laughed at me!

But as I held her close in my arms I saw a couple of big tears in her eyes which she didn't have the chance to brush away, so I didn't care about the laughter—very much.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of four stories by Mr. Stratton. The next story will be printed in an early issue.

# Benjamin Clothes

*Made in New York* by Alfred Benjamin & Co., are the Styles being worn today by critical men in the Fashion Centre. The prices are Moderate.

Sold by the most Progressive Clothiers throughout the United States. Write for book of "New York Fashions."

ALFRED BENJAMIN & CO., New York

# Superior UNION SUITS

**"Give the COMFORTABLE FEELING"**

***Superior Union Suits*** always bring to the mind of the wearer a sense of satisfaction and pleasant anticipation because of their comfort-giving, form-fitting, wear-resisting qualities.

It is logical that a knitting mill produces the best results when its entire energy and capital is concentrated in the doing of *one thing*.

Superior Mills make nothing but *Men's Union Suits*. Years of constant effort and improvement have perfected these prominent features found only in Superior Union Suits. Never-ripping specially knitted elastic fabric, shape-keeping [illegible] smoothness and proper set [illegible] from the back—the gap without the gap [illegible] that won't spread—"the crotch that covers," but not [illegible] made for service; the best of buttons sewed on to stay.

Being knit on special machines, from the best selected yarns, guarantees the triple virtues of fit, comfort and service.

Your dealer can supply you. If not write us

The Superior

A handsomely illustrated booklet for the asking

**Superior Underwear Co., 140 Downing St., Piqua, O.** A PERFECT UNION SUIT

# YOU have got to strop a razor to get a perfect shave

Moreover, you have got to strop it at every shave, and properly.

That is the secret of the velvet comfort of a barber's shave. That is also the secret of the old style razor's popularity in the rare case of the man *who knows how* to strop it.

**AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR**

*(Stropper and Razor in One Piece)*

**Is the only razor (old style or safety) with which you can strop easily, quickly and *correctly*, before or during each shave. The best blade is bound to get slightly duller with each shave. With the AutoStrop Safety Razor there is no necessity of wasting time and money in renewing old blades. You strop your razor easily and keep a perfect edge always.**

*Write for our free booklet, "Shaving Sense." It tells all about the razor which strops itself.*

*Standard Outfit — Self-Stropping Silver-plated Razor, 12 Blades and fine Horsehide Strop Contained in Leather Case* **$5.00**

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Mfrs.**

345 Fifth Avenue, New York

14 St. Helens St., Montreal, Canada. 61 New Oxford St., London, W.



# Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath.

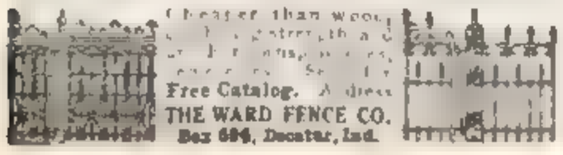
Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century.

**Prepared by**

*J. H. Lyon, D.D.S.*



**Ornamental Wire and Steel Fence**



Stronger than wood. [illegible] Free Catalog. Address THE WARD FENCE CO. Box 696, Decatur, Ind.


## BEAR STORIES

*(Concluded from Page 21)*

"The camp was about two miles from this waterin' place, and 'bout the time they got to camp I got that bear. I had been charging 'im and fightin' 'im all day, runnin' him 'bout in the open woods and tryin' to make him go up a tree. He was a big, old bear, and he would not take to a tree. I could have killed 'im a thousand times, but that would have spoiled the hunt. Mr. Parker had done asked all the gentlemen not to shoot until the President got a shot—so you know I warn't goin' to kill the bear myself.

"It was terrible hot in the canebrake, an' by me keepin' between the bear an' the river I knew he would sho'ly go to that waterin' hole where I had left the President. I kep' him headed that way all the time.

"After a while I came across Mr. Parker, standin' right there where the President ought to be. I hollered to Mr. Parker not to shoot the bear—I wanted the President to kill him.

"The bear jumped into the lake and bayed up against the very log where I had left the Cunnel sittin'. The Cunnel had tore his coat on that old dogwood tree, an' cut his name there himself. The bear bayed against that log. I sho' was fretted 'bout it, 'cause I had promised the Cunnel to bring the bear to that log, and there he was.

"I whooped and hollered and the bear went over the log right down into the lake of water. The dogs were all fightin' him pretty brash. But the Cunnel warn't there. I didn't want to kill the bear, but I jes' *couldn't* let him git away. I rode out into the clear of the lake through the bushes and got my horse. The bear killed one of my dogs in there. I hollered to Frank, a colored man, to hand me my lariat. Frank wouldn't give it to me. I asked his brother, Calvin, to take my lariat off the saddle an' give it to me. He asked me what I was goin' to do with it, an' I told him I was goin' to put it on the bear. Neither one of 'em wouldn't give it to me. There was nine gentlemen there, and they all saw it, too.

"I waded out of the water, went to my horse, got my lariat an' waded back into the lake.

"I had a little Scotch terrier named Jacko. He was fightin' him from behind and watchin' me. I had my rifle in my left hand an' my lariat in my right hand. 'Catch 'im, Jacko, catch 'im!' Jacko jumped on his back from behind. The bear whirled roun' and knocked Jacko into the water, and when he did I put my foot right between the bear's legs, and when he raised his head out o' the water I dropped the lariat over his neck and went out o' the water and tied the other end to the willow tree. He caught another dog in there and I ran in to save the dog and hit the bear with both hands across the head with my rifle. That knocked him down and broke his skull. When he reared up he looked higher than I was. He was higher than me. I bent the breech of my rifle so I could not shoot it.

"Calvin Dorsey had done already gone to the camp after the Cunnel. D'rectly we heard him comin' down the trail, him and Mr. Foote, as hard as they could ride. Jes' as soon as I saw the President comin' I slipped out right quiet an' told 'im not to shoot that bear. You see, I was scared he might not be thinkin' 'bout it—an' ef he *did* shoot that bear, an' it tied, it would have been too big a buzz on 'im. But he said he didn't intend to shoot it.

"The Cunnel rode up licketty-split, but when he saw the bear was tied sho' nuff he jes' put up his hand and said: 'Gentlemen, no magazine bears for me,' or somethin' like that. Then they all laughed. The Cunnel looked at it a long time an' asked how it was I did it, then he said: 'That's wonderful, wonderful—I never saw anything like that before.'

"That bear weighed three hundred pounds, poor as a snake; if he'd 'a' been fat he'd a-weighed over five hundred.

"We all had a mighty good time on that hunt, but the Cunnel didn't get to kill a bear—we never could get him to the right place. It fretted me consid'able, too, 'cause I sho' did want him to git a bear. The President wanted me to go to Washington with him, and lots o' negroes aroun' here thought I was a mighty big fool for not goin'. But I didn't have any friends in Washington, an' I couldn't hunt up there. So I thought the best thing for me to do would be to stay right here among my own people."


**Five Essentials**

Design
Materials
Workmanship
Finish
Durability

are perfectly met in

## The Derby Sanitary Desk

Being raised from the floor, no dust or germ-laden rubbish can collect underneath, insuring cleanliness. It is the desk *par excellence* for you whether a modest desk user or a captain of industry.

From the time the tree falls in the forest down through every step—the selection and drying of the lumber, the fashioning and assembling of the parts, the finishing and inspection of the completed **Derby Desk**—all your interests are carefully safeguarded.

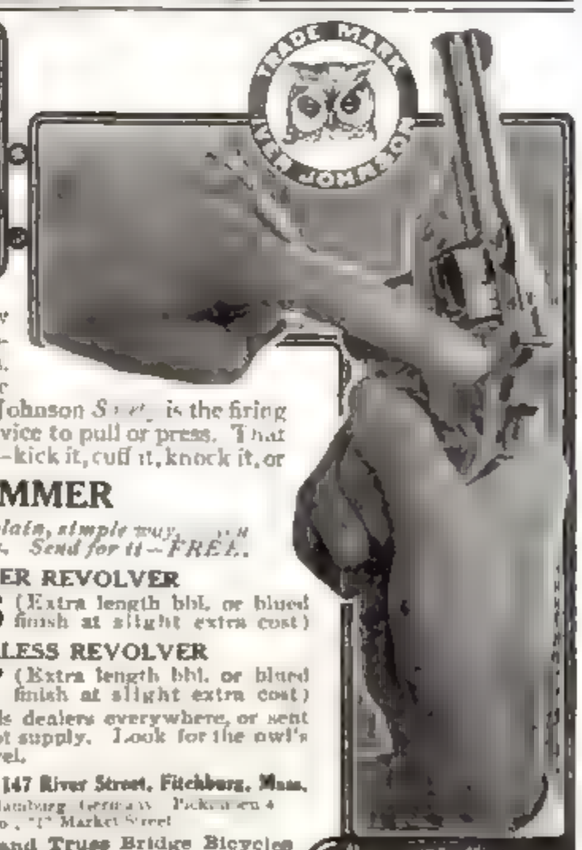
**The Derby Guarantee** that it will not shrink, warp, crack or split attaches to every piece of **Derby Quality** furniture, assuring continued satisfaction.

Specialty, choice mahogany, but our full lines meet every taste and purse. Agencies in principal cities. Catalog 2903 and name of nearest dealer on request.

**DERBY DESK COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.**



**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER**




We point to the difference between the positively and absolutely safe Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver and the imitation near safeties. *They* have some device *added to* them to make them near-safe. The safety feature of the Iver Johnson *Safety* is the firing mechanism itself—not some spring or button device to pull or press. That is why you can, in perfect safety—*not* near-safety—kick it, cuff it, knock it, or

**HAMMER THE HAMMER**

*"SHOTS," our booklet, tells all about it in a plain, simple way, so you can't go astray on the SAFE revolver question. Send for it—FREE.*

**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER**

Richly nickeled, 22-cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in. bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3¼-in. bbl. **$6** (Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost)

**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER**

Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38 calibre center fire, 3¼ inch barrel **$7** (Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost)

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.**

New York [illegible] Hamburg, Germany [illegible]
San Francisco P. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street

Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles

Hammer the Hammer

**Baseball Suits** Made to Order

**$5.00 EACH, VALUE $7.00**
**$6 FOR $9 SUITS**

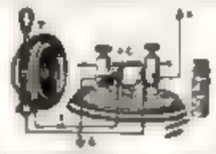
We manufacture and make a specialty of selling direct to the baseball teams, giving them all the middle profits. We guarantee our suits for wear and tear.

EVERY ARTICLE INCLUDED—CAP SHIRT, PANTS BELT, STOCKINGS AND LETTERING

Send for book of samples, free. We deliver C. O. D. with privilege of examination. No deposit required with order.

CLARENCE E. MILLER, Manufacturer,
35 North 11th Street, Philadelphia.





**"C. Q. D."** A complete wireless [illegible] for $1.00, sent post paid. Not a toy. We ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE that you can [illegible] miles [illegible] and receive messages up to 100 miles. [illegible] Send for our 124 page free [illegible] catalog.

ELECTRO IMPORTING CO., 53a West Broadway, NEW YORK

**PENNANTS 25¢**

[illegible] Any 4 letters or [illegible]

Park Pennant Co 1339 Dauphin St Phila Pa

**Fishing Guide, FREE**

Among Correct Dressers **Blum & Koch Straw Hats** are most favored

BLUM & KOCH
[illegible] 5th Ave.,
New York

## BREAKFAST

Orange Marmalade is one of those all-round relishes that fits in happily for many uses. It gives an added zest to breakfast when used on bread, toast and griddle cakes. It is a fine delicacy, always ready to use.

# KEILLER'S

DUNDEE

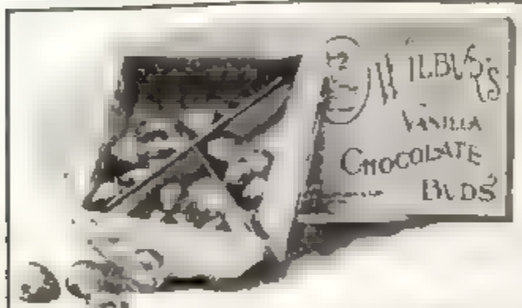
# Orange Marmalade

has been largely used for more than a hundred years. It is a wholesome and appetizing relish. For sale at grocers.

**Insist on Keiller's Marmalade.**

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N Y






# WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

*The Only Genuine*

Note the taste, so different from others—that smooth melting quality and the surpassingly delicious aroma.

Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us one dollar for a pound box prepaid.

One sample box for 30c. in stamps and your dealer's name.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC.
Cocoa Manufacturers
222 Bread Street Philadelphia, Pa.



# PARIS GARTERS

You need them with Knee Drawers

No Metal can touch you

This garter conforms absolutely to the shape of the leg

PARIS is *the only garter that fits so perfectly you wear it unconsciously*

25 and 50 cents at dealers, or direct if he is out

A. STEIN & CO., 159 Center Ave., Chicago

**Pipe repairing** of every description by mail—amber, briar and meerschaum. Artificial coloring. DAVID ELLIS, The Pipe Man. Estab. 1859. Dept. B, 182 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.


# THE WHITE MICE

*(Continued from Page 19)*

his hands and knees, forced his way painfully from stone to stone. After a quarter of an hour of this slow progress he came upon what once had been the mouth of the tunnel. It was an opening in the pavement corresponding to a trap in a roof, or to a hatch in the deck of a ship. The combings were of stone, and there were still intact also the upper stones of a flight of steps that led down to the tunnel. But below the level of the upper steps, blocking further descent, were two great slabs of stone. They were buried deep in a bed of cement, and riveted together and to the walls of the tunnel by bands of iron. Roddy signaled for Peter to join him, and in dismay they gazed at the formidable mass of rusty iron, cement and stone.

"We might as well try to break into the Rock of Gibraltar!" gasped Peter.

"Don't think of the difficulties," begged Roddy. "Think that on the other side of that barrier an old man is slowly dying. I admit it's going to be a tough job. It will take months. But whatever a man has put together, a man can pull to pieces."

"I also try to see the bright side of life," returned Peter coldly, "but I can't resist pointing out that the other end of your tunnel opens into a prison. Breaking into a bank I can understand, but breaking into a prison seems almost like looking for trouble."

The dinner that followed under the stars in their own courtyard did much to dispel Peter's misgivings, and, by midnight, so assured was he of their final success that he declared it now was time that General Rojas should share in their confidence.

"To a man placed as he is," he argued, "hope is everything; hope is health, life. He must know that his message has reached the outside. He must feel that some one is working toward him. He is the entombed miner, and, to keep heart in him, we must let him hear the picks of the rescuing party."

"Fine!" cried Roddy; "I am for that, too. I'll get my friend Vicenti, the prison doctor, to show you over the fortress tomorrow. And we'll try to think of some way to give Rojas warning."

They at once departed for the café of the Dos Hermanos, where the gay youth of Porto Cabello were wont to congregate, and where they found the doctor. During the evening he had been lucky at baccarat, and had been investing his winnings in sweet champagne. He was in a genial mood. He would be delighted to escort the friend of Señor Roddy over the fortress, or to any other of the historical places of interest for which Porto Cabello was celebrated.

"Where Alvarez punishes traitors," exclaimed Roddy in a loud tone, "is what we most desire to see. And," he added, scowling darkly through the smoke-laden café, "if we could see others who are still at liberty in the same place we would be better pleased."

The remark, although directed at no one in particular, caused a sensation, and led several of those who had been for two years in exile to finish their chocolate ices hurriedly and seek their homes.

After making an appointment for the morrow with Doctor Vicenti, and when they were safe in their own *patio* Peter protested mildly.

"Your devotion to Alvarez," he said, "is too sudden. You overdo it. Besides, it's making an expert liar of you. Don't get the habit."

"As son of the man who is trying to destroy Alvarez," declared Roddy, "my position is extremely delicate. And next week it will be more so. McKildrick got a cable today saying that Sam Caldwell is arriving here by the next boat. His starting for Porto Cabello the very moment Vega arrives here means trouble for Alvarez, and that the trouble is coming soon. For, wherever you find Sam Caldwell, there you will find plotting, bribery and all uncleanliness. And if I'm to help Rojas out of prison I must have nothing to do with Sam. Alvarez recognizes no neutrals. The man who is not with him is against him. So I must be the friend of Alvarez and of his creatures. For public occasions, my hand must be against the F. C. C., against Vega, and especially against Sam Caldwell, because everybody knows he is the personal agent of my father. Vega's friends know that my


# FULPER FILTERS

(and Cooler combined)

Pure Water

## Clear Water is not Pure Water

Do you know that there is only **one** stone that filters out all germs and bacteria from water?

Do you know that this stone is the **Fulper Filter Stone** which is used only in the **Fulper Filter?**

IMPROVED NATURAL STONE GERM PROOF FILTER
Fulper Pottery Co.
Flemington, N. J.
Est. 1805

Your Guarantee

It is probable that every drop of water has, at some time or other, been purified by nature—the impurities in it now, have collected since.

Don't you see, then, the advisability of having a **Fulper Filter** right in your house, close to your drinking glass?

And what is better than drawing your drinking water from a cool, stone crock, which delivers it, by nature's own filter process, absolutely free of all impurities?

**The Fulper Filter** is made in two parts—it is sanitary, glazed, gray stoneware, and can never wear out.

**The Fulper Filter Stone** collects all germs and microbes on (not in) its surface, and these are easily and completely removed by using a stiff brush, which we furnish free.

**A Fulper Filter** of large enough capacity to supply the daily needs of an ordinary family, will cost you through your dealer, only $3.85, and if you want the Ice cooler attachment there is a slight additional cost.

If your dealer has not the **Fulper Filter** in stock, send us money or express order for $3.85—*and his name*, and we will have one delivered right to your door.

## Send Us the Name of Your Dealer

and we will send you our free booklet **"Nature's Laboratory"** describing **Fulper Filters**; also the report of Dr. Jean Robert Moechel, the well known bacteriological expert and analytical chemist who has made exhaustive tests of the efficiency of the **Fulper Filter.**

**To Dealers** We have the most liberal proposition ever offered to dealers on this line of goods. An entirely new plan—write for it at once.

## FULPER POTTERY COMPANY

In the Pottery Business 104 Years

Reference: Dun or Bradstreets

FLEMINGTON, N. J.



# This is a Really SAFE Refrigerator

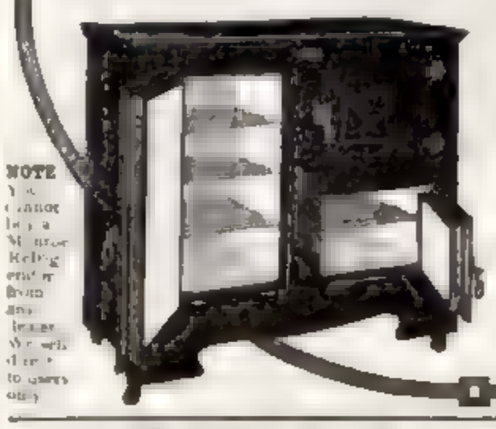
THE HEALTH of yourself and family is surely worth the price of a strictly sanitary refrigerator.

The Monroe is the *only* solid porcelain refrigerator. The inside is one solid piece—a "china dish" with walls an inch thick. Most other refrigerators have cracks and corners which can never be really cleaned.

The Monroe can be sterilized and rendered *germlessly* clean in *every part* in *an instant* by simply wiping it out with a cloth wrung from hot water. This is not true of most refrigerators—no matter what is claimed by the makers.

This is why The Monroe is installed in the best flats and apartments, and why The Monroe is found today in a large majority of the very best homes in the United States.

And it's why *you* should have The Monroe in *your* home—for the sake of knowing your food *is clean*, and to protect the family's health at the same time. Read *our liberal offer*



NOTE: You cannot buy a Monroe Refrigerator from any dealer. We sell to users only.

## The "Monroe"

Is Sent to You, Anywhere, on 60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Lowest Factory Prices. *We Pay the Freight.*

Write *today* for The Monroe Catalog. Pick out the size and style refrigerator you wish to try, convince us in your own way that you are entitled to our trust and confidence, and we'll send you a refrigerator at once, all freight prepaid. Use it in your *own home* 60 days, and prove to yourself that The Monroe is all we claim. Then decide whether you wish to keep it. Remember, all risk and expense is *ours*. Write today.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station M, Cincinnati, O.

200,000 now in use.

Foot Rest slides back

## "Push the Button—and Rest"

9 positions controlled by a little push button.

## The Royal Chair
The Push Button Kind

**For Sitting Room, Library or Den**

No one ever buys the old style Morris Chair after he sees the "Royal." Press the Push Button under the right arm rest and you get any one of nine comfort positions. Rested people will not buy "tiring, fatiguing" chairs. The little push button does better work and does it **while the person is at rest in the Royal Chair.**

**The "Royal" Costs No More Than The Old Fashioned Kind**

When you can get the best at no extra cost why not get it? You can choose from 60 styles at prices ranging from $15 to $50. These are the prices of any good Morris Chair. The Royal Chair is **worth** far more for its comfort, convenience and excellence of style and workmanship.

Made in highest grade materials, Chairs or Mahogany upholstered in Fabrik or Leather or made with loose cushions with Foot Rest.

Most furniture stores sell Royal Chairs. **Progressive** ones do. If the dealer near you does not take the old style Morris Chair from his stock he can get one of the "Royal." Write us for **Free Booklet** and name of nearest dealer.

THE ROYAL CHAIR COMPANY, 196 Chicago Avenue, Sturgis, Michigan



**All Safety Razor Blades 2½c**

We resharpen double edge and other safety blades for only 2½c each. You can't afford to throw away old blades when we will sterilize, resharpen and make them better than new at this trifling price. We return your own particular blades. One trial will convince you of the merits of our service. Stamps taken in payment. State number and make of blades and we will send a convenient mailing pack age free. *Write now.* Keenedge Co., 800 Keenedge Bldg., Chicago

R&W Cheerful Clothes

*At the Club*

Theatre, semi and formal occasions, smart dressers wear White and Fancy Vests made by Rosenwald & Weil of Chicago.

The originality of "R&W" styles and fabrics, precise fitting and general "tone" are due to a creative and practical organization. The only Vest known by name.

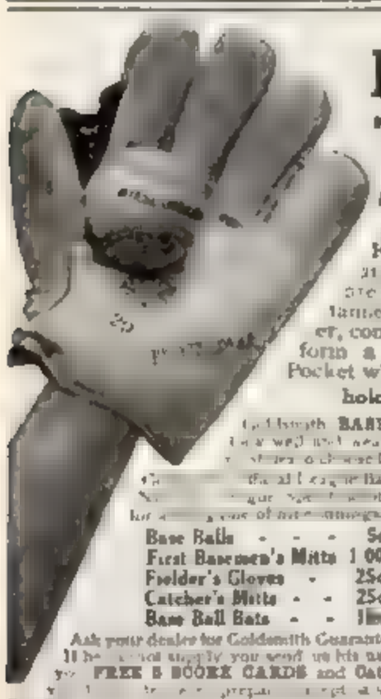
**$2.00 to $10.00**

**Sold by your leading local dealer.**

If you will write us we will send you our "Text Book of Dress for Men."

Rosenwald & Weil

*Makers* *Chicago*



**Every Time**

*the ball sticks*

All Goldsmith Fielder's Gloves and Catcher's Mitts are made of specially tanned flexible leather, constructed so as to form a Natural Deep Pocket which

**holds the ball.**

Goldsmith BASEBALL UNIFORMS [illegible] the official League Base No. 97 uniforms to [illegible] guaranteed for [illegible] Price $1.25.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Base Balls | 5c | to $1.25 |
| First Baseman's Mitts | 1.00 | to 4.00 |
| Fielder's Gloves | 25c | to 3.50 |
| Catcher's Mitts | 25c | to 7.00 |
| Base Ball Bats | [illegible] | to 1.25 |

Ask your dealer for Goldsmith Guaranteed Base Ball Goods. If he cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you FREE 5 BOOKE CARDS and Catalogue—and supply you [illegible] prepaid [illegible]

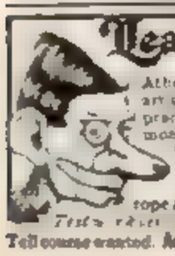
Our Guarantee means [illegible] any defect appears in the article it will be replaced free of charge

P. Goldsmith's Sons, Mfrs., 207-211 W. Pearl St., Cincinnati, O.

Known by this mark

**Goldsmith**

**Learn to Draw Right** by mail



At home or in our Resident School. Men and women [illegible] earn good salaries at easy work. Individual, practical instruction. We guarantee [illegible] money refunded. Graduates in [illegible] Illustrating, Cartooning Commercial Designing Mechanical Architectural and Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting taught by [illegible] trained [illegible] Europe and America. Advisory Board [illegible] Tuition reasonable. Free [illegible] Write today.

Full course enrolled. Acme School of Drawing, 1917 S. St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

The goodness of Uneeda Biscuit is not a matter of cost to you. It is assured by the careful selection of the best materials for Uneeda Biscuit; by the skill of experts who bake nothing but Uneeda Biscuit; by the perfect cleanliness and appliances of great bakeries built expressly to bake Uneeda Biscuit; and, finally, by the perfect protection of a package that excludes all dust and moisture.

All this has resulted in quality out of all proportion to the price.

# The Price of Goodness

**Uneeda Biscuit** 5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"HIGH AS THE ALPS IN QUALITY"

**PETER'S**

The Original

**Milk Chocolate**

*Costs no more than inferior brands*

Purity, wholesomeness and flavor considered it is by far the best and also the least expensive of eating chocolates.

Imitations are invariably disappointing and lack the smoothness and true, rich chocolate flavor that have made

GALA PETER

"The World's Favorite Chocolate"

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, New York

8 Cute Kitten Cards 25 Cents

The Kute Kitten Post Card Series Set of 8 Cards 25c

Each card is an actual photograph from negatives [illegible] by Miss Helen Johnson, the most successful photographer of cat subjects in the country. Never were kittens pictured in such charming, highly amusing and cunning natural poses. They are real works of art—infinitely superior to anything you have ever seen.

Send 25c today for a set.

Every Card An Actual Photo

ADVERTISERS PLEASE NOTE

We want to send you a set of these cards as evidence of our success in [illegible] photos in vest pocket size. [illegible] are far superior to engravings for catalogs or [illegible] ers—we can furnish them at a low price.

Order post cards on your business paper and we'll send you prices and our free booklet—a work of art

PHOTO CRAFTS CO., 24½ 4th St., COLUMBUS, O.

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Shoe

The "Cross-Bow"

Novel in Every Detail

**Oxford Weather**

is due. FLORSHEIM Oxfords are made over special "Natural Shape" Oxford lasts — your guarantee of comfort.

*Most Styles $5.00*
*Write for Style Book*

The FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

and the turnkey, who had submitted with ill grace to the Americans entering any of the cells, and who seemed especially to resent their presence in this one, at once placed himself aggressively on guard.

As he did so he commanded sharply: "The visitors will not speak to the prisoner."

"That is understood," Vicenti answered.

The Americans saw a room some forty by twenty feet in size, with walls, arched ceiling and floor entirely of stone. There were no windows, but it was well lighted by candles, and the lanterns carried by Vicenti and the turnkey threw a full light into each corner. They saw a cot, a table, a chair, a number of shelves loaded to the bending point with books, and, at one end of the cell, an immense archway. This archway had been blocked with stone, roughly hewn and held together by cement. At the first glance, it was obvious that this was the other entrance to the tunnel.

General Rojas had risen

"I have taken the liberty of intruding upon you," Vicenti was saying, "because these two gentlemen are interested in the history of the fortress."

General Rojas bowed gravely, and, with a deprecatory gesture, glanced at the turnkey, as though to explain why he did not address them.

"This part of the fortress," Vicenti began hurriedly, "is very old. It was built in the seventeenth century, and was, I think, originally the messroom. It is now used only for the most important political prisoners."

"You mean traitors," Roddy sneered.

General Rojas straightened as suddenly as though Roddy had struck at him. The young doctor was no less moved. He turned on the American with an exclamation of indignation.

"You forget yourself, sir!" he said.

Though Peter had been warned that Roddy might try by insulting Rojas to make capital for himself, his insolence to a helpless old man was unpardonable. He felt his cheeks burn with mortification. Roddy himself was entirely unashamed.

"I have no sympathy for such men!" he continued defiantly. "A murderer takes only human life; a traitor would take the life of his country. In the States," he cried hotly, "we make short work with traitors. We hang them!"

He wheeled furiously on Peter, as though Peter had contradicted him.

"I say we do," he exclaimed. "It's in the Constitution. It's the law. You've read it yourself. It's page fifty-four, paragraph four of the Constitution of the United States. 'Punishment for Traitors.' Page fifty-four, paragraph four."

Apparently with sudden remorse at his impetuosity, he turned to the doctor.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "I *did* forget myself. But, to me, men like that are intolerable."

Vicenti was not to be mollified.

"Then you had better avoid their presence," he said angrily.

With an impatient gesture he motioned the two Americans into the corridor and in distress approached the prisoner.

"I apologize, sir," he said, "for having subjected you to such an incident."

But General Rojas made no answer. To his surprise, Vicenti found that the old man was suffering from the scene even more keenly than he had feared. Like one suddenly bereft of strength, General Rojas had sunk into his chair. His bloodless, delicate hands trembled upon the table. Great tears crept down his white, wrinkled face. To the medical man, it meant only that the end was nearer than he had supposed. Shocked and grieved, the doctor made a movement to withdraw.

"I am deeply sorry," he murmured.

General Rojas raised his head. With an effort he drew over his face its customary, deathlike mask.

"It is nothing!" he exclaimed. "What is one more insult, what is one more degradation, when I know that my end is near!" He raised his voice; it was strangely vigorous, youthful, jubilant; it carried through the open bars to the far end of the corridor. "What does anything matter," he cried, "when I know—that the end is near!" His head sank upon the table. To hide his tears the General buried his face in his hands.

Outside, in the darkness, Peter clutched Roddy by the hand, and for an instant crushed it in his own.

"Do you hear?" he whispered. "He is answering you."

Non Skid — Rubber Tread

The New Cars For
President Taft
and
Vice-President Sherman
are all equipped with Bailey's
"Won't Slip" Tread

tires. There is the best of reasons for this. Order them on your new car and have the best. A dealer sells them. Book free.

C. J. Bailey & Co., 22 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.

ITALIAN CRAPO LINENS
Registered Trade Mark

SUPERB TOWELS
And DRESS LINENS

HAND Made, Grass Bleached, from Sun and Meadow they have snatched a grace beyond the reach of art. Exclusively imported — nothing like them in America.

Crapo Dress Linens have same qualities: colors imperishable as one flax is dyed before weaving as in wool in Turkish rugs. Crapo Embroideries, Waists, Laces, Novelties. Write Dept. O for illustrated booklet, samples of dress linens for 4 cents postage

JOHN M. CRAPO LINEN STORE
55 Maiden Lane, Albany, N. Y.—381 Fifth Avenue, New York

*The genuine Crapo goods are only to be found at our own store. No agents anywhere.*

Perfect Comfort for Man and Horse

Whitman Saddle

Used by the best riders of all countries, invented thirty years ago and improved every year since, ideal for gentleman or lady rider and a scientific fit for the mount. *Illustrated catalogue free — describing the several styles of Whitman Saddles and everything from "Saddle to Spur."*

Whitman Saddle Company, 106-E Chambers Street, New York City

ASK YOUR CLOTHIER
to show you the
NEW SCHLOSS MODELS
Insist on seeing the LABEL—it is sewn in every garment.

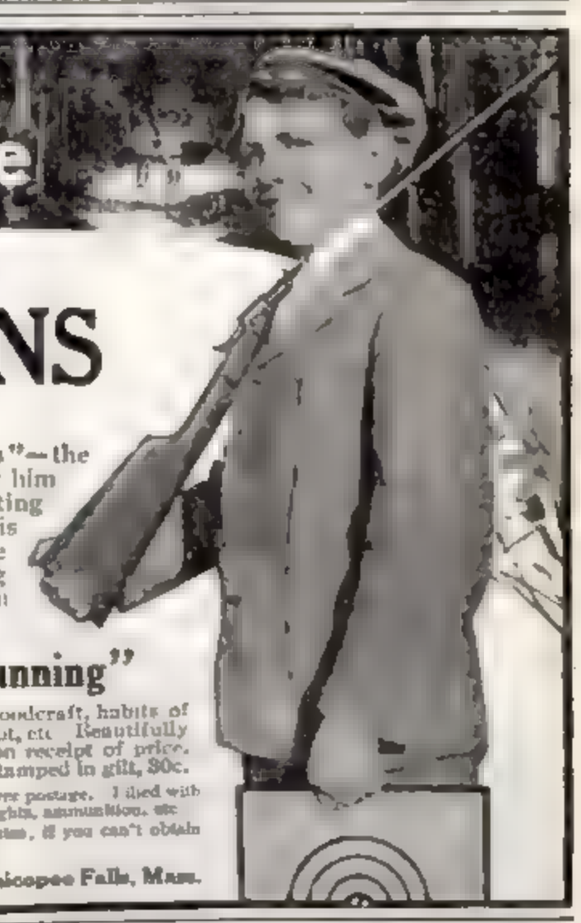
Gentlemen's
Correct Clothes Fashions
for the
Spring & Summer
of 1909

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Showing Schloss Clothes as will be worn by the best dressed men in the business and social world

SCHLOSS BROS. & Co.
BALTIMORE AND NEW YORK
MASTER TAILORS AND DESIGNERS
SCHLOSS CLOTHES ARE SOLD AT BEST CLOTHIERS EVERYWHERE

The Boy for Me



Is the
STEVENS
Boy

who loves his rifle and the "out-of-doors"—the clean, wholesome, manly sport they offer him. Nothing like a good, reliable, straight-shooting Stevens Rifle to keep your boy out of doors this vacation and in touch with nature. He will be a better boy for it, and on the road to becoming a keen-eyed, quick-thinking, self-reliant man. With the gun, give him a copy of

Dan Beard's "Guns and Gunning"

An interesting and valuable volume on camping, woodcraft, habits of game birds, which animals are pests and which are not, etc. Beautifully illustrated by Bellmore H. Browne. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Paper covered edition, 20c, cloth-covered edition, stamped in gilt, 30c.

160-PAGE CATALOGUE FREE if you will send 6 cents to cover postage. Filled with valuable information on choice and care of firearms; notes on sights, ammunition, etc.

Ask your dealer and insist on Stevens—there are no substitutes, if you can't obtain it, we'll ship direct, express prepaid, on receipt of catalog price.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO., 730 Front St., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Atterbury System Goat Collar

It fits very closely and accurately. Never needs adjusting. This is but one of the many Atterbury System superiorities. There is an Atterbury System Clothier in nearly every town

interested in fine ... write us for free copy. Additional copies at $1

For book address: "Atterbury System Clothes" 116 Fifth Ave., N Y

# Ever Have Tired Feet?

## Note that Rubber Cushion!

It lets the arch sag, but *without* rigidity. The cushion under the heel allows the weight gradually to approach the arch support, which gives slightly. The support can be made as high or low as necessary. The ideal relief for the weak or flat arch is

## Foster's ARCH SUPPORT and Heel Cushion

With these supports in your shoes you can stand or walk all day without fatigue or pain. *Read this letter.*

FOSTER RUBBER CO. "BROCKTON, MASS.

[illegible] 5 years I thought I had [illegible] was a curse to me to [illegible] Arch supports [illegible] out a case [illegible]

"(Signed) ERNEST H. WHITTEN

Get Foster Arch Supports at your dealer's or send $2 and the size of your shoes and we will send a pair postpaid.

Send for our free booklet revealing the secret of tired feet and showing you how to find arch relief. We will send a pair on approval to be paid for, or returned if you wish. **Write today.**

## Tred-Air Heel Cushions

are also sold separately. They are worn inside your shoes and are better than [illegible] Sent postpaid on receipt of 25c. Mention size of your shoe

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
170-b Summer St.
Boston, Mass.

# Fine-Form MATERNITY SKIRT

of great interest to

**Every Prospective Mother**

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with fine form and elegant appearance in the street and in society.

**Always drapes evenly in front and back** no [illegible] no ripping or [illegible] **Can be worn the year round**

Made to measure, [illegible] than you can buy the material [illegible]

**Free** Fine Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt" [illegible] every woman [illegible] Tells about these skirts [illegible] gives styles, materials and [illegible] Tells how to measure yourself [illegible] When you get our book [illegible] and letters supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it **wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent paid. Other Skirts** If out of need of a maternity skirt [illegible] our fine [illegible] and [illegible] we will [illegible] **same guarantee** [illegible] Write for free booklet. Which book you want, skirts [illegible]

Boyer & Williams Co., Dept 35 Buffalo, N. Y.

## Colonial Red Cedar Treasure Chest

Made in Various Styles and Prices

Made of fragrant Southern Cedar, heavily bound and braided with copper, fitted with roomy lock drawer. **Moth, dust and damp proof.** Shipped direct from factory subject to approval **without cost to you.** Catalog Free. Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 95, Statesville, N. C.


"Yes," stammered Roddy, "he understood me. And now, we've *got* to make good!"

That afternoon when the carriages of the aristocracy of Porto Cabello were solemnly circling the Plaza, Roddy came upon McKildrick, seated on one of the stone benches, observing the parade of local wealth and fashion with eyes that missed nothing and told nothing. McKildrick was a fine type of the self-taught American. He was tall, lean, thin-lipped, between thirty and forty years of age. During business hours he spoke only to give an order or to put a question. Out of working-hours, in his manner to his assistants and workmen, he was genially democratic. He was considered a cynic, the reason given for his cynicism being that "the Chief" had tried to "take a fall out of matrimony," and had come out of it a woman-hater. Officially he was Roddy's superior, but it never was possible for any one in the pay of the F. C. C. to forget that Roddy was the son of his father. Even McKildrick, in certain ways, acknowledged it. One way was, in their leisure moments, not to seek out Roddy, but to wait for the younger man to make advances. On this occasion, after contemplating McKildrick severely for a brief moment, Roddy, with an impatient exclamation, sat down beside him.

"McKildrick," he began impetuously, "I want to ask you an impertinent question. It concerns your moral character."

McKildrick grinned appreciatively.

"We court investigation," he said.

"Under what pressure to the square inch," demanded Roddy, "would a secret confided to you be liable to burst its boiler?"

"I've never," returned the engineer, "had an accident of that kind."

"Good!" exclaimed Roddy. "Then suppose I said to you, 'McKildrick, I know where there's buried treasure, but I don't know how to get it out.' You *would* know. Now, if I led you to the buried treasure, would you, as an expert engineer, tell me how to dig it out, and then could you forget you'd given that advice and that you'd ever heard of the treasure?"

For a moment McKildrick considered this hypothetical case. Then he asked: "Which bank do you think of opening?"

Roddy rose abruptly.

"I'll show you," he exclaimed.

That Roddy was acting, in spite of secret misgivings, was so evident, that McKildrick good-naturedly demurred.

"Better not tell me anything," he protested, "that you'll be sorry for when you're sober."

Roddy shook his head, and not until they had left the suburbs and the last fisherman's hut behind them, and were on the open coast, did he again refer to the subject of their walk. Then he exclaimed suddenly: "And I forgot to mention that if Father finds out you advised me you will probably lose your job."

McKildrick halted in his tracks.

"It's a pity," he agreed, "that you forgot to mention that. As a rule, when I give expert advice I get a fat check for it."

"And what's more," continued Roddy, "if Alvarez finds it out you'll go to jail."

"Your piquant narrative interests me strangely," said McKildrick. "What else happens to me?"

"From this point," was Roddy's only reply, "you crawl on your hands and knees, or some one may see you."

The engineer bent his tall figure and, following in Roddy's trail, disappeared into the laurel bushes.

"Why shouldn't they see me?"

"One looks so silly on his hands and knees," Roddy suggested.

For ten minutes, except for the rustle of the bushes, they pushed their way in silence, and then Roddy scrambled over the fallen wall of the fort, and pointed down at the entrance to the tunnel.

"The problem is," he said, "to remove these slabs from that staircase, and leave it in such shape that no one who is foolish enough to climb up here could see that they had been disturbed."

"Do you really think," demanded McKildrick, smiling skeptically, "that there is buried treasure under these stones?"

"Yes," answered Roddy anxiously, "a *kind* of buried treasure."

Cautiously McKildrick raised his head, and, as though to establish his bearings, surveyed the landscape. To the north he saw the city; to the east, a quarter of a mile away, the fortress, separated from the


# A National Guaranteed Total-Adding Cash Register for $75

***Some of the things our registers will do.***

Every transaction—of *our* kind that [illegible] is recorded absolutely and [illegible]

At the end of the day [illegible] shows you

1 just how much business was done,
2 how many customers,
3 how many times each drawer was opened,
4 the reason why it was opened each time,
5 also whether it was a cash sale,
6 or a charge sale,
7 money received on account,
8 or money paid out on account,
9 or whether the drawer was opened to make change,
10 shows the amount put in each time the drawer was opened,
11 or the amount taken out,
12 shows how much ought to be in the drawer,
13 how much you owe,
14 how much is owed to you,
15 the whole day's business balanced ready for you to go home.

# A Better Cash Register for Less Money

No matter *what* the price—our guarantee is: We give you a *better* cash register for *less money* than any other concern in the world.

No matter what method you are using now, trying to keep track of your business, and to keep your money safe—we guarantee to give you a machine that will do it with *less trouble, less worry, less* expense and *greater certainty* than any other method.

Before you make any change in your methods—before you make any decision—

## Get our catalog and terms

Say how many clerks you have, what business you are in, and the method you are using now trying to keep track of your money.

Address
Value Department

**National Cash Register Co.**
28th St. and B'way
New York City

**This big, handsome register, total adding capacity, $99,999.99**

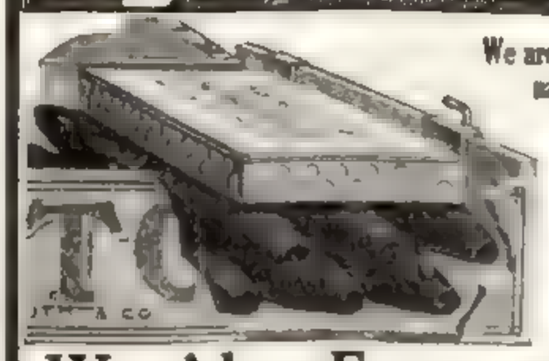
**$75**

Yours, forever, for

***Does most of your Bookkeeping***

**Guaranteed:** [illegible] 700,000 wideawake retail merchants [illegible] by National Cash Register [illegible] the country [illegible] that more than 95 out of every 100 cash registers in use are National [illegible] GUARANTEE is a reality [illegible] you always know where to find [illegible] N C R dealers are in all the principal cities and towns of the United States and throughout the world. The National Cash Register today represents 25 years experience, [illegible] cash registers. Every one of the [illegible] does was suggested and demanded by [illegible] merchants, to fill an actual need of retail storekeeping.

# Cigar Moistener Free



**We are making this liberal free offer in order to get the names of good live cigar dealers. We want to sell the J-R Moistener through the dealer hereafter.**

**The J-R Cigar Moistener** fits in any cigar box and gives better satisfaction than the expensive old fashioned humidor. It requires very little space and will not blister cigars. Distributes proper amount of moisture evenly throughout box, and will keep the last cigar as fresh as the first. Requires very little space, and locks to the end of any cigar box.

## We Also Engrave Your Name Free

Send us your cigar dealer's name and address and we will send you a J-R Moistener with your name handsomely engraved across the top. (Name [illegible] engraved unless correct name is given.)

As only [illegible] could be sent us, we have to protect ourselves. Send us 25c as a guarantee of good faith, we ask you to send us 25c—not for the moistener, *that's free*—but for a coupon which is redeemable in cash, or trade at any of our authorized distributors (and any cigar dealer in your town can be one of our [illegible] distributors).

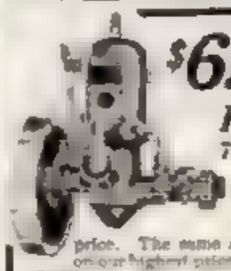
We have sent thousands of J-R Moisteners by mail to the most prominent men in the country. Every Moistener is guaranteed and not one has been returned.

Send us your order at once as this free offer is good for a short time only.

**Special to Cigar Dealers**

The J-R Moistener offers you great opportunities. Big profits can be made on its sale, but hundreds of dealers are actually making big money by [illegible] larger sales. Some dealers order 25, some [illegible] 100, some have ordered 10,000. Be prepared to take care of the big demand which we are now creating. Write today for our special dealer's offer.

JOHNSON-ROSENTHAL SALES COMPANY, 76 Monroe Street, CHICAGO



**$62.00 for this 3½ HP**

***Fairbanks - Morse***

*Two Cycle, Three Port, Valveless*

***Marine Engine***

Never before has such a high grade engine been sold at this price. The same material and workmanship as used on our highest priced engines. Equipped with Schebler Carburetter, Rotary Pump, Bal. Thrust bearing, Muffler, [illegible] and grease [illegible] an oil can of grease, two wrenches, extra timer springs and starter crank.

***All for $62.00***

Also 6, 7, 12 and 18 H. P. Two Cycle and 4½ to 100 H. P. Four Cycle. A Live Proposition for Agents.

*Send for Catalog No. 1208 T A*

***Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Chicago, Ill.***

***Over 70,000 Engines in Daily Use***

# Shur-On Eyeglasses

**If you wear or need glasses, you should have our book—**

**"Styles and Innovations in Eyeglasses."**

Tells and shows how your glasses should look, fit and feel; why **Shur-Ons** are the most stylish comfortable and helpful; *how even the finest lenses are often ruined by ill-fitting frames and mountings.*

**Write today for this valuable book. FREE ON REQUEST.**

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO. Dept. E
[illegible] Rochester, N. Y.

## PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6cts. stamps.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

**PATENTS** Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 47 years. Box C, Washington, D. C. Best references. Careful work. Terms moderate. Booklet Free. Write us.

When your husband comes home in the rain without his umbrella there is no danger of dull —if he wears a

**Kenyon Kenreign Rain Coat**

The Kenreign Rain Coats are the most desirable form of rain protection. They combine all the attractiveness of a stylish overcoat with the impervious, waterproof features of a high class Rain Coat.

Their merit brought the success which built up the greatest factories of their kind in the world.

These unequalled facilities improve the coats.

Today the great Kenyon factories are both the proof and the cause of the unrivalled perfection of Kenreign Rain Coats.

Let us explain both —a post card will do

Every genuine Kenreign Coat bears our label for your protection.

**For sale at Good Stores.**

Ask your dealer. Tell us what type of garment you prefer and about how much you wish to pay. We will send Style Book with samples and will see that you are supplied.

**C. KENYON COMPANY**

NEW YORK 23 Union Sq. CHICAGO 200 Jackson Blvd.

Address request for Samples to the factories, 809 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.


mainland by a stretch of water; and to the south, the wild mesquite bushes and laurel, through which they had just come, stretching to the coast.

"Is this a serious proposition?" he asked.

"It's a matter of life and death," Roddy answered

McKildrick seated himself on the flight of stone steps, and for some time, in silence, studied them critically. He drove the heel of his boot against the cement, and, with his eyes, tested the resistance of the rusty bars of iron.

"With a couple of men and crowbars, and a pinch of dynamite that wouldn't make a noise," he said at last, "I could open that in an hour."

"Could you put it back again?" asked Roddy.

"I guess," said McKildrick, "you'll have to let me in on the ground floor."

The sun had set and the air had turned cold and damp. Roddy seated himself and pointed at the great slabs at their feet. His voice dropped to a whisper.

"It's like this," he began.

When, two hours later, they separated at the outskirts of the city McKildrick had been initiated into the Brotherhood of the White Mice.

They had separated, agreeing that in the future the less they were seen together the better.

Each evening since Roddy's return from Curaçao he had made a pilgrimage to the deserted home of the Rojas family, and, as the garden of Miramar ran down to meet the shore of the harbor, as did the garden of his own house, he was able to make the nocturnal visits by rowboat, and without being observed. Sometimes he was satisfied simply to lie on his oars opposite the empty mansion, and think of the young girl who, so soon, was to waken it to life; and again he tied his boat to a public wharf a hundred yards down the shore, and with the aid of the hanging vines pulled himself to the top of the seawall, and dropped into the garden. To a young man very much interested in a young woman, of whom he knew so little that it was possible to endow her with every grace of mind and character, and whose personal charm was never to be forgotten, these melancholy visits afforded much satisfaction. Even to pass the house was a pleasing exercise; and, separating from McKildrick, he turned his steps to the Alameda, the broad avenue shaded by a double line of trees that followed the curve of the harbor, and upon which the gates of Miramar opened. As he approached the house he saw, with surprise and pleasure, that in the future his midnight prowlings were at an end. Miramar was occupied. Every window blazed with light. In this light servants were moving hurriedly, and in front of the gates the Alameda was blocked with carts loaded with trunks.

Excited by the sight, Roddy hid himself in the shadows of the trees, and, unobserved, stood impatiently waiting for a chance to learn if the exiles had indeed returned to their own. He had not long to wait. In a little figure bustling among the carts, and giving many orders, he recognized his friend and ally, Pedro. Roddy instantly stepped into the glare of the electric globes until he was sure Pedro had seen him, and then again retreated into the shadow. In a moment the old servant was at his side.

"Is she here?" demanded Roddy.

Appreciating that in the world there could be only one "she," the little man nodded violently.

"Tell her," whispered Roddy, "I have seen her father, that he knows what we are trying to do. I must talk with the *señorita* at once. Ask her if she will come to the steps leading from the gardens to the wharf at any hour this evening."

Again Pedro nodded happily.

"I will ask the *señorita* to be there at nine o'clock," he answered, "or, I will come myself"

The alternative did not strongly appeal to Roddy, but the mere fact that Ines was now in the same city with him, that even at that moment she was not a hundred yards from him, was in itself a reward.

He continued on down the Alameda, his head in the air, his feet treading on springs.

In some fashion the hours passed, and at nine, just as over all the city the bugles were recalling the soldiers to the barracks, Roddy was waiting on the narrow stretch of beach that ran between the harbor and the gardens of Miramar.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


THE *Slumber* CHAIR

TRADE MARK

Registered in U. S. Patent Office. Patent Applied for

*Not a Morris Chair*

**Supports the body where no other chair does**

The Slumber Chair is our new invention. The back and seat are in one piece

Lower the back, the seat moves with it—always the same comfortable curve, designed to give *complete* relaxation.

The Slumber Chair supports the body where no other chair does, at the small of your back *where most needed*. It *distributes* your weight instead of centering it at the base of your spine

A rest every day in the Slumber Chair would do your nerves a world of good.

Made in all styles, all woods, all coverings

All Streit Furniture has tied to it a guarantee tag which says: "If for any reason, it doesn't suit you, return it and your money will be refunded. If within two years, any breakage *should* occur, we repair it free of charge." Write for catalogues, C17 of Slumber Chairs and B7 of Davenport-Beds Then go to your dealer and see them If he hasn't them write us and we'll supply you direct—satisfaction guaranteed.

**Utilize your small room.**

We have just published a portfolio of sketches which shows how other women have handled small rooms. You would find it both interesting and *helpful*. Let us send you a copy?

The Streit Davenport Bed is a deep roomy davenport that you can *instantly* change into a double bed Not into a makeshift bed that you would hesitate to ask a guest to sleep in, but a full sized double bed with head and foot boards full width of the mattress. You're protected from drafts, your covers tuck in, your pillows stay on. No ridge down the middle. Not a hint of a davenport about it!

THE C. F. STREIT MFG. CO

1050 Kenner St. CINCINNATI, OHIO

*As a Bed.*

*As a Davenport*

**Makers of Streit Davenport-Beds and Morris Chairs**

**Let Me Pay the Postage on My Big Free Buggy Book to You**

Although it costs me 8 cents to mail every one of these books, yet I'll send you one Free just because I want you to know about my Celebrated Split Hickory Buggies — Made To Order—Sold Direct from my Factories on 30 Days' Free Trial Guaranteed Two Years. Over 125,000

**Split Hickory Vehicles**

are now in use—giving satisfaction in every part of the country.

My Direct Factory Prices save you big money. My 1909 Book gives descriptions and prices of over 125 styles of Split Hickory Vehicles and Full Line of High Grade Harness—tells you how Split Hickory Vehicles are made—and why they are best to buy. Write for the Book today. Address me personally,

H. C. Phelps, President,
THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO.
Station 109
Columbus, Ohio

**30 DAYS' FREE TEST**

Guaranteed 2 Years

*THE BRONCHO FELT HAT* - The kind our Texas cowboys wear, fine quality felt, light tan color, with richly Mexican carved leather band, very picturesque; a regular five dollar hat *made and sold by us exclusively*, direct to the consumer Special price **$3.00**, express prepaid. Order today State size Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

**$3**

EXPRESS PREPAID

Address,

Houston Hat Co., Houston, Texas

**BIRD MANNA MAKES CANARIES WARBLE** The secret of the Canary Breeders of the Hartz Mountains. It restores the song of Cage Birds, prevents their all moults and keeps them in good condition. It makes Canaries sing, even while shedding feathers. Sold by all druggists, grocers and bird dealers. Bird Book mailed free.

Philadelphia Bird Food Co., 408 N. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**REVOLVERS H & R SINGLE GUNS**

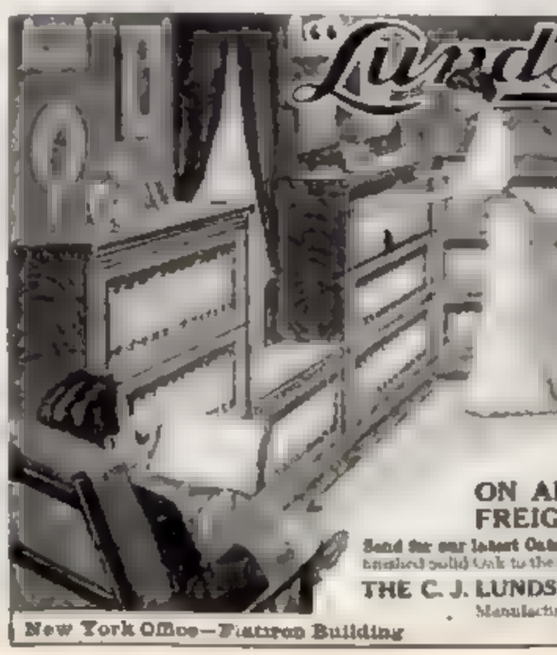
TRADE MARK

*WE WANT YOU TO HAVE OUR = NEW = CATALOG*

*A BEAUTIFUL 40 PAGE BOOK OF FIREARMS INFORMATION SEND FOR IT NOW.*

**HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS COMPANY**

529 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.



**"Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcases**

The Lundstrom Sectional Bookcases are made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country.

Artistic appearance, solidity of construction, with latest practical improvements, combine to make them the leading Sectional Bookcases.

Rigid economy, acquired by the manufacture of a single product in large quantities, combined with our modern methods of selling direct to the user, enable us to offer a superior article at a considerable saving in cost to the purchaser.

ON APPROVAL FREIGHT PAID **$1.00** PER SECTION AND UP

Send for our latest Catalogue No. 23, in which we illustrate the different grades from neatly finished solid Oak to the highly polished Solid Mahogany cases for the more elaborate library

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. COMPANY, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets.

New York Office—Fuitron Building Chicago Office—Republic Building, 209 State Street

# "Porosknit"

## Summer Underwear

FOR MEN FOR BOYS

—naturally—the straightest way to comfort in warm weather. Meet summer half-way—in "Porosknit"—the best way to keep cool.

**Ask your dealer to show you THIS LABEL—it is on EVERY genuine "Porosknit" garment.**



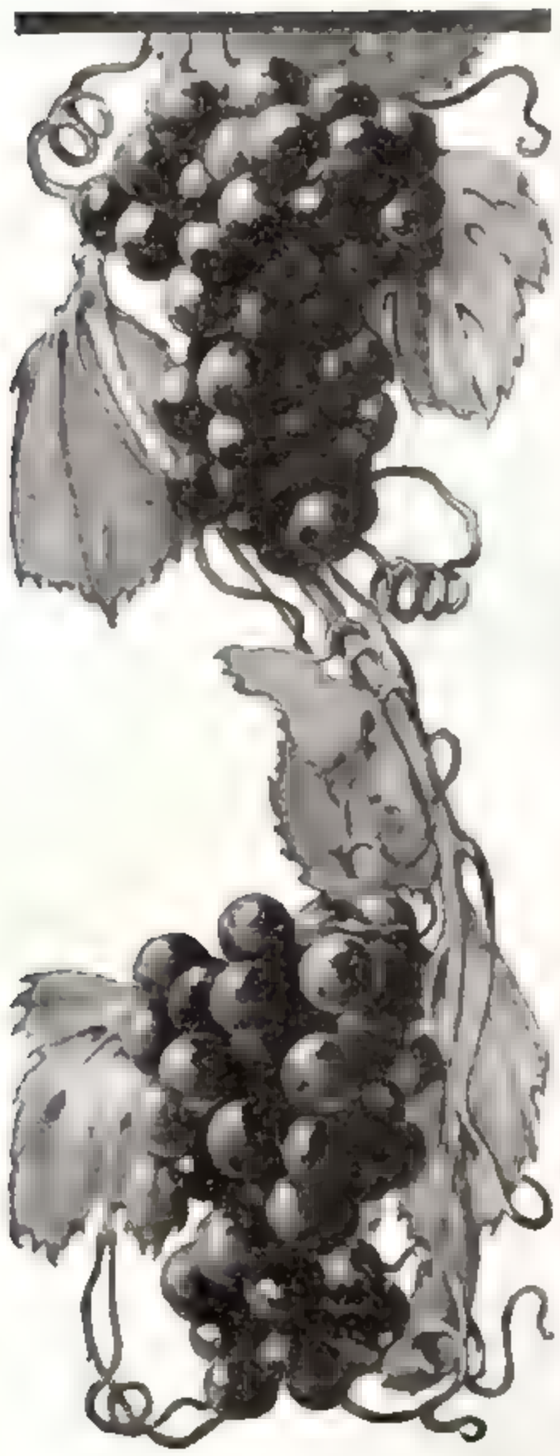

Every one who wears the genuine "Porosknit" likes it. That's why there's such a demand for it. It's summer underwear that **fits** and **wears**—and makes your comfort positive.

**MEN'S** Shirts and Drawers, each **50c.** Union Suits $1.00

**Boys'** Shirts and Drawers, each **25c.** Union Suits 50c.

Our new underwear booklet on "Coolness, Comfort and Economy" gives the reasons for "Porosknit"—shows all styles and sizes—write for it today.

**CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY**
**1 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.**



Welch's Grape Juice

Has the real, rich, grape flavor, the delicate acids, the nourishing and invigorating qualities which nature stores in the grape.

It is the juice as you find it in the choicest, full-ripe, growing Concords.

You know this by its true grape aroma, its rich red color, its delicious flavor and its invigorating and nourishing effect.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

# CAL AND THE COMMODORE

(Continued from Page 13)

extry good bein' he knew they wus a-goin' to be paid for.

"Still Commodore Jim kine o' hung on. Cal'd go up to Hinsey's barber shop—he rented the basement from Bud—an' read the St. Joe papers to see what the news wus. That's howcome he got shaved. He'd be'n goin' around with whiskers all over his face like ol' Pappy Cruse, but Bud one mornin' wouldn't hear to nothin' but shavin' him down to a bunch on the chin. 'It'll make you look ten years younger,' says Bud. 'That face o' yours ain't nothin' to be ashamed of. There's some sets a heap o' store by hair,' he says, 'but my erpinion is that the best use for it is bindin' fer wall plaster.'

"So Cal got shaved, an' another thing. Mis Hinsey come down an' mopped out the basement an' put sheets on his bed. Then come the news that Commodore Jim wus settin' up an' takin' notice an' nourishment.

"Cal throwed down the paper an' went out down to his workbench, an' as he stitched away at Major Johnson's boots he done some hard thinkin'. It seemed like to him that he'd come to the eend of his string an' that he'd have to go back to his side meat an' b'iled taters an' have the township pushin' out the lip o' scorn at him again. He wus right dubersome about goin' over to dinner for a spell, but the pile o' boots an' shoes a-waitin' to be mended gave him stren'th, an' when the time come he wus settin' up to the red-check tablecloth the same as ever. The news didn't seem to have made no diffrunce, still he thought Mis Kittridge didn't seem as chipper as usual an' Cuyler seemed a little more so.

"'The Commodore's a-goin' to pull through, they tell me,' says Cuyler, grinnin'.

"'I reckon he is,' says Cal. 'I'm right glad to hear it. I'd hate to hear of pore ol' Jim a-goin'. We hain't together much, but it's allus be'n a comfort to think I know where he is an' he knows where I am.'

"'If he'd died you couldn't have be'n so sure, could you?' says Cuyler.

"Cal laid down his knife an' fork an' looked at him mighty severe. 'There ain't no call to make sech remarks as them,' he says. 'Jes' because a man's got money it ain't no sign nor token that he hain't as fitten for the pearly gates as anybuddy. Mabbe more so. I won't set here an' hear no man miscall my kin.'

"'I didn't mean no offense, Cal,' says Jake. 'It wus jest a joke.'

"'It ain't no joke, to my notion,' says Mis Kittridge. 'Never mind, Cal. He cain't last for ever, that's shore.'

"Well, by the time Cal got around a little he seen that it hadn't made no special diffrunce, the Commodore gettin' better. If folks wusn't a-crowdin' about him so much when he come around, they wus still respectful an' obligin', so he kep' his upper lip stiff an' his waistband pushed out. The nex' thing he got him a white vest, an' when there wus doin's he'd mix right in, stid o' standin' with the bunch that peeked in at the door like he uster, an' thur wusn't a ol' maid nor a widder in town but had a kine word an' a sweet smile for him. Cal wus jest pleasant an' afferble with all o' them, but he didn't go no further. He wus kinder uster Mis Kittridge's cookin' by that time, an' for a fact there wusn't no sech a cook as her in the hull county.

"Mis Kittridge had got in the habit of havin' him around, too. She'd get him to fix things—tie up the termatter vines, put up shelves, spade up the flower beds an' so on, an' then she'd tell him what a good job he'd done an' how nachal it seemed to have a man chorin' around again, an' then she'd smile an' sigh until Cal'd break out in a cold sweat. She took to settin' out on the porch with him, too, an' Cal couldn't back out consid'rin' the price that she charged him for board. One evenin', though, after a-skirmishin' around a spell, she come down to tacks.

"'Cal Simpson,' she says, 'folks is beginnin' to talk about you an' me.'

"Cal wus a consid'able took aback, but he didn't let on. 'They've gotter talk about suthin',' he says. 'You don't need to mind 'em an' it don't pheaze me. Let 'em talk. We know there hain't nothin' to talk about.'

"'They're a-sayin' that it's time you wus a-gettin' married,' she says.

"'They're foolish,' says Cal. 'First place, I ain't in no position to s'port a wife the way I cal'late my wife's goin' to be s'ported if I ever marry.'

"'That wouldn't cut no figger with me,' says Mis Kittridge, 'not if I took the notion to marry anybuddy.'

"'It would with me,' says Cal, partickler firm. 'Still,' he says, 'work's a-comin' in on me tol'able stiddy, an' I get more time to 'tend to it sence I've be'n a-boardin'. I don't say but what some o' these days—— There's no tellin'. But don't you pay no 'tention to talk. I've got to go over to the post-office now.'

"So he breaks away, an' every time she begins hintin' on the subjec' he puts her off 'bout the same way. He'd got an idee that he could keep on doin' that indefnit. Same time, there wus times, after a partickler good dinner an' when she'd be'n extry pleasant an' smilin', that he'd wonder if all that talk about Sam Kittridge wusn't jest poppycock, anyway.

"All the while he kep' on a-peggin' away at his shoemakin' an' cobblin', an' when he got the chance he'd ast the preacher, careless-like, what wus the amount of the debt on the church an' what would be the cost o' paintin' it an' layin' a fair quality o' carpet down in the aisles. An' he'd figger with Bud Hinsley on marble basins an' tiled floors an' patent chairs for his barber shop, which Hinsey had ambitions of puttin' in, but hadn't the money; an' he'd wonder if the band boys couldn't be rigged out in uniforms for a matter of a couple o' hundred dollars, or how much a college would tax a feller to edgercate a smart kid like Clem Peabody's; an' then he'd rub his chin an' say 'Hum!' mighty thoughtful.

"Fin'ly thur come the Democratic convention, an' after they'd nomernated the supervisors an' the treasurer an' sheriff an' clerk, Major Johnson jumps up.

"'Mr. Chairman an' feller-Democrats,' he says, 'I rise to nomernate *a man*, a *Democrat*, one whose de-mocracy has nevah been questioned. I rise to nomernate one who has borne the heat an' burden of the day, who has asked nothin' of the party, but has toiled manfully at the polls for that party's success, *a man*, Mr. Chairman an' feller-Democrats, whose ripe judgment, whose sterling integrity, whose public sperit, whose loyalty, whose incorruptibility has nevah been questioned. I need hardly say that the man I nomernate for justice of the peace for Gaffney Township is our respected an' honored feller-citizen, Cal Simpson.'

"'Secont the nomernation!' yells Clem Peabody, an' the convention assembled got on its hindlegs an' howled for Cal till it wus hoarse. Thur wasn't a dissentin' voice, an' come November he got the biggest majority on the hull ticket.

"Thur wus great doin's that night in the celebration line. It wus the year they elected Grover Cleveland. Next morning, Cal went up to the barber shop. Bud was a-shavin' Egbert Pendleton when he went in.

"'Whee—ee!' hollers Cal, sort o' sportive, throwing his hat at a peg. 'Good old Grover got thur! Whee-ee!'

"'Here, shet down on that racket,' says Bud, kind o' ugly. 'Looks like you'd be sober by this time!'

"'Your haid must be a-pesterin' you considerable,' says Cal. 'Howdy, Egbert.'

"Egbert jes' kine o' grunted. Bud didn't say nothin', so Cal picked up his hat in a huff an' started out.

"'Hey!' calls Bud. 'Thur's some news from your rich cousin in the Gazette thur!'

"Cal took up the paper, put on his specks an' looked it over. After a while he found the piece: 'Simpson Sold Out,' it says. 'Sheriff Seizes Steamboats.' Then it went on to say that the Green Mud-Hook line had been goin' from bad to worse an' the freight accounts wus all mixed up, an' the ship-chandlers' bills unpaid, an' bills of all kinds, an' intrust on the mortgages, an' when the tangle wus straightened out it wusn't expected thur'd be twenty-five cents on the dollar for the Commodore's creditors.

"Cal laid down the paper, took off his specks, wiped 'em keerful an' put 'em in his pocket, an' walked out. As he shut the door he heered Bud sniggerin'.

"Cal walked down the street kine o' flabbergasted, 'thout knowin' hardly what he wus doin'. He met Gilman, the banker, an' spoke to him, but Gilman jes' nodded 'thout crackin' a smile. Stebbins come

Welch's Grape Juice

YOU who use grape juice could ask for nothing richer and sweeter than the juice of the Concord grapes which ripened last fall.

While the yield was small, the quality was better than it has been in years.

The choicest from all that the Chautauqua Grape Belt produced was at our disposal in making Welch's Grape Juice and the result is a million gallons of fresh, new juice—a little sweeter, richer, and better than the best of any previous year.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

You have read for years the stories of babies who were brought from a puny, sickly condition to robust health, developing into sturdy children, by the use of

# ESKAY'S FOOD

Has it ever occurred to you that possibly Eskay's is just the food that *your* baby (or your friend's baby) needs? If you believe he could be sturdier or better nourished, you owe it to him to at least try the one food that has agreed with thousands of babies when nothing else would.

*The trial costs you nothing — simply sign and mail this coupon and we will send 10 feedings of Eskay's Food and our helpful book, "How to Care for the Baby."*

CUT HERE

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., 415 Arch St., Phila.
Gentlemen — Please mail, without charge, 10 feedings of Eskay's Food, and your book
Name .....
Street ..... City and State .....



# Splendid Clothing
## For Men and Women

Don't buy clothing of inferior quality or go without new apparel because you lack ready money for a spot cash purchase of better clothes.

### Payments to Suit Your Means

For what you pay out in cash for a new pair of shoes or a hat, you can secure a complete new outfit from the magnificent assortments of my Two Big Chicago Stores, to be paid for a little at a time as you are best able.

### Get My Free Art Catalog

of Spring and Summer styles. It shows a large variety of men's and women's splendid Suits ranging in price from $15 to $50, and everything else in men's and women's wear — highest quality, lowest prices, easiest terms.

### I GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

It's easy to pick styles that please from my catalog. With it are sent samples of fabric. Carefully fill out the measurement blank and I can give you perfect fit and complete satisfaction. If on arrival the clothes I send don't suit perfectly, send them back, and you will not be out one cent.

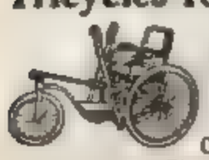
*Write for catalog today.*

**Bernhard's** Two Big Chicago Stores

Jos. Bernhard, Pres. Mail Order Dept.
159 So. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



# Tricycles for Cripples and Chairs for Invalids



Complete catalog sent on request. Write for it today.

WORTHINGTON CO., 217 Cedar St., Elyria, Ohio


along an' didn't take no notice o' him at all. Cuyler come out o' the post-office an' grinned at him, but he didn't have nothin' to say. When he went a-past Blake's house Carrie Blake, who'd be'n accustomed to stand an' gas with him, turned her back when she seen him comin', an' went into the house an' slammed the door.

"He went back to his basement an' sat down on his bed with his ol' bald, achin' haid in his hands, an' groaned. Somehow, he'd got used to bein' some punkins, an' small pertaters wus too much of a sudden change. An' then he thought how good some o' Mis Kittridge's coffee'd taste right then; an' the more he studied, the meaner he felt an' the harder his haid ached. But he kep' right on, an' he wus so wrapped up in it that, when Mis Kittridge coughed, it wus the first he knowed she wus standin' in the doorway lookin' at him, an' he most jumped out o' his hide.

"'Hain't you a *nice*-lookin' objec'!' says Mis Kittridge.

"Cal threw up his arm like she wus a-goin' to hit him.

"'I s'pose I am,' he says, 'but I hain't feelin' right well.'

"'I shouldn't think you would with the conscience you must have!' she says. 'You the only kin the Commodore has got!'

"Cal bobbed his bald haid into his hands again.

"'Lettin' on you wus a-goin' to be rollin' an' wallerin' in money!' she says.

"Cal didn't say nothin'.

"'Goin' around an' blowin' about how much he thought o' you an' deceivin' all your old neighbors; settin' down to my table an' makin' your brags about the Commodore's niggers an' his horses an' kerridges! Oh, you're a great one, hain't you! An' the silk dresses an' the diamond rings an' the hired help your wife wus a-goin' to have! Hain't you ashamed?'

"'I couldn't he'p him bustin' in business,' says Cal, colorin' up to the tips of his ears.

"'You tell me the truth, Cal Simpson. Did you ever expec' he wus a-goin' to leave you money?'

"'I don't know as I reckoned on it partickler,' says Cal.

"'Is he any kin to you at all?' she asked.

"'Not as I know of,' says Cal, breathin' hard, 'but he might be for all I know.'

"'Don't you reckon it would be a mighty good idee if you wus to pack your kit of tools an' your ol' trunk an' skip out for some place where you wusn't known?' asks Mis Kittridge.

"'It's jes' what I wus figgerin' on when you come in,' says Cal.

"'I 'lowed it wus,' says the widder, 'an' that's why I come over. I'll tell you what you're a-goin' to do, though. You're a-goin' to slick up an' put on your Sunday clothes an' your white vest, an' then you're a-comin' over to eat the supper that'll be ready for you, after which you an' me'll go over to the Meth'dis' pa's'nage an' the Reverend Williamson will unite us in the holy bans o' matrimony. Follerin' that you'll rent the store buildin' Cooper has moved out of an' you'll put in a stock o' boots an' shoes, an' in the rear you'll have your cobblin' bench, an' p'titioned off back o' that thur'll be the office for the justice business with the side door on the alley, an', between the three, if you don't make a comf'table livin' an' get looked up to as much as you ever have been in the last three months, it'll be because I cain't keep watch o' you an' keep you straight.'

"Cal give a gasp.

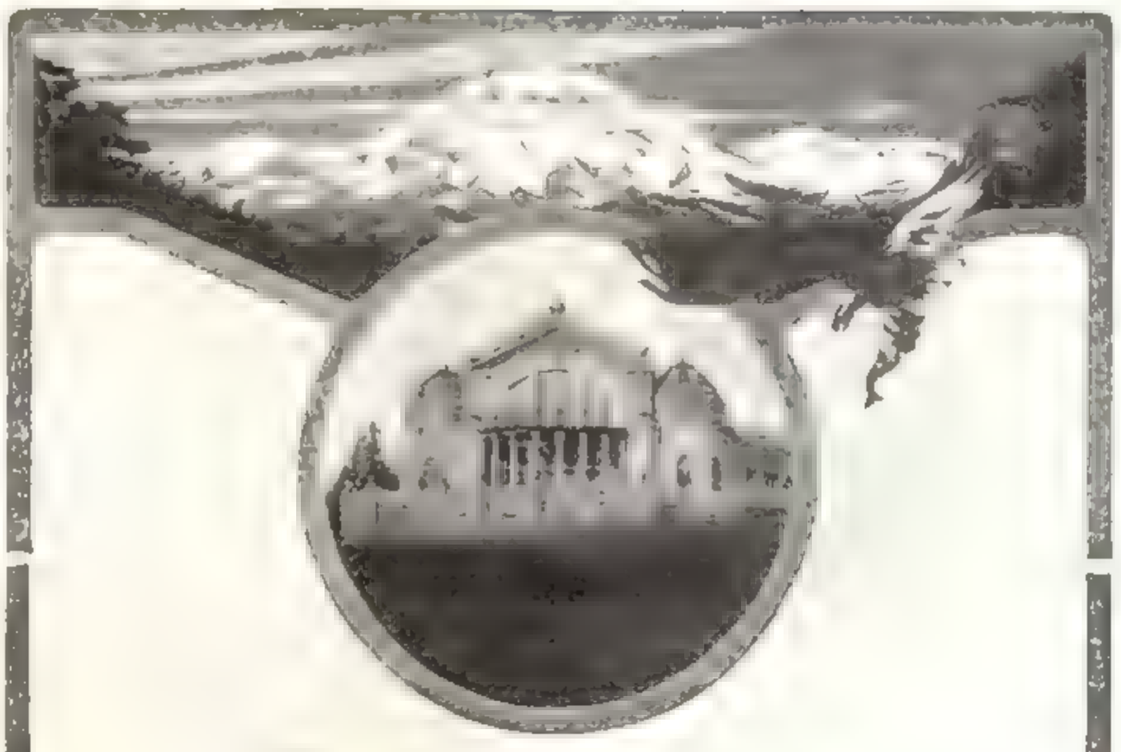
"'I don't know as I ought to do it,' says Mis Kittridge. 'I wouldn't have done it three months ago, you bet. I didn't know it was in me to do it at all till I got to studyin' it over a while ago, but seemed like you'd been workin' stiddier an' actin' less ornery an' more like folks sence you started out to fool the town, an' you cert'nly can 'preciate the fine points o' cookin'. Anyway, I'll take a resk on you, money or no money. What d'you say? Hold up your haid now an' speak up.'

"Cal raised his haid kinder slow an' looked at her. She had the eye of a woman what wouldn't be monkeyed with no longer.

"'I—I—I'll do it,' says Cal. 'But, Lisbeth Ann—you—you won't be too hard on me?'

"Mis Kittridge didn't say nothin' for a minit, but begun foldin' her apern into little crinkles. All of a sudden she looked up smilin' an' kine o' red in the face. 'Well, Cal,' she says, 'what next?'

"An' Cal looked at her a moment, sort o' dubersome, before he quite got the idee."

# The Scenic Northwest

Is the logical place to go to on your vacation trip next summer. The Pacific Northwest is always interesting, and an additional attraction this year is the

## Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

SEATTLE, JUNE 1 to OCTOBER 16

The *Great Northern* trains take you through the Lake Park Region of Minnesota, across the wheat fields of North Dakota, over the Rockies of Montana and the Cascade Range, Washington.

*Send for Free Advertising Literature.*

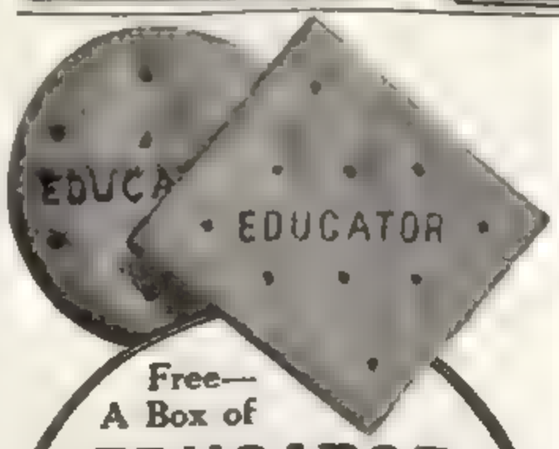
A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent,
St. Paul, Minn.

ROSE FESTIVAL
Portland, Oregon
June 7-12, 1909

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

National Irrigation Congress, Spokane,
Aug. 9-14, 1909






Free—
A Box of
# EDUCATOR CRACKERS

to prove how far superior Educator Crackers are in the deliciousness of the full grain flavor to the tasteless crackers you ordinarily get.

Made of purest ingredients, and contain the entire food value of the grain. Sanitary methods of handling, baking and packing in tins insure absolute cleanliness.

A box of assorted Educator Crackers will be sent the day we hear from you. Order from your grocer. If he won't supply you, we will. Send us his name.

Johnson Educator Food Co., 209 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

# Electricity
## *Practically Taught*

through the medium of tools and machinery.

Our students learn by doing the work themselves, under the guidance of skilled instructors, in the largest and best equipped Electrical School in the U. S. We prove our claims by showing all applicants through the school. Write or call for Prospectus "E."

NEW YORK ELECTRICAL TRADE SCHOOL
39 W. 17th St., New York City



# How to Grow Roses

is the title of a new beautifully illustrated little manual on down to date rose culture.

It tells clearly and concisely just how to grow out of doors roses as beautiful and perfect as professional florists sell at high prices. It solves every rose-growing problem and answers every question the amateur rose-grower can ask

The price of this new manual (it is not a catalogue) is 10 cents, but we are desirous of getting a copy into the hands of every lover of roses, and therefore make the following extraordinary offer:

Send us 10 cents and we will mail this invaluable "How to Grow Roses" and in addition send you Free of charge at the proper planting time a 25 cent Guaranteed to Bloom Rose, selected especially for your locality

**25 Cent Rose Free**

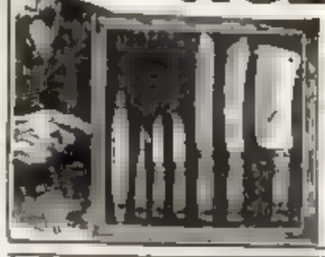
Our catalogue "The Best Roses in America" is free. *Write for a copy today.*

The Conard & Jones Co. West Grove, Pa.

Remember the Star. Box 90-D.



# "I MADE $12 PER DAY
Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"
*From sworn statement of H. S. CUNNINGHAM*
# AGENTS



are coining money — selling from 50 to 500 sets per week. Send your address today and let us PROVE IT. Experience unnecessary. We show you how to make $ to $15 a day. OUTFIT FREE to workers.

THOMAS MFG. CO.
426 Home Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio



My reversible sanitary
**METAL BREAD BOARD**
is the best for pastries, candies, etc.; no wood about it, low priced, hygienic and beautiful; ladies all want it; 3 sizes. Agent's sample postpaid, 10c. Dr. L. Coats, 889 Day Street, Pekin, Ill.

## Man's Made-to-Order Suit and Extra Trousers $12.95

100 CLOTH SAMPLES FREE

To advertise our great merchant tailoring establishment and make it widely known we will make to order to measure a suit of unfinished black thibet cloth for $12.95 and GIVE FREE AS A PREMIUM a pair of fine made-to-your-measure trousers, and if you order promptly after receiving our samples, we will send along a high grade

### Safety Razor Free

guaranteed to shave equal to any safety razor ever made. We will make suit and trousers to your measure, single or double breasted, as wanted from Hay's Sans Rest ALL-WOOL BLACK THIBET CLOTH, a rich, raven black cloth of fine weave, firm and solid from finest yarns, guaranteed fast COLOR and as pretty and stylish in appearance as ever saw for the money. We will make

### The Trousers

which we give free with each suit at $12.95 strictly to your measure, exactly as you want them from black thibet cloth like the suit, or from elegant striped worsted or cassimere as desired. We guarantee to fit you perfectly or you can return the suit and trousers at our expense and you will not be out one penny.

**This is the most wonderful and astonishing, made-to-order clothing offer ever made** by any house and we challenge you to find better in the world to equal it. If you live outside Chicago or Cook Co. Ills., and will write us a letter or postal asking 'SEND ME YOUR CLOTH SAMPLE BOOK No. W of MADE-TO-ORDER CLOTHING we will send it promptly by return mail with a sample of the fine all-wool black Thibet cloth and

**100 Other Fine Large Samples** of beautiful cloths, comprising all kinds of weaves, patterns and colors for spring or summer from which we cut and make elegant suits to order at $10.00 up to $18.00, and trousers at $3.50 to $8. We will also send fine, high art fashion plates showing latest styles of American fashions at top line, ordering blanks and complete, simple instructions how you can take measure as correctly as the most expert tailor.

**THE FREE SAFETY RAZOR** We give with each suit and extra trouser outfit at $12.95 a full size, highly nickeled and complete with blade of finest razor steel perfectly ground, honed and stropped, guaranteed to shave as clean, cool and comfortable as any safety razor or your money back immediately.

Don't Delay, But Write Today for Our Cloth Sample Book No. W

**JOHN M. SMYTH CO.** 150-160 West Madison Street, CHICAGO

## Two-Year Guarantee With Every Murray Vehicle

Price $62.50

**FREE—Our Illustrated Catalog No. 119** free for the asking, shows our complete line of Buggies, Road Wagons, Stanhopes, Concords, Phaetons, Traps, Surreys, Carriages, Pony Vehicles, Grocery Wagons, Laundry Wagons, Passenger and Farm Wagons, Busses, Harness and Saddles

WILBER H. MURRAY MFG. CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

## EDUCATED CANARIES

Our Golden Opera Singers (name registered in U. S. Pat. Office), are taught the liquid notes of the flute, the sweet tones of silver chimes, the rich love-song of the nightingale, the cadence of the water-roll; to trill the scale more perfectly than any human singer; and to sing at night as well as day.

A wonderful musical pet that will brighten your home and lighten your heart with its joyful harmonies.

Every bird guaranteed and sold on two weeks' trial. Shipped anywhere in U. S., Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of . . . . . $5

*Write for Book "Golden Opera Singers," explaining how the canaries are educated.*

**CUGLEY & MULLEN, 1227 Market St., PHILADELPHIA**
THE LARGEST PET SHOP IN THE WORLD

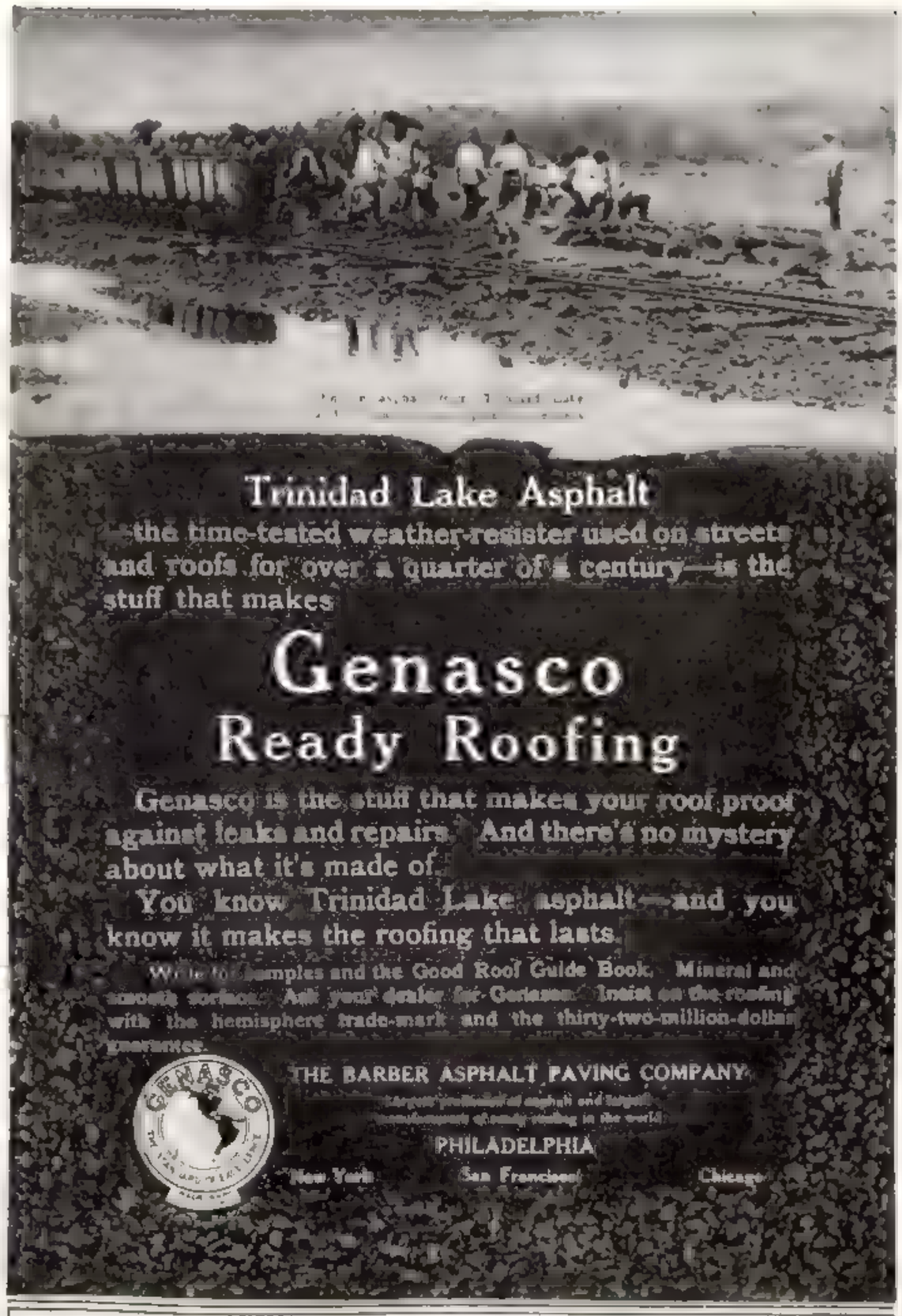
## 9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to

**SYSTEM, Dept. 25-419, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago**

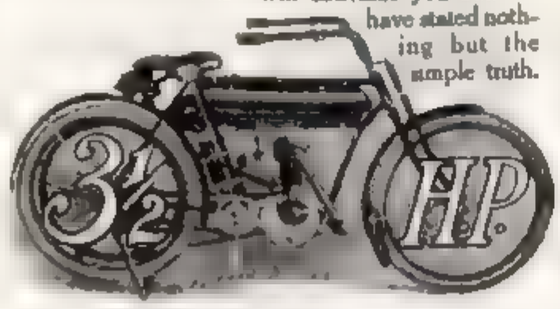

Trinidad Lake Asphalt
—the time-tested weather-resister used on streets and roofs for over a quarter of a century—is the stuff that makes
Genasco
Ready Roofing
Genasco is the stuff that makes your roof proof against leaks and repairs. And there's no mystery about what it's made of.
You know Trinidad Lake asphalt—and you know it makes the roofing that lasts.
Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book. Mineral and smooth surface. Ask your dealer for Genasco. Insist on the roofing with the hemisphere trade-mark and the thirty-two-million-dollar guarantee.
GENASCO
THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
New York
San Francisco
Chicago

## In the Yale 3½ H. P. You Get the Best Automobile Construction

We make due allowance for the design, material and workmanship put into other motor cycles produced both here and abroad, and state with emphasis:—

This **Yale 3½ H. P. Motor Cycle** is the greatest triumph the industry has ever seen.

Your first examination of this superb machine—your first ride on it—will convince you that we have stated nothing but the simple truth.




Yale 3½ H. P.—$300 F. O. B. Toledo.
Yale-California 3½ H. P.—$195 F. O. B. Toledo.

The materials entering into the construction of the best automobile produced are not better than those used in the **Yale 3½ H. P.**

The cylinders and valves are not more carefully and accurately ground, nor longer lived.

The motor is not more nicely balanced, nor more smooth running.

With all its tremendous power, the **Yale 3½ H. P.** is practically noiseless, and so elementally simple that the beginner can handle it with the veteran's facility; while the experienced rider will find it all he could expect.

Upkeep cost is reduced to the very minimum by the use of the best and toughest forgings, accurately machined and ground.

Get the literature which pictures and describes the Yale 3½ H. P. Learn all about it and you will not be satisfied with any motor cycle less efficient.

**THE CONSOLIDATED MANUFACTURING CO.,**
**1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.**
*Promising Territory for Good Agents*

We also manufacture the Yale and the Silent Runabouts, the Consolidated Package Car, and the Massey Harness Bar.

## The Battle Creek Sanitarium

The ideal place to rest, to get well, to learn your exact physical condition, to have applied to the ailment or infirmity you may have all necessary remedial measures, hydrotherapeutic methods and electricity, with the assistance of a competent staff of physicians and trained nurses, in a modern appointed institution with homelike environment, situated in a delightful suburban district, with all kinds of outdoor pastimes, at moderate rates. Write today for booklet and rates. Mention the kind of room you want. Many rooms with private baths. Magnificent grounds. Fine indoor pool, gymnasium, etc. Our regular rates include all the above and a liberal supply of wholesome food. Accommodations for 1000 guests. Illustrated Catalogue free.

**HEALTH REST**

**The Sanitarium, Box 75, Battle Creek, Mich.**

Send 10c for a 25c Tube of Our

## INFALLIBLE CEMENT

Latest and best for quickly mending broken glass, china, marble, bisque, etc. The only kind that does not need warming before using.

## Wanted Men and Women Agents

There is big money for hustlers in handling our Cement. Miss M. Ore, 130 W. 3d St., Dayton, in a sworn statement that she earned $12 in one day working for us. Write today for our proposition.

**BLACKWELL CEMENT CO.,** Dayton, Ohio.

## EXPERT SHORTHAND

TAUGHT BY

### Practical Court Reporters

At your home and in our schools. Our graduates reported speeches of both of the leading candidates in the recent presidential campaign. One of our graduates holds the GOLD MEDAL in the last world's championship contest.

*Catalogue sent free. Address the school nearest you.*

**SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL**
Suite 45, 1416 Broadway, New York City
Suite 54, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

## The Limitless Man

***He is the man*** who is sought after—who makes his mark in the business world.

***If you want to advance***—if you are willing to devote a little of your spare time—you can become a *Limitless Man*—a man of force—a man of influence—a man whom the business world will always seek—a producer.

***This is what*** the Sheldon Course in Scientific Salesmanship has done for 37,000 men. It has not only helped them to bring out all their latent positive qualities but it has shown them how to let others know that they are master minds—*Limitless Men.*

## The Sheldon School

***teaches you how*** to approach men—how to interest them—how to influence them—how to impress them favorably—how to win confidence and keep it—how to make the desired sales regardless of odds—it teaches the broad principles of business as adopted by the most successful men in the country.

***The course*** is equally valuable to the man on the road—the man behind the counter—the man behind the desk—to heads of departments—bookkeepers, stenographers or correspondents, because back of every kind of business are the principles of selling, and the man who is master of salesmanship is better fitted to discharge any of the duties of business life.

***You may be*** a good salesman now or you may be an employer of salesmen. If so, the Sheldon Course will help you, to get greater results—to bigger successes—to possibilities that are limitless.

**The Sheldon Book** tells exactly how the Sheldon School teaches the principles of salesmanship by correspondence. It is worth any man's reading whether he is a professional or a business man—a man of leisure or a worker—whether he wants to take the course or not. It is free for the asking. Let us send you a copy today.

**The Sheldon School**
**1592 Republic Building, Chicago.**

## Vacuum Cleaner Wagons and Automobiles

**$500 to $3600**

*Immediate Delivery Guaranteed*
*Write for Particulars*

**The Vacuum Cleaner Co.**
Portable Dept.
74 Trinity Place, New York

## Scientific Coffee Making

You can be *always certain* of having rich, fragrant, *healthful* coffee, absolutely free from tannic acid and the bitter element of the berry if you use a

# Manning-Bowman

"METEOR"

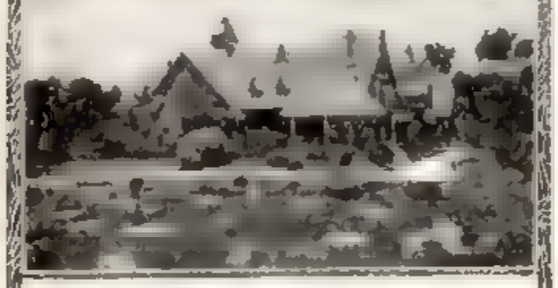
## Coffee Percolator

It embodies the *scientific* coffee-making principle. The grounds are kept apart from the liquid, which means that you get *all* the *good* of the coffee and *none* of the bad—*besides saving one-third.*

In Urn Style with alcohol burner, or in Coffee Pot Style for stove use. Over 100 styles and sizes—all of the genuine Manning Bowman Quality—the best. Write for booklet "D-22."

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

*Makers of the "Eclipse" Bread Mixer. Mixes bread in three minutes.*



## Post Cards

made from your photos

**$5.00 per 1000**

Send us a photograph of any kind or size and we will furnish you 1,000 Biotone Post Cards for $5.00.

**Quadrotone** colored post cards, $8.50 per 1,000 for 2,000 of a subject. These are far superior to hand colored cards.

Send two cent stamp for free samples and complete information.

*Day and Night Service*

**Barnes-Crosby Company**
E. W. HOUSER, Pres.
*Artists Engravers Catalog Makers*
215 Madison Street, Chicago
Branch Offices in fifteen principal cities.

# FERRY'S SEEDS

Nobody can know everything.

To become expert means to specialize. We are specialists in producing the best flower and vegetable seeds. In 52 years we have become experts. Sow Ferry's Seeds and reap the results of our care. For sale everywhere. Read our 1909 catalogue and profit by our experience. Sent free on request. Address

D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

## CAN YOU WRITE?

Over 400 newspapers and hundreds of NOW successful writers of short stories and magazine articles purchased the instruction booklet of the COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM, of which the late Murat Halstead was Pres't.

We secured the remaining sets and offer them at 1-6 original cost. Earn money at home. Send postal for free booklet. Write today.

The Publishers Syndicate, 906 Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio


# The Wooing of Monkey Gilstrap

*(Continued from Page 9)*

was Rook Cottondean. His curiosity had got the better of him. Moreover, if any campaign trick were sprung, he wanted to be on hand to offset it as far as possible.

When every one seemed to have arrived Monk wound the phonograph with a slight flourish, slipped on a record and opened the evening's musical festival with Under the Bamboo Tree. Cheyenne, Arrah Wanna, Washington Post, and other popular favorites followed; though none in the room, with the exception perhaps of Janey Fetters, suspected that these airs had been played to tatters in that vague, foreign land known to the mountaineer simply as Below.

The listeners were as decorous as a congregation of worshipers, seldom breaking the silence with a laugh even over the comic pieces. But their fixed, half-awed attention was more eloquent of their enjoyment than any hand-clapping or stamping of feet could have been.

Just one auditor was an exception to this. Rook Cottondean, under the combined influence of the hot room and the half-dozen bracers he had taken on his way up, began to emit obnoxious comments on the numbers, at first in an undertone, but gradually louder and louder: "Another chestnut!" "I know that'n by heart!" "Where's your big surprise, Monk?" "Ain't it about time fur the c'lection?" "Give us sunthin' new, Monk—sunthin' without whiskers!"

This buffoonery created some merriment; but Monk, ignoring it, placidly operated the machine until he had finished the box of records. Then he drew out a smaller box. Rook pricked up his ears, for from its red label he instantly recognized this box as the one which had mysteriously come into Monk's possession only a few days before they dissolved partnership. So this was the vaunted surprise!

"Pish!" snorted Rook to those nearest him. "The low-lived skunk had that box of records when he was with me. But when I wanted him to play 'em he made out they wouldn't fit the machine, and he kept slippin' 'em on and off, and buzzin' 'em around while I was speechifyin,' and 'lowin' to me arfterwards that he had did his durndest to make 'em go. And me payin' him twenty-five cents a day and keepin' him bilin' drunk besides—which air no small chore!"

"Friends," he observed gravely, "Rook keeps a-callin' fur sunthin' new. Well, I promised it, and I'm a-goin' to give it to him now. But, first, I want to 'splain that this wunnerful little funnygraft kin not only talk and sing and play like a band and ring bells, but it kin also *hyear*. Don't believe it? W'y, friends, it's jest like a poll-parrot—it's got to hyear sunthin' afore it kin repeat it." He turned and slipped on a record. "Hyar's sunthin' it hearn not long ago. I won't say whar, ner how. You kin guess fur yourse'ves."

For ten seconds only a gritty, grinding noise came forth, and a little boy snickered out loud. But the next instant the audience, as if transfixed by an electric current, fairly stiffened.

"Now, you Little Twist fellers, listen! If I'm 'lected constable of Big Buck—which I expect to be—I ain't goin' to be a-pesterin' of you ev'y time you have a little fun. If a feller gits a little too full of cawn-juice and lets off his six-shooter—even if it does happen to be near a meetin'-house—or has a little bresh with another feller 'count of a gyurl or sunthin'—as boys will—you won't see me a hot-footin' it to Platteville fur the sheriff. A little fun don't hurt nobody. 'Tween you and me an' that bar'l o' whisky, I'm a believer in the good old times, when a man didn't go whinin' into cote ev'y time he got his head broke. I believe in law, as long as it air a good law. But, by thunder, I don't believe no law has a right to shet up this still-house or send you boys to the pentenchy fur runnin' it. Didn't I prove it when that pizen brood of revenuers pulled me into their posse to hunt down Gid Woodard? Mebbe I didn't know whar Gid was hid out. Then, agin, mebbe I did. But did any of you see Gid among us, wearin' Gov'ment bracelets, when we kem back? If you did your eyesight war gooder'n mine. Clancy, gin the boys a drink around at my expense. Monk, turn loose your hymn box!"

*A Brush That Sheds Bristles Is Worse Than None*

# Did You Ever Do This?

Ever stop to pick loose bristles out of your brush when in the midst of a job of varnishing or refinishing?

No one can do smooth work with such a brush, no matter how good the paint, varnish, or enamel.

The all-round good brush for all sorts of home finishing, that is *guaranteed* never to lose a bristle from its setting, is the

# RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

## Home Brush

The bristles of Rubberset Home Brushes are held in a solid bed of hard, vulcanized rubber. They may be cleaned as often as you please with turpentine, benzine, ammonia, alcohol, or the strongest cleaners, without affecting them in the least, and can be used over and over for a lifetime.

In quality, Rubberset Home Brushes are perfect. Long, selected China bristles, full of life and spring—tapered uniformly to a chisel edge.

They hold more paint, varnish or enamel than ordinary kinds and lay it on more smoothly. All sizes for all purposes, from gilding a picture frame to painting a floor.

For sale at all hardware, department and paint stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 in. | 20c |
| 1½ in. | 30c |
| 2 in. | 40c |
| 2½ in. | 50c |
| 3 in. | 60c |
| Entire Set | $1.85 |

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY

Sales Dept. No. 24, 5204 Metropolitan Tower, New York City

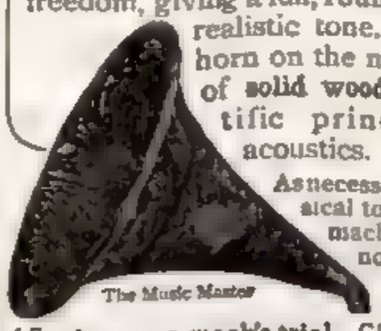
Main Office, Factory and Laboratory: 63 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.

Branch Offices—Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal

# MUSIC-MASTER

## Wood Horns (NOT VENEERED)

**Your Phonograph at its best** is to be heard *only* through the MUSIC MASTER WOOD HORN. For the MUSIC MASTER is the only **resonant horn**—the only horn with vibratory freedom, giving a full, round, rich and realistic tone. The one horn on the market built of **solid wood** on scientific principles of acoustics.



The Music Master

As necessary to the musical tone of talking machine or phonograph as the sound board is to a piano.

**Sent on one week's trial.** Choice of oak, mahogany or spruce, for any make or style of machine. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Ask your dealer for the MUSIC MASTER; if he can't supply you, write us. Full description sent on request.

**Sheip & Vandegrift, Inc., 813 N. 5th St., Philadelphia**

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

# DuBRIE MOTOR COMPANY

## Marine Motors

SPEED POWER ECONOMY

Correct designs, accurate mechanical work, best material and equipment and thorough testing insure maximum performance and entire satisfaction.

*C. L. Hunt, of Paducah, Ky., making 15 miles an hour in 2-cylinder, 12 H. P., DuBrie gasoline 21-foot motor boat*

These motors are in use in all types of boats and are giving the best results. Correct design, manufacture and equipment. High power, easy starting and simplicity throughout, with a reasonable price make them popular with all classes. 3½ to 27 H. P., one, two and three cylinders. Get H. R. E. catalog.

DuBRIE MOTOR COMPANY, 437 Canin St., Detroit, Michigan

**FOR SALE** Genuine Ancient Indian Relics, Discoidal Stones, Pottery, large and scarce types of flint implements. Minerals, Fossils etc. Catalog No. 13 (heavy paper) listing 200 lots, over 100 illustrations, 10c. J. H. NUSBLEY, Mansfield, Ohio.

# TORREY RAZORS

The "Torrey Edge" is Famous

*Highest Quality—Best Finish*

Here is

**"OUR BEAUTY"**

—a perfect razor, price $3.00. Nothing like it known to the shaving world. Postpaid if not at your dealer's.

We have other razors from $1.50 up. All fully guaranteed.

If you want the best razor and strop, try the Torrey. Send for our free catalogue—tells "How to shave and how to care for a razor." Contains many good points that every shaver should know.

The J. R. Torrey Razor Co., Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.

*Largest makers of razors in the world Established 1880.*

SPRAGUE'S "All-In-1" WASH SUITS

A Suit of full Blouse and Knicker bockers

Patented.

With Inner waist equipped with extensions for the garters and take-up for lengthening all parts as child grows. Suits are easy to get on that the youngsters can quickly dress and undress themselves. Made of khaki and of stripes and checked Gingham and Galatea. Substantially made for hard wear; washable, fast colors.

Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it send us $1, stating color and material desired with age of boy and we will make a suit to your address. If not satisfactory we will return your money. This is the biggest dollar's worth ever offered in boys' garments.

Our catalog of wash and play suits for boys mailed free.

Fred'k H. Sprague Co., 64 Main Street, ORANGE, MASS.

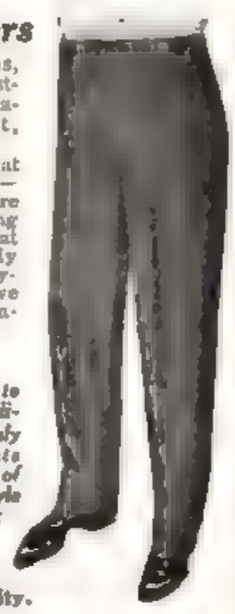
## Trousers That Hang From the Hips

These illustrations show two styles of "Nufangl" Dress Trousers—the "Peg-Top" and the "Conservative"—cut to conform to the exacting lines of the new fashions. The "Nufangl" principle of waist adjustment is applied to both—no straps, no buckles.

*Present*

# "Nufangl"

*Trousers*



have vents at the side seams, each fastened by two snap fasteners that permit of six variations in waist measurement, totalling nearly five inches.

"Nufangl" Trousers are what are known as "hip pants"—neither suspenders nor belt are necessary, the hips sustaining the weight of the garment so that it fits easily and comfortably without a pucker or wrinkle anywhere. Leading clothiers have "Nufangl" Trousers in all seasonable weights and fabrics.

**Prices $4 to $8**

*If not at yours, we will refer you to our agent in your town, or supply direct by EXPRESS PREPAID. Only waist and length measurements necessary. Write for samples of "Nufangl" fabrics specifying style of trousers preferred. Enclose 2c to pay postage.*

**PRESENT & COMPANY,**
**592 Broadway, New York City.**

## When you buy a rug or carpet don't rest your decision absolutely on the appearance and design.

Go farther than that Be sure to look for the name "Whittall" (as indicated above) woven in the back. Look carefully—the name does not show prominently in some colors. If it is a genuine "Whittall" it will be there just the same.

In this name you have a guarantee of proved value of longest wearing qualities—a guarantee that it is made of selected pure wool, closely woven, colored with dyes subjected to the severest test

"Whittall" rugs and carpets will retain their original coloring and beauty throughout succeeding years of wear The beautiful finish and lustre are a lasting delight.

We make rugs of many sizes—for every conceivable purpose—offering a wide range of design to fit any decorative scheme.

Tell your dealer you want to see "Whittall" rugs and carpets. If he cannot supply you write to us direct, *giving his name.*

We want you to have our Free Booklet Series L, "How carpets and rugs are made and how to select them." It is full of helpful suggestions on floor covering. WRITE FOR IT TODAY.

**WHITTALL'S**
**33 Brussels St., Worcester, Mass.**

## PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$8,500 for one invention. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in fourteen Manufacturers' Journals.

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned
**CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys,**
*Established years.* 802 F St., Washington, D. C.

## Copy This Sketch

Illustrators and cartoonists make $30.00 to $75.00 per week. My practical system of personal instruction by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you.

Copy this sketch of President Taft. Send it to me with 6c in stamps and I will send a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU

The [illegible] School of Illustrating & Cartooning
1436 Schofield Bldg. Cleveland, O


It was the voice of Rook Cottondean as natural as life. After an instant of petrified dumbness the crowd burst into a pandemonium of applause. No man, it is said, recognizes the mechanical reproduction of his own voice; but Rook did recognize his own speech. Pressing several paces forward, with flaming face, he bellowed:

"That's a lie—one of Monkey Gilstrap's baboon tricks! I nuvver said it! I nuvver said a word of it!"

"I nuvver said you did, Rook," retorted Monk with a grin. "Now, the next speech," addressing the audience, "I will 'splain, as long as the place ain't mentioned in the record, was spoke at Elder Duckwall's, down Fredony Church way."

Again the phonograph began:

"Friends, I ain't no public speaker, and I'm more'n common nervous with Monk a-p'intin' his horn this hyar way, while he's tryin' to git them new records to fit. You know I don't like nothin' with a straight hole in it leveled p'intblank at me. Howsomever, if I'm 'lected constable, ev'y lawbreaker on this mounting will have to look into sunthin' with a straight hole in it or come along peaceable to jail. I'm fur Law and Order. I allus have been. If you 'member, I was one that volunteered fur the posse that went up on the bald after Gid Woodard last summer, though I p'intedly don't like the way old Gid shoots. If I'm 'lected constable of Big Buck deestrick the breakin' up of meetin's by drunken rowdies will stop. If I'm 'lected constable, the fust hoss-thief goes to the pentenchy. I'm agin blockade stills. I'm agin whisky. I ain't a church member, I'll admit; but I *hev* got a Bible down to my store, and, what's more, I *read* it. Maybe I could pass a better 'zamination on the Bible than ——"

Here the machine balked for some reason. Old Wiggs Hossfall, a lifelong enemy of Cottondean's, utilized the interval to emit a groan and cry out: "Oh, my Gawd! Whar is that Bible, Rook? A-layin' on your whisky bar'l?"

The throng writhed and shrieked with merriment. Then—just as Monk's deft fingers were removed from the instrument, after setting it in motion again—Rook Cottondean with lightning speed drew his .44, fired twice, and darted out.

Until the smoke lifted disorder reigned. But no one was hurt. Of the phonograph, though, there was left only a mute mass of wax, wood and metal, and the concert was over. Janey Fetters smiled complacently, however. Her strategy had done its work.

Monk was up betimes in the morning, whistling as loudly as the cardinal grosbeak in the apple tree. Janey's words of sympathy over his wrecked machine were still singing in his ears.

"Goin' down to Janey's?" his mother asked.

"Yep."

"Hadn't you better hol' off till candlelightin'? A gyurl air liable to be more pliable and yieldin'-like of a night." She was trying in her simple way to postpone his rude awakening.

"I reckon she'll be yieldin' enough by daylight to *me*," he answered boastfully, giving his hat-brim the jaunty cock which he had observed Luke Bonfile to affect.

Janey Fetters, sewing on the porch—as usual of late—did some tall thinking in the interval between sighting Monk down the road and offering him a chair.

"Janey," he began blandly, "you 'lowed t'other day as you wouldn't have no objections to my comin' a-cotein'. I come airly of a mawnin' 'cause I knowed none of the other fellers, specially Luke Bonfile, would be likely to be hyar."

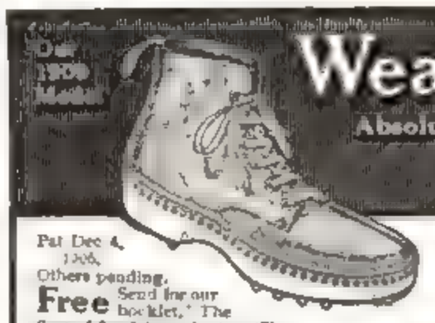
Janey's ebon fringe of lashes curtained a shimmer of mirth.

"None are here," she answered.

To bridge the awkward silence, while furiously prodding his treacherous memory, Monk began to crack his knuckle-joints. He had reached the last digit without relief, when a guinea-hen created a momentary diversion by flying up from the laurel thicket across the road with a rasping rattle of alarm, and sailing into the dooryard.

"Weasel, likely," observed Monk; and, turning his head, as if to inspect the fowl, he slipped into his mouth the small, inconspicuous, ladylike chew that he had provided for this very emergency. Its effect was magical.

"Janey, I don't know as there's any use o' my wastin' your time and mine by jest

# Wear STEEL SHOES!

**Absolute Protection Against Colds, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Discomfort. No more Blistered, Aching Feet. GOOD-BYE TO CORNS AND BUNIONS!**

Pat Dec 4, 1906. Others pending.

**Free** Send for our booklet, "The Story of Steel"—or better still order Steel Shoes on blank below.

**Never "ON YOUR UPPERS" If You Wear STEEL SHOES**

Every wearer of Work Shoes and every Employer of Labor—on farms;—in quarries, mines and smelters;—in railroad construction or track maintenance;—on street paving departments;—in gas plants, creameries and wherever concrete or brick floors are used—should read this Story of Steel Shoes.

It is a story of surprising Economy of Foot Comfort of Protection to life and limb. Many thousands of workers are already wearing these wonderful shoes.

## STEEL SOLES AND SIDES; WATERPROOF LEATHER UPPERS

**Adjustable Steel Rivets in Bottoms—Hair Cushion Insoles.**

Here is the way Steel Shoes are made: The soles and six inches above the soles are stamped out of a special, light grade, extra-resisting steel. *One piece of steel for main sole and heel.* The soles are protected from wear by Adjustable Steel Rivets, which give a firm footing. Rivets can easily be replaced when partly worn off. Fifty extra Rivets cost only 50c and will keep your shoes in good repair for at least two years. No other repairs are ever necessary!

The uppers are made of the very best quality of soft, pliable, waterproof leather, riveted to the steel and reinforced where wear is greatest. The rigid steel soles prevent the shoes from warping and they stay out of shape.

Steel Shoes have thick, springy, Hair Cushion Insoles, which add to ease of walking—absorb perspiration and odors.

Insoles easily removed, cleaned and dried each night.

## One Pair of Steel Shoes Outlasts 3 to 6 Pairs of "All-Leathers"

Steel Shoes stop the heavy drain on the worker's purse. Their durability is phenomenal. No big shoe bills to pay! No "half-soleing"! No new heels! No repairs of any kind, save replacing the Rivets, which protect the soles from wear.

**Better Than Rubber Boots**

Steel Shoes are as waterproof as Rubber Boots, Felt Boots and Arctics. They do not heat and sweat the feet, or cause tenderness and soreness. You can work in mud, slush or water and your feet will be warm, dry and comfortable.

**"Steels" Save Doctor's Bills**

Steel Shoes are *health savers* and *money savers*. They prevent sickness and save doctor's bills. They are *sanitary* shoes. Wear Steel Shoes and you will not suffer from colds, rheumatism, neuralgia and other troubles and discomforts resulting from cold, wet feet.

No lost time on account of cold, wet, stormy weather!

**"Steels" Save $5 to $10 a Year**

These wonderful shoes actually save at least $5 to $10 of your shoe money every year. They are the strongest work shoes in existence! *One pair will outlast three to six pairs of the best all-leather shoes that money can buy.* Figure it out for yourself.

**No Corns! No Callouses!**

Steel Shoes need no "breaking in." From the very moment you first put them on they feel perfectly easy and comfortable. Easy on—easy off. And easy every minute you wear them. The rigid soles keep the uppers from crackling, twisting or warping. They do not run over or get tight in places after being wet, like an all leather shoe. No more tired, aching, blistered, calloused, sore and tender feet if Steel Shoes are worn!

**Made in sizes 5 to 12**
**6 in., 9 in., 12 in. and 16 in. high**

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, $2.50 a pair, are better than the best all-leather $3.50 shoes.

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, extra grade of leather, $3.00 a pair, excel any $4.50 all-leather shoes.

Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, $3.50 a pair, are better than the best all-leather $5.00 shoes.

Steel Shoes, 12 inches high, $5.00 a pair, are better than the best all-leather $6.00 shoes.

Steel Shoes, 16 inches high, $6.00 a pair, are better than the best all-leather shoes regardless of cost.

## Workingmen! Farmers! Miners! Employers of Labor Everywhere—Investigate "Steels!"

Steel Shoes *cost less* than ordinary work shoes and are *infinitely better*. Their advantages appeal to workingmen and to every employer of labor who has the interests of the worker at heart.

We urge upon every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the importance of this remarkable innovation. Pass the word along! Order a pair on this coupon!

## Order a Pair of "Steels" Today

For general service, under all conditions, we strongly recommend the 6 inch high at $3 per pair or the 9 inch at $3.50.

In ordering *state size of shoe you wear.* Enclose $3 for 6 inch high and learn by actual test the tremendous advantages of "Steels." We will ship the shoes promptly, safe delivery guaranteed anywhere. The coupon makes it easy to order.

Send today!

**Most good dealers sell Steel Shoes. If yours does not, order direct.**

**Order Blank for Steel Shoes**
**Steel Shoe Co., Dept. 63, Racine, Wis.**

Gentlemen:—

I enclose ____ for $ ____

In payment for ____ pair Steel Shoes,

Size ____

Name ____

Town ____ State ____

County ____ R. F. D. ____

**STEEL SHOE CO., Dept. 63, Racine, Wis.**
**Canadian Branch, TORONTO, CANADA**

# "Iron Clad"

## Try This Splendid Summer Sock

You'll find it the most comfortable halfhose you ever put on. Its light, sheer texture of the finest four-ply Sea Island yarns, is delightfully soft to the feet, and yet, light and fine as it is, you could not ask better service from any sock. It has a handsome, silky finish.

**No. 490 in black, mode, dark gray and dark blue—only 35c the pair.**

If you cannot get this sock at your dealers, send us 35c for each pair wanted, stating size and colors desired.

Our fine new catalogue, illustrated in full color, will help you to grasp the exceptional beauty of Iron Clad hose—sent free on request.

**"Not iron but lots of hard wear in them"**

**Cooper, Wells & Co.**
**212 Pine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.**

## English Knockabout Hat $1.00

Not a fad, but a stylish, serviceable Hat. Would sell for $2.00 in most Hat stores. Made of Genuine English Felt, with flexible sweat band, trimmed with neat, narrow outside band. Suitable for dress and business. Folds into a neat, compact roll without damaging. Unequalled for traveling, motoring, golfing, yachting, etc. All sizes. Five colors, Black, Brown, Green, Gray Mixture, and White. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00.

Folded

State size and color desired.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
**Panama Hat Co., 181-A William St., New York City**

## SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 920 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

## "Get There"

at a price to suit you direct for a

# BLACK MOTOR BUGGY

$375.00 $450.00

Built for country roads, hills and mud. Engine 14 H. P., 2 cylinders, air cooled chain drive rear wheels, double brake. Speed 2 to 25 m. per hr.—30 miles on 1 gal. of gasoline. Highest quality finish, workmanship and materials. Also [illegible] safe and reliable. Write for Book No. A-228.

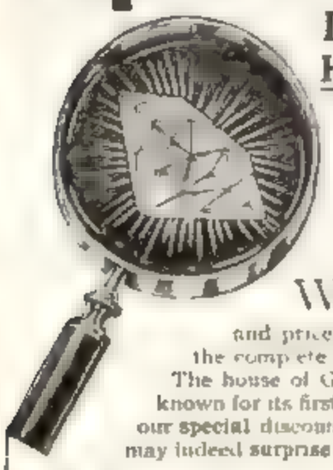
BLACK MFG. COMPANY, 134 S. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

## Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for [illegible] paper, etc.

**THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut**

# Special!



**Discounts on Highest Grade**

**Diamonds, the finest, pure white gems; also jewelry, cut glass, silver, etc.**

WRITE for special discount sheet and price list (together with the complete Marshall catalog). The house of Geo. E. Marshall is known for its first quality goods and our special discounts on rarest values may indeed surprise you.

# Marshall's

**"F" Grade—**

"F" first and finest grade—diamonds are gems of the rarest beauty—

For instance this perfect diamond, tiffany setting, perfect in cut, perfect in color, of rare scintillating beauty—$46.00—$4.60 a month or 8% off for all cash. Shipped on approval not a cent down.

**Catalog on Request**

Send name and address on Coupon that is all! PRICE LIST and SPECIAL DISCOUNT SHEET

Now be sure to get this catalog and discount sheet and our approval shipment offer before you buy a diamond or jewelry. Write today.

Geo. E. Marshall (Inc.)
W. S. Hyde, Jr., Pres.
A. S. True Sec
103 State St.
Dept 1224,
Chicago, Ill.

Cut or Tear Off this Coupon

GEO. E. MARSHALL (Inc.) 103 State Street, Dept. 1224, CHICAGO

Without any obligation please send me at once your free catalog and special discount sheet with full explanation of your no-money-down approval offer.

Name .....

Address .....

No letter necessary, this coupon will do



# Keep Your Cigars in Good Condition

NO matter how much you pay for cigars, they will lose the best of their flavor and bouquet, smoke hot and dry, and the wrappers get brittle and break off if you don't keep them right. You can have fresh, moist cigars every day in just the right condition for smoking if you keep them in a

# Cigar Chest

We have a complete line of these goods in our show rooms, all sizes, capacity of 50 to 1000 cigars. Made in Oak, Mahogany, Circassian Walnut and Rosewood. Price list sent on request.

**OUR INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

1 Cigar Chest (as illustrated above). Made of solid quartered oak, Mission finish, lined with asbestine, holds 50 cigars. Regular price . . . $4.00
1 Box 25 Rosenburg Havana Cigars . . . . . 2.50
$6.50

Our Price **$5.00** for both

State whether Mild Medium or strong cigars are required.

**Columbian Art Novelty Company,**
**1265 Broadway, New York**



6%

Salaried men and women, farmers, mechanics and business men deposit their money with this bank on our 6% Certificate plan which affords adequate safety. Please write for our booklet "S."

**FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK**
BILLINGS, MONT


a-settin' and a-talkin', general-like I nuvver was strong on talk specially perlite talk with a lady. 'Sides, I know right now jest what I want to say, although I *her* forgot what I had learned by heart."

His manner visibly changed; his awkwardness melted away.

"Janey, I want to know if you keer to come up and live with mother and me, and be my wife. The way I've took keer of mother I'll take keer of you. You nuvver seen her choppin' wood, or draggin' round at the tail of a bull-tongue plow, or even milkin' a cow when I was to home. As fur housework, mother's strong enough yit to do her sheer, and I reckon you wouldn't have it any harder there than you do hyar. You got a better home hyar than what I kin give you, and more furniture. More neighbors pass hyar, too. An' I couldn't buy you the nice clothes your paw does, 'cause we're poor, Janey, mother and me. But—but I've noticed that gyurls don't, as a general thing, care so much about fancy fixin's when they want to git married, and, mebbe, you don't. Will you have me, Janey?"

For a moment the belle of Big Buck clenched her hands until the nails bit the flesh. Then she answered, in an unsteady voice: "Monk, I'm pledged to Luke Bonfile."

"An' you war pledged the night I seen him kiss you?" he asked, in almost an undertone.

"Yes."

"Then you're a liar," said he evenly. "Jest a plain, common, low-down liar, Janey Fetters, I don't want no liar under *my* roof. Nuther does mother, and if I brung you up thar she'd wash your mouth out with soap and water."

He rose up with a grandeur which momentarily cowed the girl, while a blood-red spot burned in each of her olive cheeks. But before she could answer—if answer she meant to—a couple of horsemen rode up to the gate. One was the sheriff, the other a stranger to Janey. But Monk seemed to recognize him, for his grand air fell from him like a cloak, and with a white face he sank into the chair again.

"That's the cuss," observed the stranger, dismounting.

"'Scuse this intrusion, Janey," said the sheriff, halting at the steps, "but I got a warrant for this young man. He stole a phonograph, about a month ago, from Mr. Jones here, and I reckon I'll have to take him down to jail."

"Did you, Monk?" demanded Janey, in amaze.

"Yes!" wailed Monk, like a creature wounded unto death. "I stole it fur you and your dad!"

"Well, I hate to do it, but I reckon I'll have to take him," the sheriff observed.

"Wait!" exclaimed Janey. "If you tote that boy off to jail you'll break his mammy's heart. Mr. Jones, if I pay for the phonograph will you let him go?"

"If you pay for my time, too, and this officer's fees," answered Jones, taking in the situation.

"My fees air nothin'," put in the sheriff promptly.

"Then how much will it be?" asked Janey.

"About fourteen dollars," answered Jones. "Ten dollars for the machine, and four for my time and trouble."

At the bureau drawer which contained her father's gift she hesitated. Saving Monk meant a calico wedding-gown for herself. But her duty was plain, and drawing forth all the precious silver dollars save one, she shook a tear from her eye and returned to the porch.

Monk, in a kind of a stupor, sat for some minutes after the horsemen had disappeared. He seemed to be troubled with something in his throat, but finally speech came.

"I'm jest a plain, common, low-down thief!" he gulped out. "You ought to be glad you're pledged to Luke Bonfile 'stidder me."

With which he rushed down the path, crossed the road and plunged into the laurel. Some minutes later Janey, conscience-pricked and with her mind still full of him, lifted her eyes toward the trail. From the jutting mass of Injun Nose, Monk's tall, motionless figure was outlined against the sky. Sympathetically, Janey waved her handkerchief.

"Jest a p-l-a-i-n, com-mon, low-down *t-h-i-e-f!*" mournfully floated to her ears across the intervening space.


# SAPOLIN

## Makes Old Things New Like Magic

**SAPOLIN** will renew the interior of your home and every article it contains. You can brighten dingy chairs, furniture, woodwork, picture frames, chandeliers, radiators, plumbing, stovepipes, etc., and make them not only useful and attractive, but actually as handsome as when they were new.

**SAPOLIN means a finish to suit** every surface, producing handsome effects either in rich Gold, bright Aluminum, hard Enamel White, wood stains, porcelain finish for bathtubs, brilliant black for stove pipes, wire screens, etc.

**SAPOLIN is best because most durable.** It will put a handsome surface on articles of use or ornaments that will outwear any other finish, not by months but by years.

**SAPOLIN is handy and convenient** to use. Go to any paint shop. Tell the dealer what articles you want to refinish. He will sell you a special Sapolin for enameling, staining, gilding or varnishing for the particular purpose you name.

**SAPOLIN is inexpensive and will** save money for you, by renewing things you would otherwise throw away. You need know nothing about painting to use it.

Sapolin is sold at 25, 40 and 75 cents wherever paint is sold. Trial size 15 cents.

¶ FREE During April and May, Sapolin Dealers (and that means first-class dealers in paints) will give free with each 25 cent purchase of Sapolin, a handsomely decorated Sapolin Savings Bank.

Write for our beautiful book, "A Twentieth Century Aladdin's Lamp," containing a fascinating story. Free on request.

**Gerstendorfer Bros., 235 East 42nd Street, New York, U.S.A.**

## The Oil for Every Car

The cost of maintaining your automobile and the amount of service it gives you depend to a great extent on the use of the proper oil. No matter what the make of your car, its type or purpose the right grade of Vacuum MOBILOIL will give perfect lubrication at all times and under all conditions.

VACUUM
# MOBILOIL

Is made in six different grades. One of these grades is prepared especially for the perfect lubrication of your car. By the use of this one grade you will save time and trouble and avoid expensive experiment.

*Send for booklet listing every automobile made and the grade of MOBILOIL prepared for it. There after you need only watch the [illegible] on the car [illegible] on the chart. Then [illegible] on the engine [illegible] track records to date, and other pertinent matter.*

MOBILOIL, in barrels and in cans with patent pouring spout, is sold by dealers everywhere. Manufactured by

**VACUUM OIL CO.,**
**Rochester, N. Y.**



# Use Allen's Foot-Ease

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have tired, aching feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Relieves aching, swollen, sweating feet, also corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.



**PERFECTION MARINE ENGINES**

We rock after every customer 2 H P $45 and see that he gets satisfaction. Complete. Our engines 2 to 25 H P. Send for catalog. Special offer, plan for agents. Money by mail. Write for handsome catalog giving letters and illustrations of satisfied customers.

Caille Perfection Motor Co
1371 Bad Ave., Detroit, Mich.

2 to 25 H P
One to four cyl.



# Williams' Shaving Stick

Nickeled Box Hinged Top

Can you afford for the few cents you may save, to run the risk of some of the interior shaving soaps that claim to be "Just as good as Williams'?" Ask your face this question.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



# STUDY LAW AT HOME

The [illegible] instruction by mail adapted to every one. Recognized by courts and educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Prepares for bar. Prepares for practice. Write at once for our [illegible] and prospectus and [illegible] Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and Easy Payment Plan free.

Sprague Correspondence School of Law
709 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

## FOR THIRTY YEARS

I've been designing and building Launches and Yachts for others. I now have my own new Models and will build one for you.

"ONE DESIGN—ONE MODEL"

## "The Leader" 16 ft. Launch

[illegible] child can operate it. [illegible] Write today and [illegible]

**$99**

Money back if not satisfied. Send name and address and I will tell you more.

Wm Gile, Master Mechanic
GILE BOAT & ENGINE COMPANY
Dock A, Ludington, Mich

# Buy A Whole Ham

# Let Pope Cigar Sellers Make You Big Profits

**Of all the commodities that permit of automatic merchandising none can compare with five-cent and ten-cent cigars in quantity sold, in steady daily demand, or in big profits. No one has ever been able to make an Automatic Cigar Selling Machine that was mechanically or commercially practical until we perfected the Pope Automatic Machine.**

**Every time you drop a nickel or a dime in the slot the machine automatically takes a cigar from the original box and deposits it in your hand.**

We control and make the only Automatic Cigar Selling Machine in the world. That means a monopoly of the *automatic* selling of 9,000,000,000 (nine billion) cigars sold annually in the United States, with total profits of $300,000,000 at 2 cents per cigar.

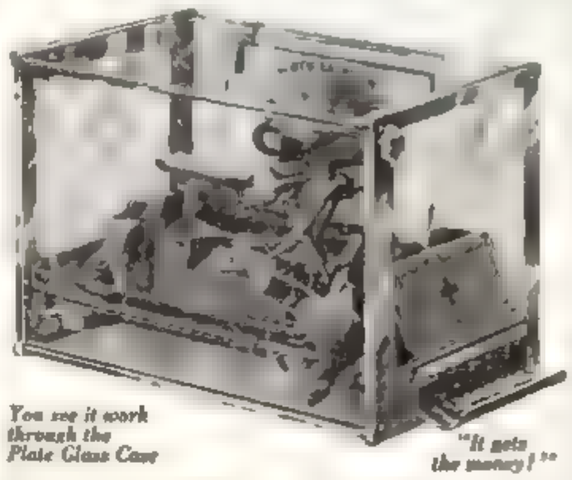
The monopoly of the automatic end of the cigar business is too big for us to handle alone. The local territory in Chicago, which we reserve for our company, is as much as we can handle.

We are organizing a force of operators to install these machines and to control them locally in other cities and states. It takes big men with brains and push to carry out our plans. We can't afford to tie up the territory to any man who can not develop its possibilities.

We sell no patent rights—no stock in our company. We furnish you the machines and show how to operate them to attract your share of the millions of nickels, dimes and quarters that flow in a constant stream into the cigar business each year.

Big fortunes are made from chewing gum machines that attract mere pennies. If pennies make fortunes, then 5, 10 and 25-cent pieces will make bigger fortunes from Pope Automatic Cigar Selling Machines.

Compare the volume of cigar sales with that of any other article sold or that can be sold in merchandising machines. You will then realize what vastly greater possibilities for profit there are in catering to the millions of smokers.



*You see it work through the Plate Glass Case*

*"It gets the money!"*

We will give you exclusive control in your territory of a system of Pope Automatic Cigar Selling Machines that will make you profits from eight to ten times the dividends on ordinary investments. We have complete selling plans that show you how to get into this new, big money-making business. We show, step by step, how to equip and manage the business to get the biggest possible returns on your investment.

We have already disposed of much territory. Some entire states have been taken. A $50,000 company controls a large western city. A number of $5,000, $10,000 and $15,000 companies control other cities and counties east and west. A lot of smaller cities have been disposed of on a basis of from $1,000 to $5,000. Many other important deals are now pending. If you are interested, write today.

***We reserve the rights and control Chicago for our Company***

## Our Special Proposition "A"

To the right man we will make a special offer that he cannot afford to pass by. Write today for our Book A, and ask for a ten days' option to operate exclusively on Pope territory. No contracts are closed for many cities of ours are pending. Yours may be taken unless you act quickly. Write at once.

**POPE AUTOMATIC MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. A, Corn Exchange Bank Building, CHICAGO**

# Are You Deaf?

**The Baker Microphone** is the very latest scientific invention for those who have become hard of hearing. **You may test its advantages in your own home.**

Lady Wearing a BAKER MICROPHONE.

You will be allowed a month's trial of the Baker Microphone at your home. Write or call for full particulars.

It is the smallest practical magnifying telephone ever produced. It is the best instrument devised to assist the hearing. There is a reason for this. If you will come to one of our offices we will show you the reason. The Baker Microphone rests the ears. It brings up the hearing in all cases except where the important parts of the ear are destroyed, or the auditory nerve is diseased. The Baker Microphone overcomes ear noises.

Call if you can at one of our offices and we will be pleased to demonstrate the benefits of this little instrument. If you cannot call write for full particulars and booklet describing the Baker Microphone.

**Baker Microphone Co.**

Offices: { 210 Flat Iron Bldg., Cor. 23rd St. and Broadway, N.Y.
168 Wabash Avenue, Cor. Monroe St., Chicago

# Five Acres Enough

**Are you tired of working for others? Is the daily grind of office or factory beginning to "get on your nerves?" Perhaps the field is overcrowded; or there may be no chance for promotion. Why not go where you can make a good living at pleasant and profitable work, while laying the foundation for future independence? Go west—buy five or ten acres of**

## Washington Fruit Land

**While your fruit trees are maturing a good income may be had from the sale of chickens, eggs, berries and melons. Take care of your trees five years and they will take care of you the rest of your life. *Send for our Washington Bulletin.* It tells how others have succeeded and describes many opportunities for men of moderate means. Mailed free on request. Address**

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition—Seattle, June 1 to Oct. 16, '09

Rose Festival—Portland, Oregon, June 7 to 12, '09

National Irrigation Congress—Spokane, Wash., Aug. 9 to 14, '09

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

**MAX BASS**
General Immigration Agt.
Department L
220 South Clark Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

# Chiclets

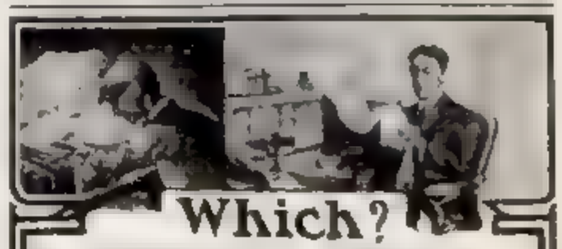
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

**The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum**

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

YOUR BUSINESS FRIEND knows how very refreshing Chiclets are after a strong cigar.

Sold in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Fleer & Co., Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.



# Which?

To every Book-keeper, Cashier and Office man, two paths are open. One the plodding road of slow advancement; the other rapid progress in a new business field. The expert specially trained man commands more money. "No planless getting-and-giving increase" for long service. Which is your choice? "A Practical Way of Making More Money" is the title of a new book prepared for YOU. It outlines a new system of education, requiring but little time, costing but little money, but worth MANY DOLLARS MORE to you in SALARY. It tells you how to be WORTH more—to EARN more—and GET more. This book is sent free for the asking. Will you WRITE TODAY for it? Commercial World Correspondence Schools, 166 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

## Paint Talks, No. 5

### Correct Color Schemes

I have told you a good many facts regarding pure paint—white lead and pure linseed oil—the economic reasons for insisting on it—and how to be sure you are getting it.

A harmonious combination of colors is equally important, or the job will be a constant source of irritation until repainted.

It is hard to *imagine* the effect of a color scheme. Most people have to see how the colors look when on. For that reason I want you to send for Painting Outfit P. It contains among other things two books, one showing color schemes for interior and the other for exterior painting.

They contain many attractive color plates based on the best actual examples. I believe you will find one or both of these books a great help in selecting the color scheme for your home.

If you need paint immediately ask your dealer for white lead with the Dutch Boy Painter trade-mark.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

*An office in each of the following cities*

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, John T. Lewis & Bros. Company—Philadelphia), National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh.

**For Porches, Verandas, Lawns, Tents and Indoor Use**

## Combines Hammock, Couch and Swing Settee

A third of a century's experience shows that Rowe's Hammocks can be depended on to give 10 years of continuous out-of-door service. From the model and of same weight canvas (white or khaki) as made by us for years for U. S. Navy. Strong wood frame, thick mattress. Holds six persons. Ideal for outdoor sleeping. Complete, with lines and hooks ready for hanging, delivery charges prepaid in North America, carefully packed.

### Write for Descriptive Booklet

about this most comfortable and durable piece of outdoor furniture, and prices of different styles and sizes.

**E. L. ROWE & SON, INC.,**

271 Water St., Gloucester, Mass.



AGENTS: NEW INVENTION

**Automatic Curry Comb** and other new self-selling articles indispensable. Make their own demand. First applicants control unlimited sales. Large profits. Write for proof and trial offer.

CLEAN COMB CO., Box 23, Racine, Wis.


# MUSICAL COMEDY

*(Continued from Page 7)*

a man gets through with a musical comedy rehearsal he pretty nearly deserves success.

Impatience with chorus people comes from not knowing them. The director often imagines that one of these persons should be as quick to see a point as he himself is to give it, and if the man or woman isn't, he is apt to become nervous and find fault.

Dancing is easier to teach than singing, since in the latter it is harder to differentiate, where a number are singing at once, than in the former, where one is in full view. I find that those who never have danced are easier to teach new steps than those who have danced much. This is because they have not the memory of old dances to interfere with new steps and are, in consequence, more pliable.

Putting on a musical show is a very different financial proposition from staging a straight play; the latter can be produced for from seven to eight thousand dollars. A musical show like Little Nemo costs eighty thousand dollars before the curtain is rung up. The Yankee Prince cost thirty-two thousand; I haven't seen the statement of The American Idea, but I think it meant an outlay of thirty-five thousand dollars. One can never tell what a show is going to cost until it has been out a month and the bills have begun to come in. The production of the Anna Held piece—and by production is meant scenery, costumes, electrical effects and incidentals—was a matter of between fifty and sixty thousand dollars. Obviously, one has to get all that money back before he makes a profit.

### What the Company Costs

The operating expenses of a big show average from fifty-five hundred to six thousand dollars a week. Here are some of the items: the royalties of the men who write the book, the lyrics and the music are roughly seven and one-half per cent—possibly more; the star—one like Eddie Foy, Miss Gunning or Lulu Glaser—gets ten per cent of the gross, with a guarantee of a ten-thousand-dollar-a-week business. There's seventeen and one-half per cent right off the bat. The members of the cast range from fifty to three hundred dollars a week. Besides the regular company, the director of the musical comedy must carry about ten musicians, which would not be necessary with a straight play. This means some twenty-eight dollars for each man—the director receiving more—and runs the orchestra bill up to four hundred dollars a week. The stage crew, including carpenter, assistant carpenters, three property men, three electricians and two wardrobe women, swells the number of persons in a well-organized show close up to the hundred mark. The stage carpenter receives fifty dollars a week, his assistants thirty, the head electrician and property man thirty-five, and the others twenty-five each.

The chorus girls receive, some eighteen, some twenty, some twenty-two and a half, some twenty-seven, and others thirty dollars—an average of twenty-five dollars. Your chorus men average the same. Consequently, these forty-six persons cost you about twelve hundred dollars a week.

Most musical shows cut down expenses when on the road by putting a fifty-dollar man in a big part, which is bad economy.

An important item is transportation, which sometimes amounts to fifteen hundred dollars a week. For a show like ours the railroads allow two baggage cars, but we must have a third, since we carry our automobiles along with us. Apart from this a musical show should have at least three cars in which to load its stuff, otherwise the properties will be smashed and slashed and subjected to ruinous wear and tear and breakage. Really, transporting a big musical show is like moving a small town.

With all these expenses of production and operation fixed and absolute, and the income quite uncertain, is it any wonder that men like E. E. Rice, who stick to the musical end of the business, go broke?

Another element of uncertainty is the change in public appetite that occurs frequently. A man may put in fifty thousand dollars, produce his show, and be successful enough to "break even" during the first season. But before the next season gives him a chance to make any money the thing may be old. That's why it is necessary to


# CLOTHES COUNT

## Have Your Spring Suit Made to Your Measure

BY THE

FREE AND POST-PAID

Write for me today

## New York Tailors

**of New York City**

## $12.50 to $25.00

The NEW YORK TAILORS have been making Made-to-Order Clothes for 18 Years for the Well Dressed New Yorker and Men from Coast to Coast for Many Seasons, and their Continued Patronage is a Positive Proof of our Smart Styling and Expert Workmanship. So you See You Take Absolutely No Risk. Our Perfect Fitting System and the Immense Business we Control enable us to save our Customers from ⅓ to ½ the Usual Cost of High Priced Tailors. We cut a Heavy Paper Pattern for each order received and Preserve this Pattern for future Reference when you order again.

**Every man should have a tailor.**

**If You Have a Fault in Your Figure Please Mention It When You Order and We'll Positively Hide It for You.**

*Write today for our free catalog containing actual cloth samples, also our complete outfit for taking your own measurements at home.*

**We Guarantee to Please and Fit You Perfectly or Refund Your Money Without Any Argument.**

We Prepay Express Charges to Any Part of the United States, Which Means a Big Saving to You.

**The New York Tailors, C 729 to 731 Broadway, New York City**

**The Largest Mail Order Custom Tailors to Men in the World. Established 18 Years.**



*THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"*

There is a sense of satisfaction in using the best

Old Hampshire Bond is used by men who have pride in themselves and their business. As nearly as paper can, it gives to their written message the weight of their own personality.

Send for book of specimens, showing the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond, and presenting striking ideas for letterheads and other business forms. Please write on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company

Only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

*MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"*



These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package

**CRESCO FLOUR** For DYSPEPTICS

SPECIAL DIETETIC FLOUR

K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

Unlike all other foods. At grocers.

For book of samples, write

FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

## ARITHMETIC

**SELF-TAUGHT.**

A plain, easily-understood volume for ALL who have not had the opportunity of learning this subject thoroughly or who have forgotten what they once learned. **257 Pages. Requires no teacher.** This great little book sent postpaid for **60 Cents,** (stamps accepted). leather binding, $1.

GEO. A. ZELLER BOOK CO.

Est. 1870. 4476 W. Belle pl., St. Louis, Mo.



## Fox Motors are sold Freight Prepaid

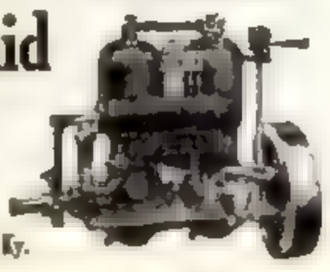
**Subject to 30 days' Free Trial in your own boat.**

We take all the risk, but supply a motor so simple, so powerful and so reliable that it cannot fail to give complete satisfaction.

Fox Motors are made in 18 sizes, 3½ to 60 H. P., and we will ship any size anywhere without asking one cent of your money, even for freight.

Send to-day for our Catalogue, our Booklet of Fox Facts and our Three Sales Propositions.

THE FOX REVERSIBLE GASOLINE ENGINE CO., 203 Front St., "South Cincinnati," Newport, Ky.



The pen that outclasses all others in simplicity, never-failing reliability and long service is

MABIE, TODD & CO.'S
Swan
FOUNTAIN PEN

Point for point, the "SWAN" is the most efficient because it follows absolutely the laws that govern the perfect pen.

Its Feed, the vital point in all pens, follows Nature's plan, supplying the ink evenly from above and below the Gold Pen Point, thus insuring a steady, even flow—no sudden blots—no uncertainty—always under perfect control.

Our firm has for two generations made the finest Gold Pen in the world. That is why the "SWAN" is never found wanting. For instant service and durability, it is the best Fountain Pen you can buy.

***There is a "SWAN" Fountain Pen for every hand. Prices range from $2.50 up. Our illustrated booklet shows many styles. Send for it today.***

**MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. P**
17 Maiden Lane, New York
149 Dearborn St., Chicago
London Paris Brussels Manchester

*"No one who smokes*
**SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE**
*could ever attempt to describe its delights."*

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

*At Your Dealer's.*

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.
THE SURBRUG COMPANY
132 Reade Street New York

50¢ AND UP
Automatically Cares for Your Glasses
Holder is attached to vest or vest and automatically winds up the chain when glasses are not in use. The
Automatic Eye-Glass Holder
prevents mislaying, loss and breakage. Sold by jewelers and opticians, or postpaid direct from us. Our free catalog describes 36 styles.
Our name on it guarantees it.
KETCHAM & McDOUGALL
19 Maiden Lane, New York


base one's play on a lasting theme—something more than a fad.

Another thing: if a play is written for New York, the producer must figure out that it will have a lot of stuff that won't go over the footlights at Hartford, Connecticut, and so some changes will be necessary there. On the other hand, if written for Hartford it may have stuff in it that the blasé New Yorker won't laugh at. Many producers don't care how their shows go until they get to New York. But for my part I'd rather see a show go well in Hartford than here, any day. One thing is certain, when the show is meant for New York audiences the producer must play his ace card.

The presence of a big star greatly reduces the danger of financial disaster. The Prima Donna, for instance, would not "break even" if it were not for Fritzi Scheff. She gets the production back for the producers and from seventy-five to a hundred thousand dollars besides.

While The Merry Widow made two hundred thousand dollars its first year and others have approached close to this business, the really successful show is lucky if it "breaks even" the first season.

The earning capacity of a show varies with the stands it plays. Where these are for one night only large traveling expenses ensue. If located in New York or Chicago for a long run railway fares are cut out, but the terms one gets at the theater are not so favorable. For instance, a musical show that receives seventy-five per cent of the gross receipts of the theater in Pittsburgh or Cincinnati only gets sixty-five per cent in New York. In fact, one can always figure on from fifteen to twenty per cent better terms on the road, which, when playing to capacity, much more than outweighs additional traveling expenses.

Capacity is all according to the class of attraction. My show plays to a two-dollar scale and can round up between eighteen hundred to two thousand dollars a night. In towns like Youngstown, Ohio, and Erie, Pennsylvania—where the theaters are large—we take from twenty-five hundred to twenty-six hundred dollars, while in Cleveland—where the theater may be smaller—sixteen hundred dollars is the limit.

There is a tendency at present toward the vulgarization of musical comedies. Many plays are drawing big houses today to which I'd be ashamed to put my name. The wholesome thing about it is the public quickly tires of that sort of thing. Musical shows to last must be clean and wholesome—must be inviting to women and children, since it is upon them the producers depend almost entirely for patronage.

## Carter's Diplomacy

MR. JUSTICE McKENNA, of the United States Supreme Court, served in the House of Representatives from California when Benjamin Harrison was President.

A Federal judgeship vacancy occurred in the California district and there were several applicants, to one of whom Mr. McKenna was pledged. President Harrison didn't want to appoint any of them, and the matter hung fire. Finally, Justice McKenna was presented as a compromise candidate, but refused to enter until it was certain that the man he had indorsed had no chance at Harrison's hands.

Thomas H. Carter, then in the House and now Senator from Montana, went over to see President Harrison about it.

Mr. Harrison gave no sign, but said he would not appoint McKenna, because he had not sufficient judicial experience, and had been too long away from the law.

Mr. Carter argued with the President, extolling Mr. McKenna's qualifications.

"Tell McKenna," said Harrison, "that I do not think I shall appoint him."

"Before you make that decisive, Mr. President," said Carter, "I wish you would do me a favor."

"What is it?"

"Read the speech McKenna made in the House after your neighbor, Bynum, had ripped you to pieces for your alleged Chinese record. He came to your rescue when all your colleagues from Indiana sat silent."

Mr. Harrison said nothing, and for two days sent in no nomination. Then, without a word to Carter or McKenna, he sent in McKenna's name for the vacant judgeship, which led to Mr. McKenna's seat on the Supreme Court Bench.

**An Intercommunicating Telephone System**

is a necessity to every business for it unites a small as well as large organization. It makes communication between all departments possible, and your employees can settle uncertain orders or misunderstandings without leaving their desks.

This **saves the time** usually wasted by making personal visits around an office or plant. Think what this saving alone will mean to you in a year. No operator is needed so there are **no operating expenses.**

Western Electric New Metal Type Automatic Intercommunicating Telephones are especially adapted for your needs.

**If you are using a "Bell" Telephone you are using a Western Electric Telephone and our Intercommunicating Apparatus is of the same high grade, thus insuring satisfactory operation. The high quality assures Low Maintenance Expense, and our large production makes First Cost Low.**

**Write our nearest house for Bulletin No. 8266, which fully describes the cost of installation and operation of this system**

**WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY**

Exclusive Manufacturers of the famous "Bell" Telephone with which every business man in America is familiar.
Intercommunicating Telephones a Specialty

| EASTERN | CENTRAL | WESTERN | PACIFIC |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York | Chicago | Saint Louis | San Francisco |
| Philadelphia | Indianapolis | Kansas City | Los Angeles |
| Boston | Cincinnati | Denver | Seattle |
| Pittsburg | Minneapolis | Dallas | Salt Lake City |
| Atlanta | | Omaha | |

Northern Electric and Mfg. Co., Ltd., Montreal and Winnipeg

**The Viking SECTIONAL BOOKCASE**

**Each Section Has Dust-Proof Top and Noiseless Door**

These are two of the many features, found **only** in the **Viking Sectional Bookcase,** which make it far superior to any other bookcase on the market.

Viking disappearing doors run on our Frictionless Steel Guides, and are guaranteed not to stick, bind or rattle. Special air-cushioned construction positively prevents doors from slamming.

**Low Prices and Money-Back Guarantee**

The **Viking Sectional Bookcase** can be furnished in one section or a thousand, at surprisingly low prices.

Our wonderful Interlocking Device holds the sections firmly together, giving that solid, one-piece appearance. Can be fitted in corners and under windows, in home or office. Built by the world-famous Skandia Craftsmen.

All leading furniture stores handle the Viking Bookcase in all woods, from the most ordinary to the finest. Can be had in Crafts, Mission, De Luxe or any style you wish.

Money will be refunded on any Viking purchase if you are not satisfied. Write today for *Free Viking Book,* with full description and illustrations.

*We make a full line of Buffets, China Closets, House Desks, Parlor Cabinets, etc.*

**SKANDIA FURNITURE CO., Dept. 82, Rockford, Ill.**

**For Men and Women**

From left to right. I. **"DAEMO" DRAWER SUPPORTERS,** 2 nickel 20c; 2 gold plated 30c. II. **"DAEMO" TIE CLAMPS,** nickel 5c; gold plated 10c each. III. **"DAEMO" SOCK SUPPORTERS,** nickel 10c per pair; gold plated 20c. IV. **"DAEMO" SHIELD-CLAMPS for WOMEN,** set of four, nickel, 15c; gold plated 25c. All snap on or off instantly, **never slip, let go, or weaken, and won't rust.** At dealers, or postpaid, on receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded at end of 20 days' trial. Circular free.

Agents wanted. **D. S. CLAMP CO.,** Mut. Bldg., New York City.

**ALL ABOUT TEXAS**

The Texas Realty Journal gives reliable information on entire state; it tells about lands, products raised, developments going on; puts you in touch with those having farms and colonization lands for sale; gives all matters of interest to those contemplating moving to Texas. Don't make investments until you read it; 3 months subscription 25c.

Desk A, Texas Realty Journal, Houston, Tex.

**Boat Motor Free.** Latest double cylinder type given for highest number of different words formed by June 1st from words "Lackawanna Valveless Marine Motors." Contest entry free; award July 1st. If tied, value of the prize will be divided equally. New Instruction Treatise, latest book on Motor Installation, care, operation, sent for your name, address, size your boat and 10 cents, coin or stamps *mailed our visit. Write to-day.*

LACKAWANNA MFG. CO., 15 Caldwell St., Newburgh, N. Y.

# PAINT

U S CERTAINTY U S

*The Little Blue Flag is your Protection.*

Mixing paint by hand is expensive—for you.

Besides, such paint is not dependable—the ingredients may be "strictly pure," but you can't be certain and if the paint is not good *after* you've applied it, how can you then get satisfaction?

Don't take needless chances with mixed-by-guess paints. Use

**Lowe Brothers High Standard Liquid Paint**

made with unerring machinery and backed up by a reputation of 35 years.

The "Little Blue Flag" on a paint can has come to stand for assured Quality, Uniformity, Economy.

A line of paints, enamels, and varnishes for every purpose—the varnishes as good as the paints.

**Vernicol**—a beautiful finish for beautifying furniture, old woodwork, floors, etc.—all in one coat.

*Write for Booklet, "The Owner's Responsibility."*

THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY
Dayton, Ohio.
Boston New York Chicago Kansas City



# FAVORITE GO-CARTS

We make more than 150 styles and kinds of vehicles for The Baby. Our line comprises everything "a little bit better" in Folding Go-Carts, both Wood body and Reed; Stationary Go-Carts, both Wood and Reed body; Baby Carriages and English Perambulators. By far the largest, most complete line in the world. Automatic, collapsible Go-cart shown above, opened and closed with one operation.

If your dealer does not handle the Favorite line, write us for free catalogue.

**The Toledo Metal Wheel Co., Dept. A, Toledo, Ohio**

GENUINE NAVAJO **Ruby FREE**

To introduce our beautiful genuine Gems, sold direct from mine to customer at ½ to ¼ jewelers' prices, we will send **free** a genuine Navajo Ruby, uncut, and our beautiful 36 page Art Catalogue showing Gems in actual colors and sizes, for 10 cents to cover cost of mailing. Send today.

**Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. B 4, Menlo Park, N. M.**


# Sense and Nonsense

### The Actress and the Office Boy

WHEN Mr. Arnold Daly produced Mr. Bernard Shaw's Candida he not only made himself known as an actor-manager but he discovered the talent of Miss Louise Closser, who distinguished herself as Prossy, the typewriter, in that production. One night during a "wait" Miss Closser was telling Mr. Daly of her many efforts to secure an engagement under different well-known managers.

"Just twelve years ago," she said, "I finished my career in a school of acting. I made up my mind that I would be so persistent in my efforts to see the managers that I would be engaged on account of my pluck, if nothing else. So resolved, I put on my most becoming hat and gown and sallied forth to Mr. Frohman's office.

"'Is Mr. Frohman in?' I inquired of the impish office boy; they are always impish, but this one was more so than usual.

"'No, he's out,' said the boy.

"'Very well,' I replied; 'I will wait until he comes back.'

"I sat down; an hour passed. I asked for a morning paper; another hour; people came and went. But I never moved. The office imp went for his lunch, and came back, but there I sat firm in my purpose. Another hour. I was getting hungry. The office boy gave me impish looks. I was still more determined. Three o'clock. I weakened.

"'Do you think Mr. Frohman will be back today?' I feebly inquired.

"'Not unless there's been an accident,' he blurted.

"'Why?' I snapped.

"'He sailed for Europe this morning.'"

"And that was your first experience in a manager's office?" asked Mr. Daly quizzically.

"Yes," said Miss Closser. "Don't you think I'm telling the truth?"

"I know you are," he replied, "for I was that office boy."

### Moteefs

*Oh, the wood-wind is a-sighing*
*Through the brasses' muffled blare,*
*The violins are sobbing,*
*And the 'cellos moan for fair;*
*It sets my heart a-quiver,*
*For the music-drama's grand,*
*Where themes and moteefs mingle—*
*Though I don't quite understand.*

*The basses roar and thunder,*
*And the timpani take heart;*
*The Storm Theme, I assure myself—*
*Not bad, eh, for a start?*
*But soon I learn I've surely made*
*A pas that's very faux:*
*The Storm was Siegmund's Longing, but,*
*Pray, how was I to know?*

*A ripple from the violins:*
*The Brook? No, Fricka's Fears;*
*A flutter from the oboes then:*
*The Joy of Life? No, Tears;*
*The horns intone, the bassoons drone*
*('Twas just as I had read);*
*The Theme of Faith, I almost shout—*
*'Twas Wotan's Hate, instead.*

*The critic sitting at my right*
*Just writhes in ecstasy;*
*Brunhilda's Theme, he murmurs, then,*
*The Sword, and grabs my knee;*
*But the Sword may be a hammer—*
*Brunhilda may be Belle,*
*Or Mary Jane or even Maude,*
*For all that I can tell.*

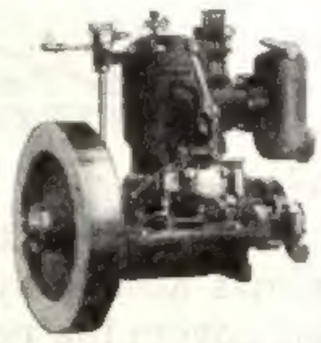
*Oh, the wood-wind is a-sighing*
*Through the brasses' muffled blare,*
*The violins are sobbing,*
*And the 'cellos moan for fair;*
*It sets my heart a-jumping,*
*But it all is Grieg to me,*
*When themes and moteefs mingle,*
*And there's not much melodee.*

—*Guernsey Van Riper.*

**AFTER Mr. Mordelo L. Vincent of Tampico, Mexico, run a 2½ ton canoe 20,000 Miles he said—**

"The first engine I bought from you two years ago went into a 2½ ton Canoe and has been running between my place and Tampico ever since. It has never left me out once. It has pushed my old Canoe 20,000 miles and I have never seen the inside of the cylinder, nor had to take up a bearing. Every bearing is as tight today as the day I received it and is in better running condition than the day it arrived in Tampico. Please enter my order for another Ferro, etc." This is similar to what other Ferro owners say on the *mechanical perfection* of their engines.

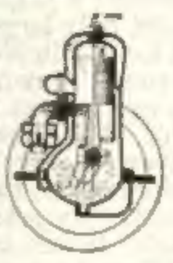
# FERRO Marine Engines



**Made in 1, 2 and 3 cylinders from 3 to 25 H. P.**
**Jump Spark Ignition**
**1 and 2 cylinders, 4 to 15 H. P. Make and Break Ignition**
**Just the engine for any boat for work or pleasure**

**Attractive Prices—Best Quality**

**Offset Cylinder—**
An improvement found in the highest priced automobile motors and Ferro engines. Force of explosion exerts all turning force on Crankshaft. Gives greater power efficiency, reduces and equalizes side thrusts of piston on cylinder walls. Eliminates "knock" which loosens parts.



**Ferro Engine Embodies Most Advanced Improvements**

Counter Balanced Crankshaft.
Successful Cooling System for any climate.
Positive Pressure Oiling System.
Efficient Ignition—Jump Spark and Make and Break.
Accessibility of Working Parts.
All Parts Interchangeable.
And others too lengthy to mention.

**SPECIAL—5000 3 H. P. FERROS AT $60 EACH.** Good as money can build. All improvements of standard Ferros, quantity brings down the price. Just the thing for launch, canoe, dingey or auxiliary yacht.

**Leading Boat Builders** use Ferro engines. They must be good. Ask any of the following: W. H. Mullins Co., Salem, O. Outing Boat Co., Kankakee, Ill. Auto Boat Co., Cleveland, O. Memphis Boat Co., Memphis, Tenn. Pope Boat Co., Fond du Lac, Wis. Weckler Boat Co., Chicago. Rippley Hdw. Co., Grafton, Ill. Inland Lakes Boat Co., Lake Geneva, Wis. W. J. Hand, New Bedford, Mass. Niagara Boat Co., N. Tonawanda, N. Y. Pioneer Boat & Pattern Co., Bay City, Mich. Packard Motor Yacht Co., Cincinnati, O.

**A Practical Treatise** covering design, construction, installation and operation of marine motors sold for half the cost—25 cents. 9 x 12 inches in size, 250 illustrations and diagrams, 72 pages. For the man who is not an expert mechanic. Full of helpful information for every boat owner.

**Free Catalogue** describing all 1909 models upon request. Write for it.

**Remember our New York Office, 44 Cortlandt St. (2nd floor)**
A large stock of engines. Experts in charge.

**The Ferro Machine & Foundry Company**
**Largest Marine Engine Builders in the World**
**Main Offices 795 Superior St., Cleveland, O.**

**Ask the following Distributors for Information and a Demonstration.**

Dunn Mach. Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Loane-Hiltz Eng. Co., 308 Hart St., Baltimore
Bath Marine Constr. Co., Bath, Me.
Angler & Co., Boston
F. A. Ballou, Buffalo
Richards & Friant, 420 Wabash Av., Chicago
G. B. Hall, Jacksonville, Fla.
Star Boat Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Jas. M. Schuck, 1160 Main St., Los Angeles
J. C. Shadegg-Eng. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Geo. Brewster, New Orleans
C. J. F. Schaefer, Bourse Bldg., Phila.
Tranter Mfg. Co., 105 Water St., Pittsburg
Rierson Machy Co., Portland, Ore.
S. P. Pankost, Sacramento, Cal.
South Eng. & Sup. Co., San Antonio, Tex.
Bates & Chesebrough, 612 Mer. Ex., San Francisco
Seattle Mar. Sup. Co., Seattle, Wash.
Bacon & Donnovan, Springfield, Mass.
Ware Bros., Spokane
L. M. Trask, St. John, N. B.
A. R. Williams Mach. Co. Ltd., Toronto
B. C. Boat & Engine Co., Vancouver, B. C.
E. P. Thomas, West Haven, Conn.

*"From the Land of the Vine"*

**VINELAND Grape Juice**

Finest in flavor, because of the superior richness and sweetness of the Ives Grapes we use—the finest-flavored grapes grown anywhere.

**Interesting Booklet, "The Bounty of the Arbor," mailed free. Write for it.**

**At druggists, grocers, etc.,** and at soda fountains. If your dealer will not supply you with Vineland Grape Juice, we will ship direct, paying delivery charges. 1 dozen quarts, $5.50; 1 dozen pints, $3.00.

**Trial Bottle 10c.**—Enough to show the fine flavor and greater richness of Vineland Grape Juice. Send your name and 10c.

**Vineland Grape Juice Company**
**214 West Boulevard**
**Vineland, N. J.**



**Runs Under All Conditions** of weather and road. Speed from two to thirty miles per hour. Best car for service in emergencies. Reliable and safe. Absolutely guaranteed best material—workmanship. Find out all about

**McIntyre Motor Vehicles**

by writing postal today for free book. No blow-outs—punctures or any other tire troubles. Most dependable car made. Prices from $375 up according to style of body. Write for Catalogue No. 52 today. **W. B. McIntyre Co., Auburn, Ind.**

**Develops 11-H. P. Runs thirty miles on one gallon gasoline.**

*253-257 Broadway, New York. 1730 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Canadian Factory, Tudhope-McIntyre Co., Orillia, Can.*

STYLE ECONOMY — FIT COMFORT

THIS IS THE **LITHOLIN COLLAR BOX IT'S RED**

Imitations of the world famed LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs are on the market, and are occasionally substituted, when the buyer is unacquainted with the GENUINE. To protect ourselves and the public we reproduce cut of the **LITHOLIN Box, which is always RED.** Here is our

TRADE **LITHOLIN** MARK

on all goods. LITHOLIN Collars and Cuffs will save you at least $10 yearly in laundry bills, and replacing "worn outs" and "ragged edged." They wipe white as new with a damp cloth. Never wilt or fray. The same collar you have always worn only waterproofed.

**Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.**

*If not at your dealer's, send, giving style, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.*

**The Fiberloid Co., Dept. 4, 7 Waverly Place, N.Y.**



# LEARN PLUMBING

One of the best paid of all trades. Plumbers are in demand everywhere at good wages. They have short hours. By our method of instruction we make you a skilled, practical plumber in a few months, so that you will be able to fill a good position or conduct a business of your own. Write for free catalog.

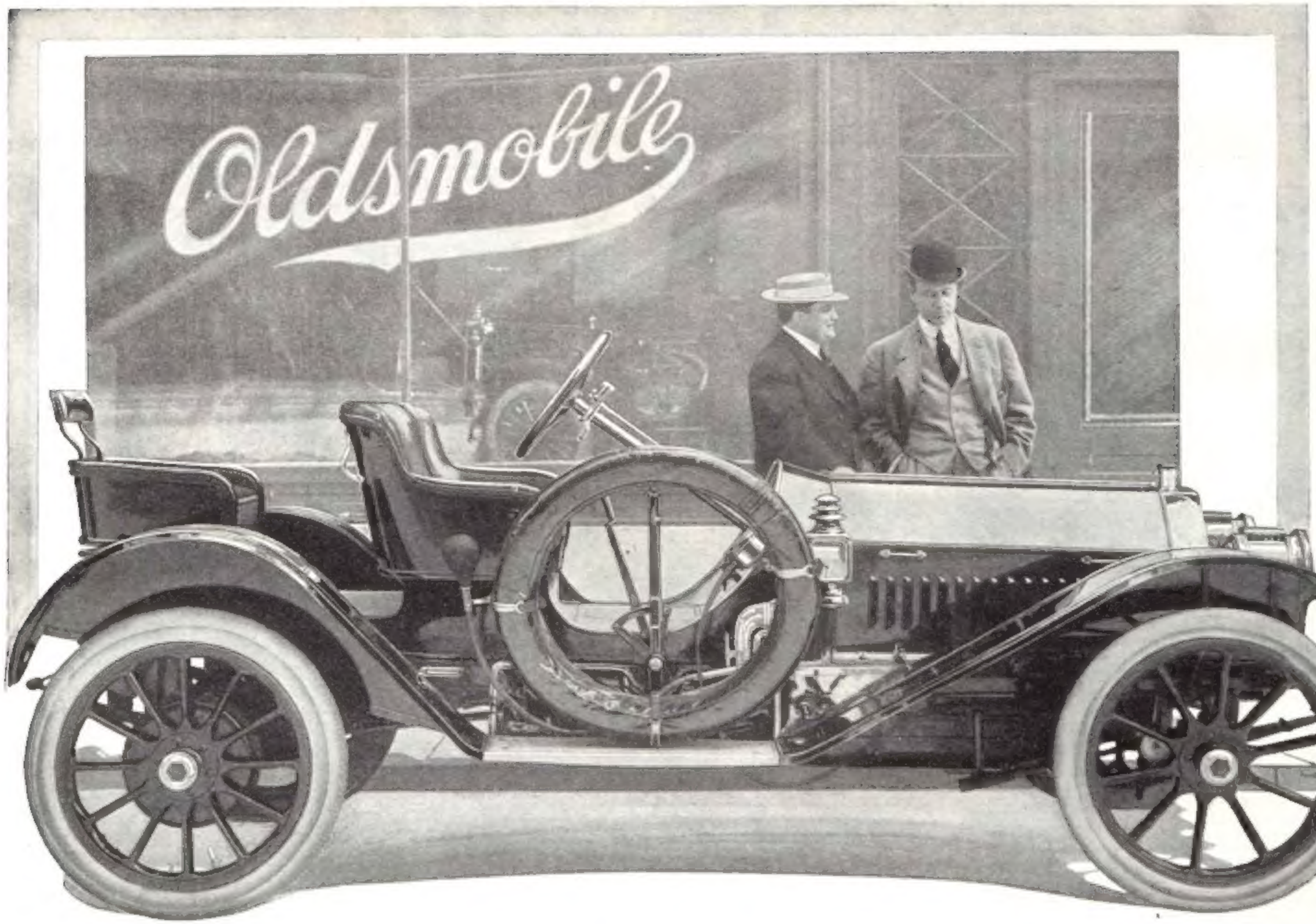
**ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL**
**4442 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.**

BIG PAY SHORT HOURS



**PATENTS FOR SALE**

**Latest Invention Send for Free Monthly List**
**MASON PATENT SALES CO., Gowanda, N. Y.**




IN addition to Branch Houses of the Olds Motor Works in Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Louisville, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Toledo, and the Oldsmobile Company of Canada, Ltd., at Toronto, agent for Canada,—the Oldsmobile is sold in one hundred and twenty other cities and towns on the American continent—from New York to San Francisco; from Winnipeg to Mexico City.

Good performance, under every possible condition, is the clinching argument in favor of a motor car; the Oldsmobile's own consistent record—on the macadam roads of New England or the clay roads of the Southwest—is one of the reasons for its wide distribution. Another reason is the logical price at which it is sold: Four-cylinder touring car, roadster or toy tonneau, $2750; six-cylinder cars $4500.

The Oldsmobile's record for efficiency, reliability and low cost of maintenance is not dependent on some peculiar construction of carburetor, crank-shaft or any other single part... Such a record was made possible only by the perfection of every part, in ten years of motor car building.

The Oldsmobile price is not dependent on the cheapening of either material or workmanship; it was made possible by a manufacturing equipment, capital and experience contemporary in development with gasoline motors in America.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH., U. S. A.

Oldsmobile Company of Canada, Ltd., 80 King Street East, Toronto, Ont., Agent for Canada.

# Knapp-Felt

# HATS for MEN

**Knapp-Felt DeLuxe $6** **Knapp-Felt $4**

**EVERYWHERE**

*Write for The Hatman*

**THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO., 840 Broadway, New York**